

LIFE



BOMBER TASK FORCE

APRIL 6, 1942 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

"MY THREE YOUNGSTERS thrive on nourishing, delicious NUCOA—

SO ECONOMICAL I USE IT EVEN FOR COOKING!"

SAYS *Mrs. Fred Bell*
wife of business executive



THREE YOUNG HUSKIES . . . Edith,
Fred, Jr., and Ophelia . . . enjoy a
family favorite, bread 'n NUCOA!

"And I heartily applaud NUCOA'S
recent contribution
to better national nutrition—
INCREASED VITAMIN A"



NUTRITION-WISE MOTHERS appreciate the fact that NUCOA, the wholesome, modern "thrift spread," supplies as much food-energy as the most expensive spread for bread—3,300 calories per pound. And NUCOA helps to satisfy another

nutritional need of growing children—Vitamin A. The first margarine to add important protective Vitamin A, NUCOA has now increased the amount per pound to 9,000 units—scientifically controlled, *guaranteed* summer and winter!



"IT'S NO EXTRAVAGANCE to use NUCOA freely in cooking. It gives your foods the good, homey flavor only a superior spread for bread can give, yet you save so much on every pound," says Mrs. Bell. This modern housewife uses NUCOA *exclusively*—on the table, as a shortening for baking and puddings, as seasoning for meats and vegetables. "It's a joy to handle," she reports. "So easy to cream and to spread."

To the Bells, our sincere thanks for welcoming us so graciously and allowing us to take these photographs of them in their home.
The Best Foods, Inc.



"NUCOA TASTES DELICIOUS on bread, and spreads so smoothly it makes sandwich-making easy," says Ophelia Bell. "So thrifty, we spread it on thick! Another thing we like is the way NUCOA *keeps*!" Yes, you can depend on NUCOA'S freshness. NUCOA is never stored—it is freshly made, the year round, on order only.



NUCOA-FRIED CHICKEN is a favorite Sunday-night supper dish with the Bells. Says Mrs. Bell: "NUCOA with its delicious, fresh, sweet flavor is especially grand for fried foods. And, of course, NUCOA is wonderfully *digestible*." NUCOA is entirely different from old-time margarines. Its pure, wholesome vegetable oils are churned in fresh, pasteurized skim milk—and both are products of American farms!

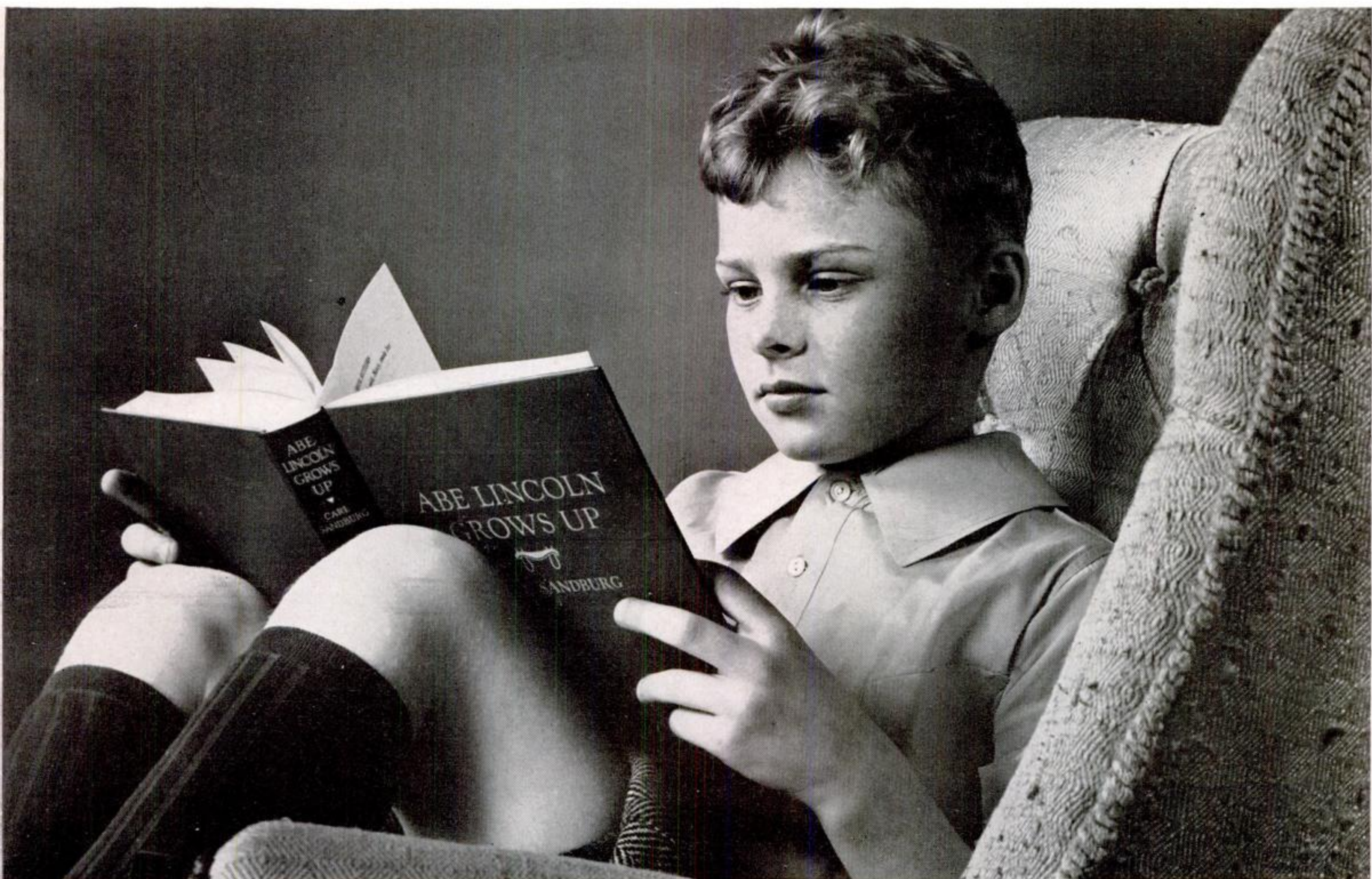
HOME ECONOMISTS AGREE WITH
MRS. BELL ABOUT APPETIZING
NUCOA WITH VITAMIN A. IN
SUPPLYING HIGH FOOD VALUE AT
LOW COST, IT IS RIGHT IN LINE
WITH UNCLE SAM'S
NUTRITION PROGRAM!

For table use, tint NUCOA golden-yellow with the pure Color-Wafer included in each package. For cooking, use it just as it comes—a pure, natural white.



VIRGINIA STREETER
B. S. Home Economics, 1935
Iowa State Teachers College

Have You a Fireside?
 Have You a Boy Like This One?
 Your Heart must be Proud
 You can see Character in the Making.



And We see him a Man who inspires Confidence
 —a Man with a Smile that owes much
 to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

HERE IS AMERICA—her hopes and her future. Here is a picture that should warm your heart and make you confident of the years ahead.

Lucky America and lucky young Americans. So much is being done for our children—to assure them of a brighter future—to prepare them to face that future ready, confident and smiling.

Yes, smiling! For even now this youngster has by heart a lesson in dental health that many an adult has still to learn. In classrooms* all over the land, young Americans are being taught the im-

portance of firm, healthy gums to sound teeth and bright, sparkling smiles.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a Warning!

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums are sensitive—they need more work—the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And like thousands of dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana today.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

*In 1941, at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.

This One



*"My hair looks better
since I checked dry scalp!"*

"I USED TO DOUSE IT!"

"Like lots of men, I used to douse my hair in order to comb it. Result: a plastered down look! When the dousing evaporated my hair would be all haywire. Then I found something you don't have to douse on. A preparation that goes to the root of the trouble and checks dry scalp; leaves my hair looking natural and well-groomed all day long.



"BOY! WHAT A CHANGE!"

"With 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, all I do is put a few drops on my comb and run it through my hair several times. Sometimes I put a little on my fingertips and apply it directly to my scalp. What a difference! My hair looks natural for a change. At the same time I've checked loose dandruff; stopped that dry, itchy feeling. Of course, I give my hair a thorough massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic whenever I wash it, because it supplements the scalp oils that soap and water wash away. I've got better-looking, healthier-looking hair, and a lot healthier scalp in the bargain. My advice is to try it."

● FOR DOUBLE CARE... BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS PRIVATE TEED

Sirs:

The close-up of Private Teed (LIFE, March 16) is a paragon. For the first time someone with incredible perspicacity has set down the thoughts of a military recruit (and this applies to Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps). His insight into almost every minute detail is uncanny to a degree that I would have thought impossible for a nonmilitary man. He has written of the loneliness, the rebuffed pride, the occasional nostalgia and the resentment of a stupid civilian incivility. For perhaps the first time someone has written about him in a way that is not fatuous, simpering and an insult to his intelligence, and has drawn aside a heretofore impenetrable veil between the civilian and the recruit.

ROBERT F. McMIKLE
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

I am glad to see that someone besides the Army realizes that the civilian population treats the American enlisted soldier like an unwanted child. That the American soldier is by no means deserving of this kind of treatment I firmly believe, for I have lived with him now for almost a year. In my opinion, were it not for the enlisted man's superb sense of humor he would be embittered at the lack of understanding so often accorded him. As it is, he is big enough to overlook the shortcomings of the American public—the people he stands ready to defend with his own life.

LIEUT. FREDERICK G. MEYER
Fort Harrison, Ind.

Sirs:

As secretary of the Chamber of Commerce here in Fayetteville, it has been my privilege and pleasure to act as a clearinghouse for Fort Bragg, co-operating in every way possible with those in command and with the enlisted personnel.

I quote from your story on Private Teed: "Fayetteville is a town not loved by the men at Fort Bragg, and the feeling is reciprocal." This statement, as far as the people of Fayetteville are concerned, is absolutely untrue. There is not a weekend that the Fayetteville citizens do not entertain some of the soldiers in their homes. Our churches have social hours when the members and their families try to mingle with the enlisted personnel. On Dec. 10 the county, the city and the merchants of Fayetteville entertained between 20,000 and 25,000 soldiers at one of the largest barbecue dinners ever held. . . . I think this in itself will indicate that we have tried, and are still trying, to rub shoulder to shoulder with the man in uniform.

I. M. RICHARDSON
Secretary
Fayetteville Chamber of Commerce
Fayetteville, N. C.

Sirs:

May I congratulate you on your timely and most accurate article on the life of a typical draftee, Private Teed, with particular reference to your statements about Fort Bragg and vicinity.

You have "hit the nail on the head." You have caught the feelings and thoughts that are prevalent in the average private's mind and, in expressing them in an unbiased manner, you have done a lot to show that there is room for improvement in the social and recreational facilities which I assure you are imperative for the morale of the average U. S. private.

PVT. HERBERT R. DIETZ
15th Engineer Battalion
Fort Bragg, N. C.

JIGGS'S RIVAL

Sirs:

The chimpanzee pictures in LIFE, March 16, reminded me of chimpanzee pictures that I took at the St. Louis

(continued on p. 4)

**This ought to
startle you!**



IF YOU'VE GOTTEN INTO THE HABIT of using a certain kind of napkin, maybe nothing *we* could tell you would make you decide to try Modess instead. Well, then listen to over 10,000 women who tested Modess for softness.* 3 out of every 4 of them voted Modess softer than the napkin they'd been buying.



DOESN'T THAT STARTLE YOU into trying Modess the next time you buy napkins? Don't you want to find out for *yourself* if you've been missing out on *extra comfort*? You bet you do. Any modern woman would!



AND HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO. You buy Modess. And if you don't agree with the millions of loyal fans that Modess is softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N.J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

**3 out of every 4 voted
Modess
softer
THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING**

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

*Special
for Spring!...*



Your Chevrolet Dealer

offers this special "Spring Tune-up" in tune with
CHEVROLET'S "CAR CONSERVATION PLAN"

ALL MAKES OF CARS . . . VERY LOW PRICES

1. Check tires
2. Drain, flush and refill radiator
3. Clean and replace worn spark plugs
4. Tune engine
5. Change to summer oil and grease
6. Check steering and wheel alignment
7. Check brakes

*Keep your car serving well for the duration
by keeping it well serviced by
your Chevrolet dealer.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT, MICH.

Always see your local
**CHEVROLET
DEALER FOR
SERVICE**
on any car or truck

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
STAMPS



"CAR CONSERVATION"
BOOKLET—FREE!

You may receive a copy of this
useful booklet from your Chevrolet
dealer, or by writing to: Chevrolet
Motor Division, General Motors Corporation, A-224 General Motors Building,
Detroit, Michigan.

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Street _____

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CONSERVE
TIRES



CONSERVE
GAS



CONSERVE
OIL



CONSERVE
ENGINE



CONSERVE
TRANSMISSION



CONSERVE
BRAKES



CONSERVE COOLING
SYSTEM



CONSERVE EVERY
VITAL PART



(OH, YEAH!)

SITTING home too often when you could be out dancing or at a party? Spending too many Saturday nights alone "with a good book"? Remember this:

Competition's keen these days, with so many men away at camp, so you can't afford to overlook *anything* that pulls down your popularity, especially "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath). After all, isn't it natural for a fellow to pick a girl with a clean, attractive smile and a pleasant breath over a girl with "Double O"?

What To Do About It

Isn't it silly to take chances? Isn't it just common sense to guard against this double offense . . . and to guard against it with the delightful double precaution that so many popular men and women have found really helpful—the new Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic?

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste—created especially to help bring

out the natural beauty of your smile by experts in the field of oral hygiene. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many a woman says she can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time! Why not see for yourself?

And for a sweeter breath, Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to make a good impression on others, *never* neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and



the double precaution against double

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

Zoo before I left that city last year. I am enclosing one that is particularly interesting to me, and perhaps you will find it so, too. The chimp with the "rubber lips" rolled his lips back as pic-



"RUBBER LIPS"

tured at the order of his trainer. Besides covering his nose, this trick also exposes a set of teeth that puts those of Jiggs of Hollywood to shame.

THOMAS C. GRIMM
Jacksonville, Fla.

DETROIT RACE RIOT

Sirs:

I was horrified to see the pictures and read the account of the race riot in Detroit (LIFE, March 16). Most of us have been made sick by the pictures and stories of the treatment of the Jews and the conquered people by the Nazis, but how much worse it is to have the same kind of thing happen in our own country.

Surely the Negro is America's special charge. Every other race in this great country of ours came here willingly. The Negro was forced to come here and used as a money-making proposition by our grandfathers, as slave labor in the South and ship's cargo in the North.

DOROTHY FOLGER PRETZ
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:

I do not recall anything in years which has made me blush so with shame! My God, do we have to fight the Civil War over again before we get any sense of decency and fair play, let alone the brotherly spirit?

ERIC H. THOMSEN
Gays Mills, Wis.

Sirs:

I had a hell of a nightmare the other night. I dreamed that it was 1960 and that Detroit was a hustling, bustling Japanese city. The remaining remnants of the former white inhabitants had been kicked about from one end of the city to the other until they had been finally granted sanctuary in a section known as the Sojourner Truth Homes, but when they arrived at the outskirts of the settlement with the few possessions they had been able to salvage they were set upon and successfully driven away by the local Japanese on the ground that they were unfit to associate with thoroughbred yellow men.

ALLEN G. BRAILEY, M. D.
Brookline, Mass.

MAINE IN WINTER

Sirs:

So we Main-e-acs "love our winters," do we? (LIFE, March 9.)

You photographed a bunch of sissy-pants down there in the southern part of the State. What do they know about winter? Why, we have so much snow we natives have to walk in the streets all winter as we can't find the sidewalks until the snow melts off'n them in the spring. We only have three seasons up here in these here hills—July, August and Winter.

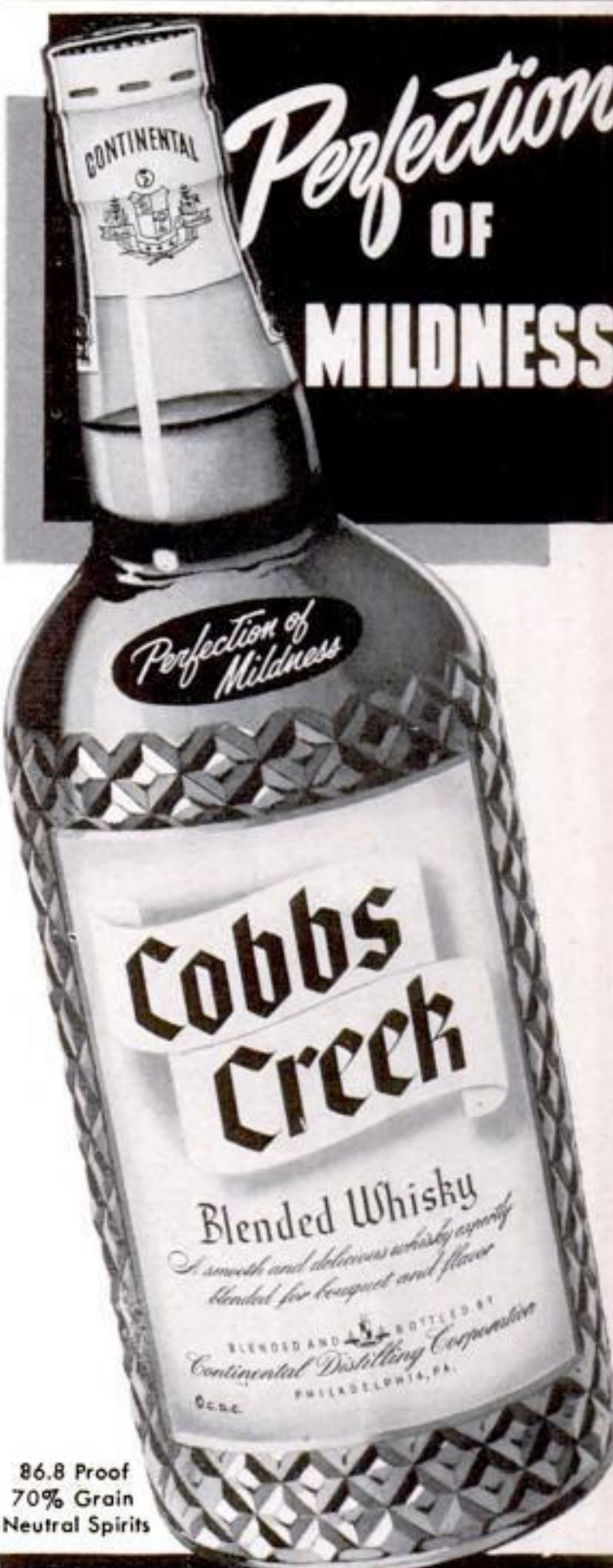
LEONARD MILLER
Rumford, Me.

(continued on p. 6)

wonderful time! after dinner, Kay (who knows every trick of being a good hostess) served Richardson's Mint and it has the most perfect flavor! The



only 10¢ a package and you can get them at grocery stores, five and tens, supermarkets, etc. I went right out and bought four packages, and the children are crazy about them too! How are



86.8 Proof
70% Grain
Neutral Spirits

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA., PA.



“Gee whiz, Mr. Jessup,
a DOUBLE-DECKER!”

At Billy's age, in Billy's shoes, you'd be excited too. His nickel is buying *twice* the amount of ice cream he expected.

You can see and smile at Billy's double-decker. But there's another kind of double-decker you *can't* see—though you enjoy it every month.

It's in your electric bill—the fact that the average price of household electricity is only about half of what it was 15 years ago.

“Wait a minute!” you say. “If the rates have been reduced *that* much, why hasn't my bill been cut in half?”

The answer is, of course, that you use more electricity than you used to.

While the price of electricity was going down, you were adding useful new electric appliances.

Right now, for a nickel a day, about $\frac{1}{3}$ of all American families light their homes, play their radios, run their vacuum cleaners.

For two nickels a day, about $\frac{2}{3}$ of all American families operate lights, radio, cleaner, toaster, percolator, clocks and washer.

That makes the electric nickel just about the biggest double-decker in the world!

How was it done? By good business management of the nation's electric companies. By the same planned production of power that today is turning the wheels that turn out the guns to keep America *free!*

THIS PAGE IS SPONSORED BY

57 ELECTRIC COMPANIES*

ALL PRODUCING POWER FOR AMERICA UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. *NAMES ON REQUEST FROM THIS MAGAZINE

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS



33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

SHANKLIN SHANK BONE

Sirs:

It may be that the beef shank is destined to go back into the family pot instead of into the family pet (LIFE, March 16). But I'll wager no epicure



CANINE EPICURE

biting into a marrow ball will ever have such a look of joy as my pointer Rex displayed when he sank his teeth into a huge beef bone and brought his luscious tidbit to our front door (see picture).

MERLE L. SHANKLIN
Goshen, Ind.

DONALD DUCK'S INCOME TAX

Sirs:

Thanks for the interesting data on Disney's *New Spirit* income-tax cartoon featuring Donald Duck (LIFE, March 16). I was able to use the pages as a lesson on animated cartooning for my class in comic art at Temple University here in Philadelphia.

JOHN J. LINEY JR.
Professor of Cartooning
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pa.

FARM QUIZ

Sirs:

Whoever prepared the quiz on agriculture in LIFE for March 16 should be complimented for doing a good job. Just to keep the record straight, attention is called to the improper use of the terms calf, pig and lamb. These designate young animals of either sex. As the female is not old enough to have borne young, it could not have completed a gestation period. The question should have been: What is the gestation period of each of the following: cow, sow, ewe?

F. B. HADLEY
Professor of Veterinary Science
College of Agriculture
Madison, Wis.

● Correct.—ED.

MacARTHUR'S MAN

Sirs:

I was tremendously interested in Melville Jacoby's article on MacArthur's Men (LIFE, March 16).

He mentioned my husband, Brigadier General Hugh J. Casey. That article and one in *Time* some weeks ago is the only news we have had about him since Christmas.

I can't begin to tell you what those articles mean to the families of men over there.

DOROTHY CASEY
Washington, D. C.

● General Casey has now arrived in Australia with MacArthur.—ED.

Editorial correspondence
should be addressed to:
**THE EDITOR, LIFE
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK CITY**



The "new shoe shift"—a good way to compare pretty pumps, but a bad way to care for precious stockings! Help your hosiery last longer by avoiding positions like this which put extra strain on delicate threads.

And play safe with *triple-inspected Cannon Hosiery*! A special air-pressure machine examines every pair for hidden flaws. So you buy only Cannon's *perfect* hosiery—full-fashioned and flawless!

*Cannon
Hosiery*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
CANNON TOWELS AND SHEETS



"Just Like You And I"...

I was browsing through a book last night,
When, much to my surprise—
The name of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco
Flashed before my eyes;
It was Gunther's: "Inside Europe,"
Page five-hundred-thirty-two,
And it told about a famous man
Who smokes that tin of blue.
His name is known throughout the world,
A name you'd recognize,
For he's the Chief Executive
Of one of our Allies,
And I couldn't help but thrill with pride
To know that great men buy...
In fact, demand that Edgeworth brand—
Yes, just like you and I.

What is it about Edgeworth—that would make a brilliant author—pause in the middle of an important historical book—to mention the name of a pipe tobacco—Edgeworth—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco? Well—that's a question we think you can answer after you've enjoyed a pipeful of this mild, aromatic blend yourself. Buy Edgeworth in the famous blue tin or the handy pocket pouch, 15 cents.

—SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)—

LARUS & BRO. CO.
209 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, at your expense, a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

Name _____
(Please print your name and address clearly)
Address _____
City or Town _____
State _____

404
© 1942, Larus & Bro. Co.

No other leading dentifrice gives such Beauty to Teeth

*with such amazing
Safety!*



**Wonderful new liquid dentifrice, Teel, cleans
and beautifies your teeth the safest way
—without scouring ingredients!**

Of course you want your teeth to gleam and sparkle with dazzling natural beauty! But do you want this *temporary* beauty at the expense of some *lasting injury* to the teeth themselves? The kind of injury that will mar their loveliness?

Well, millions of Americans, unfortunately, are using dentifrices containing ingredients which *can* cause this injury. Science has now proved beyond any question that this is true!

Most dentifrices today have scouring materials in them, so fine you can't notice them. Careful scientific tests show that they can gradually wear away the soft part of the tooth along the gum line—when exposed by receding gums, as so often happens. These scouring ingredients can actually cut grooves, gum-line cavities in teeth. All too often then teeth lose their beauty, may grow painful and require filling, too!

Why Teel, new liquid dentifrice, avoids this injury!

Teel... the wonderful new dentifrice in liquid form... is completely different from any leading tooth paste or powder. Not only because it is *liquid*... but because it contains *no scouring ingredients*, as other popular dentifrices do!

That's why, of all leading dentifrices today, Teel is the only one which simply cannot cut grooves... ugly gum-line cavities... in the exposed, soft part of the teeth.

And, yet, Teel helps brighten and beautify teeth thrillingly! No other leading dentifrice does such a wonderful cleansing job... with such amazing safety! For instead of scouring ingredients, Teel depends for its liquid cleansing action on a new-type, patented, cleansing ingredient. Teel is actually as safe as water on teeth. It cleans teeth through the super-cleansing liquid action of this safe, new-type ingredient!

So for bright, naturally shining teeth... and a completely safe cleansing method, too... brush your teeth with *Teel*, which cleans in the *safest* way—that is, without the use of scouring ingredients. You'll be thrilled by the beauty results!

And to further protect the beauty of your teeth, be sure to visit your dentist regularly for his advice and care.

USE THIS TEEL METHOD FOR REMOVING STAINS!

Most people find Teel easily removes ordinary surface stains from their teeth. Due to unusual mouth conditions, however, some find it difficult to remove these discolorations. In such cases, an occasional scouring may be needed.

For these people, we recommend this easy method: (1) Use Teel twice each day. (2) Use salt and soda or any ordinary dentifrice *not more than once or twice a week*. For remember—*regular* use of anything that *scours* may be dangerous to the exposed, soft part of teeth and cause serious trouble.



THIS SIMPLE TEST WILL TELL YOU WHETHER YOUR TEETH ARE IN DANGER!

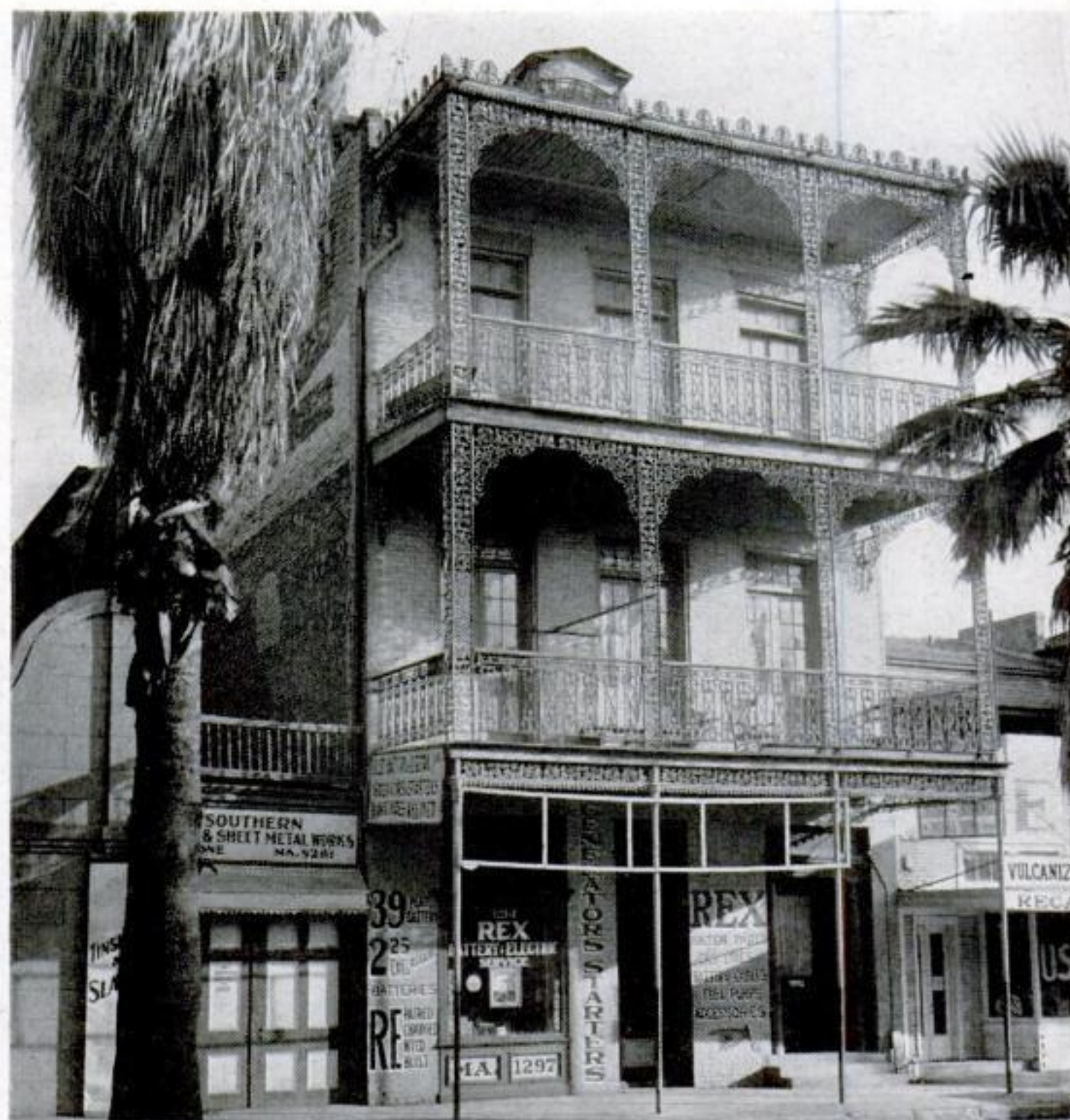
Starting from the gums, run your fingernail up and down several teeth. If your nail catches on a groove near the gum (grooves usually come first in the "eye" teeth) then you know the soft part is exposed and in danger. So choose your dentifrice carefully! Play safe! Start right away to use Teel—the new liquid dentifrice that's guaranteed to contain no scouring materials of any kind.



Switch to
Teel
THE NEW LIQUID DENTIFRICE—USE IT
INSTEAD OF TOOTH PASTES AND POWDERS.



Delicate grapevine design is the decorative theme on this old mansion in the French Quarter. Its spacious balconies are the real home of its present inhabitants, who live, eat, sleep there.



House on North Rampart Street has the best-preserved ironwork in New Orleans. It still manages to look dignified in spite of the inroads of sheet-metal workers and auto-part dealers below.



Le Prête House is tallest in New Orleans' French Quarter. It is more than a century old, was once inhabited in great secrecy by a Turk and a number of girls stolen from his brother's harem.

One morning all were mysteriously murdered. It has long been empty, and is now far gone in decay. Afternoon shadows cast an exquisite oak-leaf pattern on its discolored woodwork.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . NEW ORLEANS HAS LOVELY OLD IRONWORK

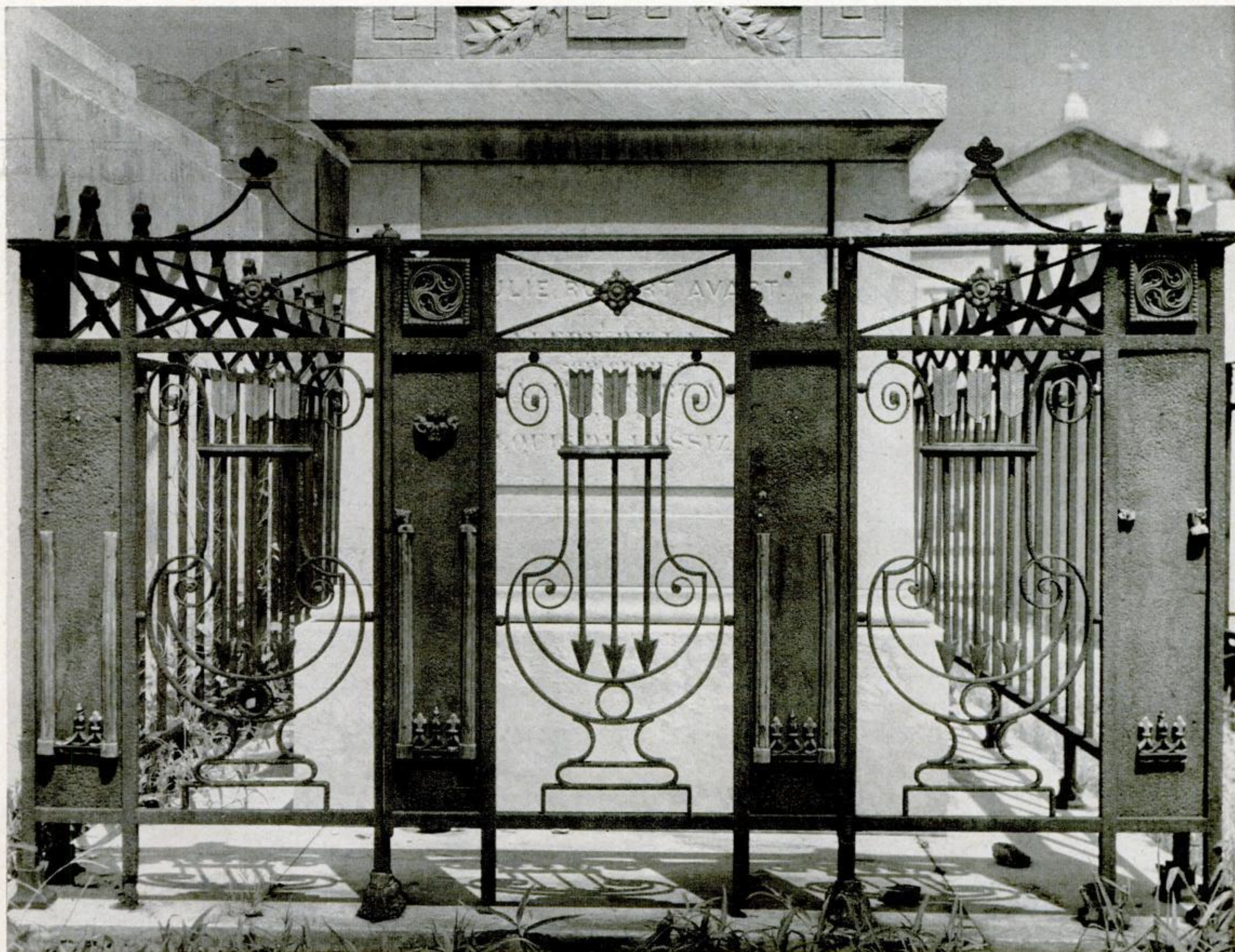
Brought to America by early Creole settlers as part of their French and Spanish architectural heritage, the art of ornamental ironwork flourished between 1800 and 1860 in New Orleans as nowhere else. Early examples were "wrought" by hand, but by 1840 most of it was being "cast" in Northern foundries, the best by Wood & Perot in Philadelphia. Designs were predominantly French at first, with some Moorish influence, but Creole taste soon developed a style of its own. Its characteristics are lightness, freedom of design, and a great beauty and softness of line. The combinations and variations of pattern are infinite, and show classical motifs freely mingled with leaves and fruits, many of them the semitropical plants the Creoles found in their new world.

These pictures were taken by Clarence Laughlin, a New Orleans photographer who has studied its ironwork for years. Poking into the city's beautiful old aristocratic sections, long since become slums and red-light districts, he realized how fast its architectural glories were being destroyed by dampness and neglect. Then began a race to record the few survivors before rust and wrecking crew could complete their work.



Gate of the Weeping Cherub in the Cedar Grove Cemetery is a fine example of late cast ironwork. Its effect of

melancholy is achieved by the mourning central figure with its dangling torch, and by its sadly drooping lines.



Best wrought iron gate is this one in the St. Louis Cemetery No. 2. Its chaste French Empire pattern of urns and arrows is now very rare. Considering that it is more than 100

years old, its solid iron panels are well preserved. Almost all other such panels in the city are rusted out because of the excessive heat and continual dampness of the New Orleans climate.

How Does a Glamour Girl **STAY THAT WAY?**



VITALITY—that air of being keenly alive—is an important ingredient in glamour. Medical science now knows that Vitamin "C" helps build up your vitality. Drink Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice daily—a pleasant and inexpensive way to get all the Vitamin "C" you need.

In Hollywood, where glamour is almost a cult, more attention is probably paid to diet than anywhere else . . . glamour girls do count their vitamins because you can't stay glamorous without that fresh sparkle of youth—and to stay youthful, it's highly important to get a balanced diet with plenty of Vitamin "C".

When you see a star on stage or screen whose eyes have that fresh, youthful sparkle . . . whose skin is radiant . . . whose personality has that compelling quality Hollywood calls "glamour"—it's a safe assumption she watches her diet carefully . . . gets plenty of "C"—knowing full well that her *intake* of vitamins has a lot to do with her *output* of glamour.

Science now knows that Vitamin "C" plays an important part in helping you keep vital and youthful. For bone and body tissue, which is constantly wearing out, simply cannot be re-formed properly without the presence of Vitamin "C" in sufficient quantity.

Why You Need Vitamin "C" Every Day

Your body stores up fats, other substances for emergencies—but it simply does *NOT* store Vitamin "C". A cold, an infection, late hours, overwork or over-indulgence in alcohol *uses up* Vitamin "C" *fast*! So, of all the vitamins, "C" is the one you most surely need in your daily diet. When you're low in "C" or completely lacking in it—you're just naturally going to lose the buoyancy of youth . . . you feel "old", tired, listless, worn-out.

Fortunately, there's a simple, safe way to get all the "C" you need. *And you don't have to buy expensive pills, either!* Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice is one of the richest known sources of "C"—it's literally loaded with it. You can get your full quota of "C" by drinking just 1 or 2 glasses of grapefruit juice every day.

Make Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice a part of your beauty program. Drink it for health, for beauty, for glamour! A balanced diet, with plenty of "C", will help keep you youthful, buoyant, vital. Start drinking grapefruit juice today.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKE LAND, FLORIDA

★ BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS ★



CLOUDY COMPLEXION! If your complexion isn't clear, if cuts heal slowly, if you bruise easily, if your gums bleed—all these signs indicate you're low in Vitamin "C". Get up to par . . . start drinking a glass or two of Florida Grapefruit Juice daily.



LATE HOURS! Every cocktail you drink uses up a surprising amount of Vitamin "C". Overwork, colds, infections rob your system of it. After a late night—drink Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice before retiring and next morning—see if you don't feel a lot better.

HOLLYWOOD HIPS! Exercise and proper diet can give you that glamorous Hollywood silhouette. Grapefruit juice is on almost all reducing diets. Rich in "C"—it also has B₁ to help burn fats and carbohydrates.

GRAPEFRUIT

THIS CHART shows the relative amount of Vitamin "C" you get in 10 cents worth of the 3 leading juices.

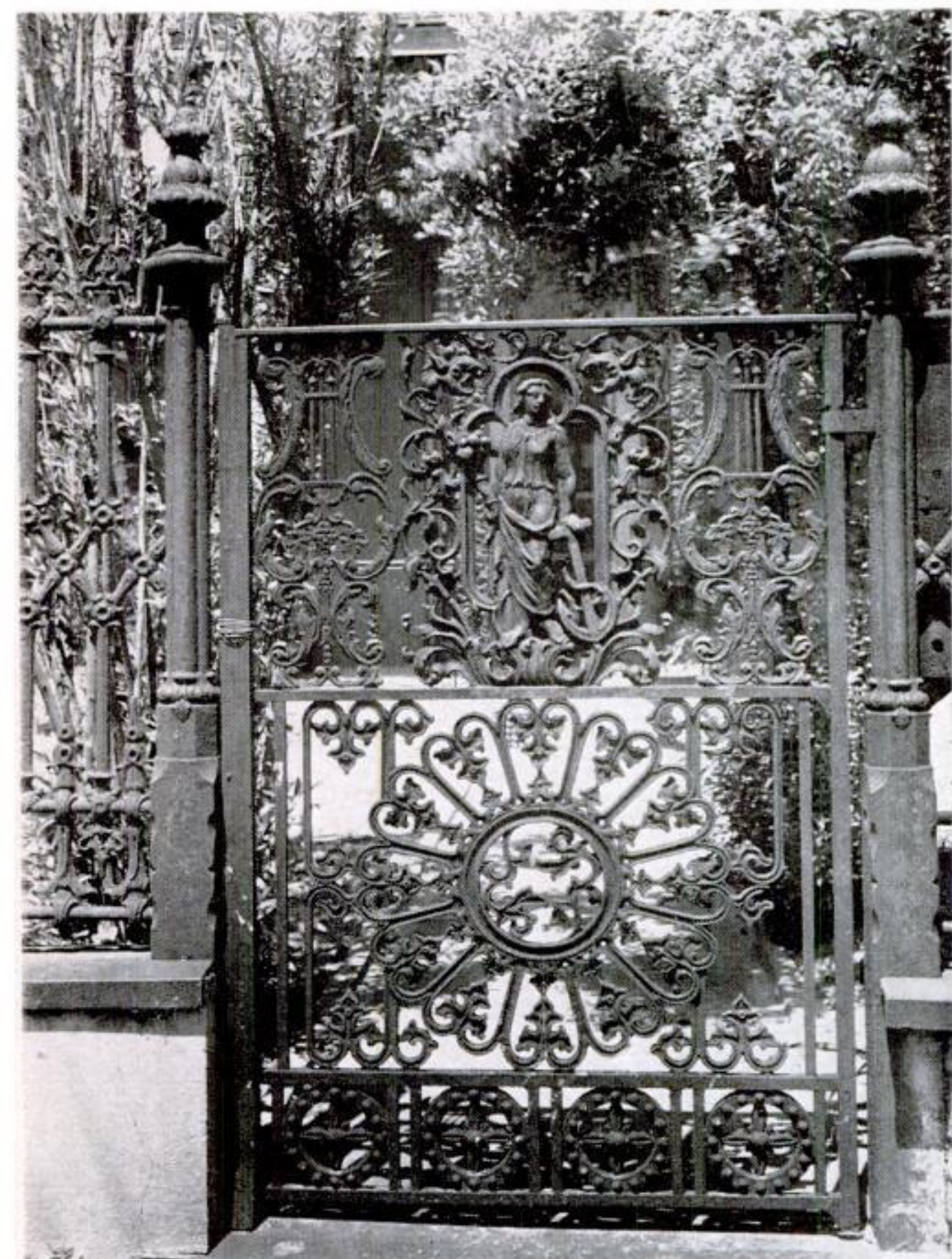


Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice supplies so much Vitamin "C" for so little money that everyone can get **ALL** the natural Vitamin "C" they need . . . just by drinking a glass or two a day!

FLORIDA Grapefruit Juice IN CANS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



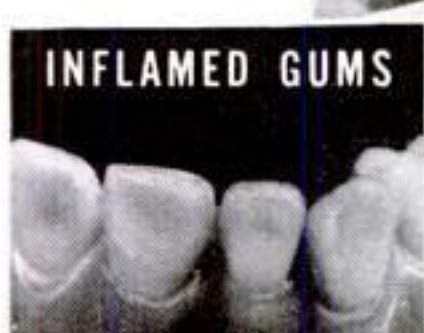
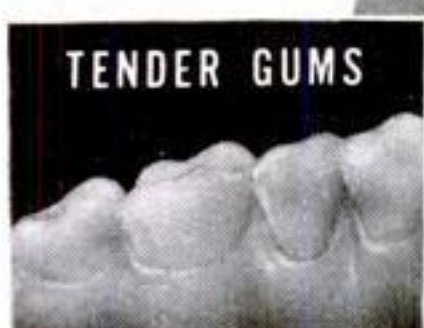
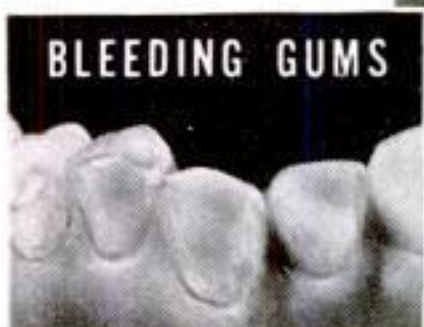
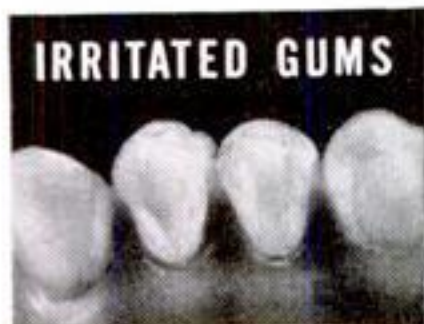
A unique gate in the Faubourg Sainte Marie has the typical Creole motifs of grapes, lyres and figure at top, heavy medieval studding at bottom. It has long been wired up.



Framed in delicate tracery are shattered columns of historic Brand mansion. Built in 1802, it was for many years a social center, later a bank, finally a parking lot.

GINGIVITIS

OFTEN CREEPS UPON US WITHOUT WARNING!



4 OUT OF 5 may get it. Often leads to
PYORRHEA with its soft shrinking gums

NO MATTER how *slightly* your gums may bleed when you brush your teeth, or feel tender to touch, don't take chances!

This may mean you, too, have Gingivitis. So see your dentist and start using Forhan's Toothpaste and massage *at once*. Because neglect of this mild gum inflammation often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its loosening teeth which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. And at home here's—

One Best Precaution Against Gingivitis

Clinical evidence showed 95%
Gingivitis cases improved in 30

days, after dental care, by massaging their gums and brushing their teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

There is no better method than Forhan's for massaging gums to be firmer and for cleaning dingy teeth to their natural brightness. Forhan's even helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. No wonder so many dentists have prescribed Forhan's Toothpaste for over 20 years!

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with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH





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A new, instant Nestlé product, composed of equal parts of skillfully brewed soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor...

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ADD HOT WATER IT'S READY



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LIFE'S COVER

LIFE



At the machine guns in the tail of the bomber is Corporal James Benedict Feeney, member of the task force discussed on pages 62-69. Feeney is tail gunner because he is short and can fit into the cramped tail. Before he joined the Air Force in 1940, Feeney was an elephant boy in Ringling Bros. circus and a carnival barker. As flying corporal, he gets \$91 a month. He spends some of it roller skating, bowling, playing juke boxes. He also likes girls but never keeps pictures of them. Carnival life has made him wary of such things. "Anyhow, I can remember them without pictures," he says.

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Glenn gives a grand old ballad the Miller magic—with rousing vocals by Tex Beneke, Marion Hutton, and the Modernaires. It's terrific! On the other side they all take over on

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THE "BRONC"—Named for snortin', pitchin' mustangs that Texas cowhands break to the saddle. Hand-tooled by Texas saddle-maker craftsmen who make a belt as authentically western as the sizzle of a red-hot branding iron. Hand-tinted background makes tooling stand out in bold relief. Leather covered buckle. ¾" tapered to ½". Saddle Tan. \$3.50.

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

West Coast Japs Are Interned in Mountain Camp	15
Life on the Newsfronts of the World	20
High Commissioner Sayre Presents Jap Sword to President Roosevelt	21
Food Pours into France But Germans Snatch It	22
Famous Guns Are Salvaged for New U. S. Victory	24
Guerrillas on Oregon Coast Ready Guns for Invasion	25
West Virginia University Topples Favorites to Win Basketball Tourney	26
Senator Langer Wins Over "Moral Turpitude" Charge	28

ARTICLE

Three Men on a Raft, by Harold F. Dixon	70
---	----

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

Bomber Task Force	62
-------------------	----

THEATER

"The Moon Is Down"	32
--------------------	----

MODERN LIVING

Small Fry Clothes	39
-------------------	----

SCIENCE

Industrial Accidents Jump in Wartime	47
--------------------------------------	----

ART

Dutch Artist Designs Windows for U. S. Church	52
U. S. Government War Art	58

MOVIES

Janet Blair Is New Star	55
-------------------------	----

NATIONAL DEFENSE

Army's Iron Rations	82
---------------------	----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editors	2
Speaking of Pictures: Old New Orleans Ironwork	8
LIFE Goes to an Episcopal Confirmation	78
Pictures to the Editors	86

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LIFE'S PICTURES

The pictures of New Orleans on pages 8-11 mark the debut in LIFE of Clarence J. Laughlin, who devotes most of his time as a photographer to the crumbling architectural gems of the Gulf Coast. He has seldom been as high in the air as he was when this picture of him was snapped on the 33rd floor of the Time & Life Building in New York. He has been at various times clerk, writer, and U. S. Engineering Dept. photographer in his native Louisiana.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

COVER—FRANK SCHERSCHER

8, 9, 11—CLARENCE JOHN LAUGHLIN

13—DON K. MCCASH

15—ELIOT ELISOFON

16, 17—ELIOT ELISOFON *exc. t. rt.* LOS ANGELES TIMES PHOTO by ALFRED HUMPHREYS

18—ACME, ELIOT ELISOFON—PATHÉ, ELIOT ELISOFON—ELIOT ELISOFON, ACME

19—LOS ANGELES TIMES PHOTO by GORDON WALLACE—A. P.

20—WALLACE KIRKLAND—ERIC SCHAAL—PIX—C. E. STEINHEIMER

21—ACME

22, 23—LEO ROSENTHAL *exc. t. rt.* W. W.

24—LESLIE W. BLAND

25—J. R. EYERMAN

26—ACME, INT.—ACME, INT.

27—A. P.—ACME

28, 31—THOS. D. MCAVOY

32, 33, 34—GJON MILI

39—KARGER-PIX—WILLIAM STEIG

40, 41—KARGER-PIX—WILLIAM STEIG

42—KARGER-PIX—WILLIAM STEIG

47, 48—MYRON H. DAVIS

50—MYRON H. DAVIS—MYRON H. DAVIS—INT.

52, 53—FERNAND BOURGES

55, 56, 57—BOB LANDRY

58—T. MYRON H. DAVIS

62 through 69—FRANK SCHERSCHER

70, 71, 72, 77—RALPH MORSE

78, 79, 80, 81—NELSON MORRIS

82, 83—GORDON COSTER

84, 85—GORDON COSTER—GORDON COSTER—W. W.

87—MAX GROOM—E. EARL CURTIS—NE-

VADA STATE JOURNAL

88—GLOBE

ABBREVIATIONS: EXC., EXCEPT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; INT., INTERNATIONAL; W. W., WIDE WORLD

"I'M PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE NOW"



Du Pont chemists have outdone the hog—there is no better bristle than Pro-phy-lac-tic's synthetic "PROLON"

No matter what you pay, you cannot buy a tooth brush that has any better bristle than "Prolon".

Because "Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for the most costly grade of du Pont synthetic bristle. And du Pont's is the finest on the market.

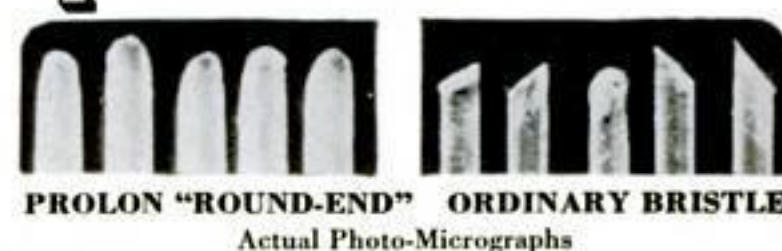
When you hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *how can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer than under the name "Prolon" in a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name... *only "Prolon" is rounded at the*

ends! See for yourself, in the photomicrographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

The only Tooth Brush in the World with...

1...ROUND-END BRISTLE



2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Every Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush carries a money-back 6-months guarantee—a clear-cut guarantee of complete satisfaction for, at the very least, 6 full months of use! *That's how sure we are of its dependability... and durability!*

Hair Brushes in Gleaming, Gem-like Plastic!

Another Pro-phy-lac-tic triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in clear plastic... in a choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. \$1.50 to \$10.00—at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush... with comb, \$4.50*



Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic

YOURS FOR GOOD EATING!



Even Times Square blinked its eyes when a new Toffenetti Restaurant opened at 43rd and Broadway. A staff of 340 served 8500 people the first day! But eye-catching decorations and an up-and-down Escalator caused less comment than the quality foods and liberal portions. "Ever

since opening my first place in Chicago 26 years ago," said Mr. Toffenetti, "my restaurants have used Heinz Tomato Ketchup." That Mr. Toffenetti's approval of this famous Heinz condiment is shared enthusiastically by his chefs, is indicated clearly by the illustration at upper left.

Dine out during
National Restaurant Week
MAY 4-10



Favorite of Air Cadets and their friends is the Beacon Drive-In, just a few blocks from the United States Army Air Post, Lowry Field near Denver, Colorado. Good food, such as choice juicy sirloin steak, is the big reason for the Beacon's popularity. And robust Heinz Tomato Ketchup and Chili Sauce are "on the beam" here, too!



DINING OUT or dining in, Heinz Tomato Ketchup is a perfect team-mate of good food. Its racy, tongue-tingling flavor does wonders . . . gives leftovers an appetizing lift, adds tempting tang to egg dishes and meat loaves, helps make economy foods taste like company fare! Heinz uses only pedigreed "aristocrat" tomatoes—vine-ripened beauties rushed from field to kitchen, then simmered and blended with aged-in-wood Heinz Vinegar and rare, savory spices. That's why just a little Heinz Tomato Ketchup does a lot to make everyday dishes really exciting!

57



In the famed Empire Room of the Rice Hotel at Houston, Texas, luncheon and dinner guests enjoy the finest foods in surroundings of brilliant beauty. Heinz Ketchup and other Heinz condiments do their appetizing bit toward making this a favorite dining and dancing rendezvous of Houston residents and visitors.



Just wander along Penn Street in Reading, Pa., and you'll quickly find the St. Lawrence Luncheonette. This handsomely appointed establishment has been a favorite both with home folks and visitors for years. A great many of its delicious dishes are further enhanced with homey-rich Heinz Tomato Ketchup.



"In the land of Ponce de Leon" . . . that's Ponte Vedra Beach, beautiful year 'round resort near Jacksonville, Florida. At The Inn, which is the hub of Beach activities, Heinz Tomato Ketchup and Chili Sauce are "permanent guests"—adding tangy zest to meals served inside or out in the tonic salt air.



MORNING WIND SENDS DUST SWIRLING DOWN OWENS VALLEY AS FIRST JAP INTERNEES CARRY THEIR LUGGAGE TO DORMITORIES WHERE THEY WILL LIVE TILL END OF WAR

COAST JAPS ARE INTERNED IN MOUNTAIN CAMP

In a high mountain-walled California valley 240 miles from the sea, the vanguard of 112,000 Japanese residents of the proscribed Pacific Coast combat zone were settled comfortably last week, prepared to wait out the war in willing and not unprofitable internment. Of 1,000-odd Japs who arrived at the Government's Manzanar "reception center" in Owens Valley, March 22-23, more than four-fifths were citizens of the U. S. All were volunteers who had offered their services to help prepare the encampment for those who will necessarily follow. For in the next month, the Army warns, evacuation of all Japanese and all German and Italian aliens from the West Coast's military zones must be complete.

The Army hopes this great and unprecedented migration will continue to be as spontaneous and cheerful as its first chapter. For continue it must, and continue it will, until every enemy alien and every individual of Japanese descent—whether friend or foe—is banished from the strategic areas of the coastal States. Last fortnight the Army extended a velvet glove to its first voluntary internees. The soldiers who escorted them across the Mojave Desert to Manzan-

ar were friendly and affable, and the Japs commented afterward on the courteous treatment they had received. Nevertheless the trappings of war were there. And the commanding general of the West Coast area promised the Army would not shrink from using force to complete evacuation, if other methods failed.

The reception center in which the internees found themselves proved a scenic spot of lonely loveliness. The Japs gasped when they saw Mt. Whitney, highest peak in the U. S., shrugging its white shoulder above lesser ranges just 15 miles away. They were gratified to discover no mosquitoes. They tested the soil and found it hard and arid, but potentially fertile. The Government had promised them seed, machinery, irrigation. Within a few months, it was hoped, Manzanar should be self-sustaining. It will have its own democratic government, its own stores, workshops, beauty parlors, barbershops and canteens. The residents will develop agricultural, fishing and game facilities. Each internee will be paid from \$54 to \$94 a month depending on his skill. From this wage, \$15 a month will be deducted for bed and board.

All this looked good last week—to the Japs, to

coastal Californians who had howled long and loud for evacuation of aliens, to the Army, and even to some of Inyo County's hostile citizenry who had bitterly protested establishment of the center in their serene valley. Yet Manzanar, for all its hopes and assets, was no idyllic country club. Manzanar was a concentration camp, designed eventually to detain at least 10,000 potential enemies of the U. S. Last week a Japanese-American internee emphasized that he and his comrades had come to Manzanar "without bitterness or rancor—wanting to show our loyalty in deeds, not words." There was talk of establishing an airplane parts factory within the center, so that loyal Nisei could help win the war against their ancestral land. But though this should come to pass, the Army last week stood careful guard over the nearby bomber base, the nearby Los Angeles Aqueduct and strategic U. S. Highway No. 6. And those who interned themselves of their own free will pledged never to set foot outside except by special order. The penalty for leaving is refusal of re-admission—and that may well mean involuntary internment in another camp less pleasant than remote and mountainous Manzanar.

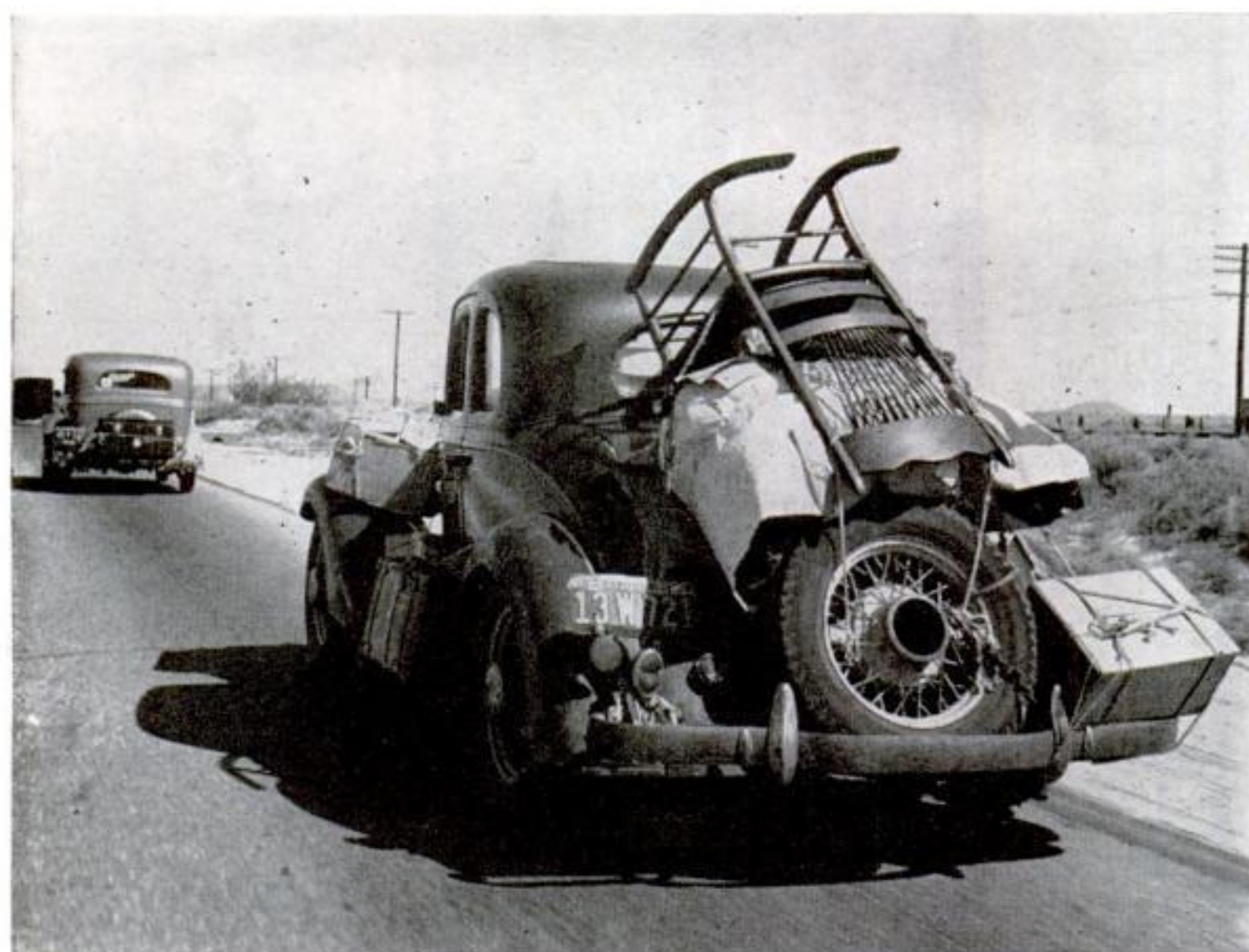
JEEPS LEAD JAPS ON JOURNEY FROM THE SEA

Half of Manzanar's voluntary internees journeyed to their new mountain home by train. The other 500 met at sunup near Pasadena's famed Rose Bowl, their 140 cars piled high with treasured encumbrances. At 6:30 their long convoy headed northward, inland and away from the embattled sea. Here was no "Okie" he-gira. The cars in line transcended jalopies, though most had known many years and many miles. Their sequence was punctuated at ten-car intervals by Army jeeps.

All morning long the retinue rolled on, over the coastal range, into the desert country of sagebrush and Joshua trees, past dry alkali lakes and through red rock canyons, following the line of the Los Angeles aqueduct. In midafternoon they sighted the snowy Sierras. And at 6:30 as the sun dipped behind the western mountain wall they entered Manzanar's gates. Their trip had been leisurely and without incident. Three spent cars were under Army tow. And one Japanese driver slumbered in his own back seat, the victim of a last lovely splash of sake.



Box lunches are distributed by soldiers escorting convoy. Each box contained ham and cheese sandwiches, cup cakes, a carton of milk, an orange. Each traveler had been ordered to bring his own water.



Impedimenta is limited by Army orders to what each internee could carry with him. Required of all were cooking utensils, clothing, tools of trade, bedding. The rocking chair shown here is pure luxury.



Across the Mojave Desert the four-mile-long convoy cuts northward, following the arrow-straight flight of the Sierra Highway to the cool, snow-topped mountains. Pacing the proces-



A bit of carburetor trouble commands the diagnostic skill of two young Japs. Every car in the convoy was ordered equipped with spare tire and sufficient gasoline for the 240-mile trek.



sion at 30 m. p. h. is a jeep with red headlights. Behind it rolls a staff sedan carrying the provost marshal in command of the convoy. Behind that follows a press car. And thereafter,

led by baggage trucks, rattle the long ranks of Japanese internees, interspersed periodically with jeeps. The railroad tracks on the far side of the road are those of the Southern Pacific's inland route.



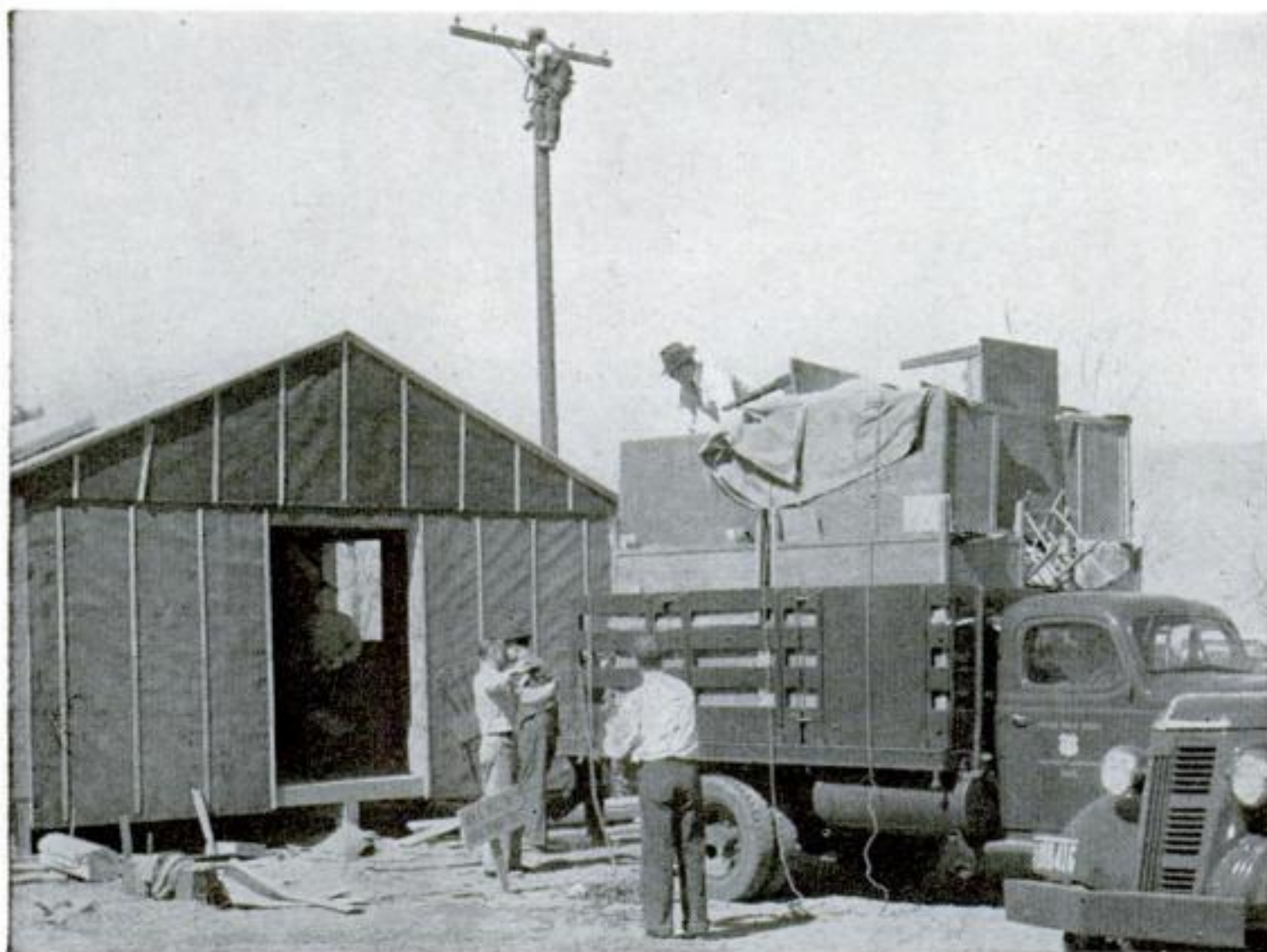
Ten-minute rest stop permits pilgrims to stretch legs briefly. Halts were made at two-hour intervals. Some Japs strolled into sagebrush, others tinkered with motors, smoked, talked.



Journey's end is Manzanar, attained by the desert-dusty convoy as the long shade of the Sierras reaches across Owens Valley from the west. Arriving Japs were enchanted by scenic surroundings.

(continued)

INTERNEES GET SETTLED IN THEIR WARTIME HOME HIGH IN THE SPECTACULAR SIERRAS



A WPA truck distributes tables and desks. The administration of Manzanar will be in the hands of the residents themselves. Each block will elect its own representative, each group of ten blocks its own "ward boss." Five duly elected bosses will run the camp government.



Getting settled the morning after his arrival, a sturdy old Jap packs his belongings to the dormitory that will be his home until the war ends. Note sewer pipes at the left. When rough work is done, it will be up to residents to add refinements of walks, landscaping, gardens.



Extra bedding is distributed to the arriving internees. The business of registration went off expeditiously. Each resident, after signing in, received his dormitory assignment, comforters and mattress ticking. Administrative work was capably handled by American-born Japanese.



Internees fill mattress tickings with straw as the last daylight fades over the Sierras. Upon these ticks, covering metal Army cots, Japs slept comfortably if not luxuriously. Only essential furniture was supplied. Additional comforts will be fashioned in Manzanar workshops.



Dinner is served—and consumed standing up owing to lack of tables and chairs. Camp steward is Arthur Hirano, former New York restaurateur. His first menu consisted of beef stew, steamed rice, string beans, peas, apricots, bread and jelly. His customers were appreciative.



Nisei girls make themselves at home in clean but Spartan dormitory. Makeshift screen has been created out of packaging from oil burner with which each of the barracks is supplied. Note the picture of General MacArthur on wall and graduation photograph on dressing table.



↑ **Forty-eight blocks**—each encompassing a mess hall, recreation hall, laundry, lavatories with showers and 14 barracks with accommodations for 250 persons—are being rushed to completion by A. F. of L. carpenters. Schedule calls for construction of 20 buildings a day.

↓ **First arrivals** await their turn to register. Completed when Japs descended were 38 prefabricated structures, including administration, barracks, mess hall and 150-bed hospital. Water pipes had been laid, but sewers were still under construction—hence privies at left.



AMERICA LISTENS TO ITS OWN ANGRY WAR TALK

America was loud with talk last week—harsh recriminating talk. The talk was mostly about the country's war effort—or lack of it. Everybody seemed to be blaming everybody else. President Roosevelt cracked out against what he called "sixth columnists"—gossips and newspapers spreading, he claimed, false stories harmful to the country. (When lower Manhattan had a successful blackout test, New York's Mayor LaGuardia aped the President: "The lower East Side of Manhattan tonight spit right in the face of the sixth columnists.") Labor and management both took a verbal drubbing in and out of Congress.

To some this talk sounded bad, like the signs of a country disunited. To plenty of others it sounded good, like the irritation of a country angrily determined to get on with winning the war.

No. 1 talker of the week was Thurman Arnold, U. S. Assistant Attorney General. Last week, Mr. Arnold was before Congress, swinging away with both fists—slugging impartially at labor and business for continuing wicked restrictive practices which were hurting the country's production drive.

First Mr. Arnold went at labor. He told how some union's rules prevented the most efficient use of men



ARNOLD

and machines, how unions had balked at newer and faster methods of mass production. "Today under Federal law," he said, "there is no right of the farmer which labor is bound to respect, no right of the consumer which labor is bound to respect, no right of the small businessman which labor is bound to respect." For Mr. Arnold the

answer was Government action and regulation.

But the Administration had nothing good to say of Mr. Arnold's statement. The Administration was neither ready nor willing to come to grips with the country's labor problem.

Appearing before the House of Representatives, Donald M. Nelson opposed changing the 40-hour week overtime provisions. His main job, he repeated, was to speed production. Tampering with the overtime provisions now might hurt production. That, Mr. Nelson made plain, was all he knew or cared to know. He asked for 30 days' time during which he would try to abolish double-time pay for Saturday, Sunday and holiday work. Hardly had he spoken when the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. both voluntarily relinquished double time. Mollified by labor's concessions, impressed by the Administration's defense of the Wages and Hours Act, Congress subsided and the 40-hour week seemed safe for the time being.

But the labor problem was not settled. As he so often does, the President temporized. He tabled the manpower mobilization scheme which had been submitted to him. On the great disputations issues of closed shop and wage increases, he said nothing. Both issues were coming up violently in the negotiations for new steel and auto union contracts. How the President stood on these points nobody really knew. Not until he saw that delay would be disastrous did Roosevelt last winter appoint one man to be his production boss. Perhaps he now felt he had time to spare before settling the admittedly vexing and complicated problems of labor.

One effect of the lack of policy was the sullen sus-

picion that labor and employer still had toward each other. Trying to dissolve these suspicions, the War Production Board proposed plant labor-management committees which, by consultation, would hurry production along. The proposal was met with a mixed reception. Some employers thought the committees were devices by which unions would meddle in management affairs. Some employees accused management of opposing the committees because the unions might show up the management. In many places, happily, there was a wholehearted willingness to give it a good try. At the Chase Brass and Copper Co. plant in Cleveland, the labor-management committee was quickly set up, quickly got to work and quickly showed a feeling for action by complaining that what they needed now was more material to work with.

STANDARD OIL EXPOSED

Though the Administration showed that it didn't like Thurman Arnold's blast at labor, it kept a pleased quiet when he lambasted big business. Appearing before the Truman Committee of the Senate, Arnold accused Standard Oil of New Jersey of being in cahoots with the German chemical trust and virtually sabotaging the production of synthetic rubber in the U. S.

For many years, said Mr. Arnold, Standard Oil of New Jersey and I. G. Farbenindustrie had an agreement to exchange patents. Germany perfected its Buna rubber process but it refused to give it to Standard and, with Standard's acquiescence, the process was kept from other U. S. companies. Standard also conspired to discourage other companies from developing their own synthetic processes. Standard gave I. G. its own patents for making Butyl rubber, which Arnold claimed was cheaper and more desirable in many ways than Buna. But I. G. was still coy about revealing its Buna secrets. The reason simply was that Hitler had forbidden it. Though it had given its Butyl patents to Germany and Italy, Standard kept them from U. S. and British use. Even after Pearl Harbor, Standard had kept its secrets.

All this was Arnold's story. The day before, Arnold testified, in a Federal Court in New Jersey Standard had at last agreed to give its patents to everybody. This it did in a consent decree which settled the Government's anti-trust suit against Standard. Standard also paid a \$50,000 fine.

Arnold was careful to point out that Standard was not alone in monopolistic practices. Makers of aluminum, magnesium, tungsten carbide and other critical materials had entered into the same kind of cartel agreements with foreign countries. Standard Oil's first reply to Arnold denied many of his charges, many of his facts. A fuller reply, the company said, would be given to Congress.



CHASE LABOR-MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE MEETS

DESTINY IN THE EAST

At the other end of the earth, unity was being pressed by two men of destiny. In Australia, General Douglas MacArthur was getting his command unified. Adulated by the Australians, he spoke often and eloquently of the task ahead of him. He promised full reports on the war because "men will not die unless they know what they are dying for." He told Australia's parliament that "We shall win or we shall die." Hero worship of MacArthur was getting out of hand back home in America where MacArthur buttons were sold by the thousand and newspaper editorials proposed him for president in 1944—or 1948.



MOHAMMED ALI JINNAH

At New Delhi in India, another man of destiny, Sir Stafford Cripps, was working for unity. But he was keeping his thin lawyer's mouth shut. He talked to Hindus, to British, to Moslems. The Moslems might be the stumbling block in any proposal for Indian independence. A minority, they would refuse to be subordinate to the Hindus.

After Sir Stafford talked with their leader, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, there was no Moslem outcry against his plan. Reports said that the Cripps plan would give India full dominion status, including the right to secede, after the war. If all India could not unite in one dominion, it might be divided into two separate and independent dominions.

In England, thousands of miles away, Cripps' supporters were saying—as MacArthur's supporters in America were—that their hero would be prime minister. Meanwhile in Burma, the Japanese were moving on toward India. They took over the Andaman Islands in the Indian Ocean. Sir Stafford knew that if he had a rendezvous with destiny, he had better hurry or the Japanese, who also have a fine sense of destiny, would get to New Delhi before he was done.

On all their battlefronts, the Allies were pricking at the enemy. The U. S. Navy reported that a task force had raided Wake Island and Marcus Island, only 900 miles from Japan. The Japs lost some planes, some small boats, some base installations and their composure. For days after the raids, they ordered their big cities blacked-out. Around Australia, the Allies claimed destruction of almost 100 Jap planes, plus another 40 in Burma. Over Malta, 32 planes were shot down. The Russians were moving slowly along, killing Germans as they went. The big drives, the big losses, the big battles were still to come.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On March 23 Francis B. Sayre, American High Commissioner to the Philippines and Woodrow Wilson's son-in-law, arrived in Washington to report to President Roosevelt on the state of the Japanese offensive against the U. S. armies on Bataan and the beleaguered fortress of Corregidor. With him, as General MacArthur's personal gift to the President, he brought the sword of a slain Japanese officer. He confessed readily that he was glad to get out of Corregidor "where you never know whether you'll get to the end of the day alive and where you're living like rats in a tunnel."



The sword of a dead Jap officer—a gift from General MacArthur—is presented to President Roosevelt by High Commissioner Francis B. Sayre

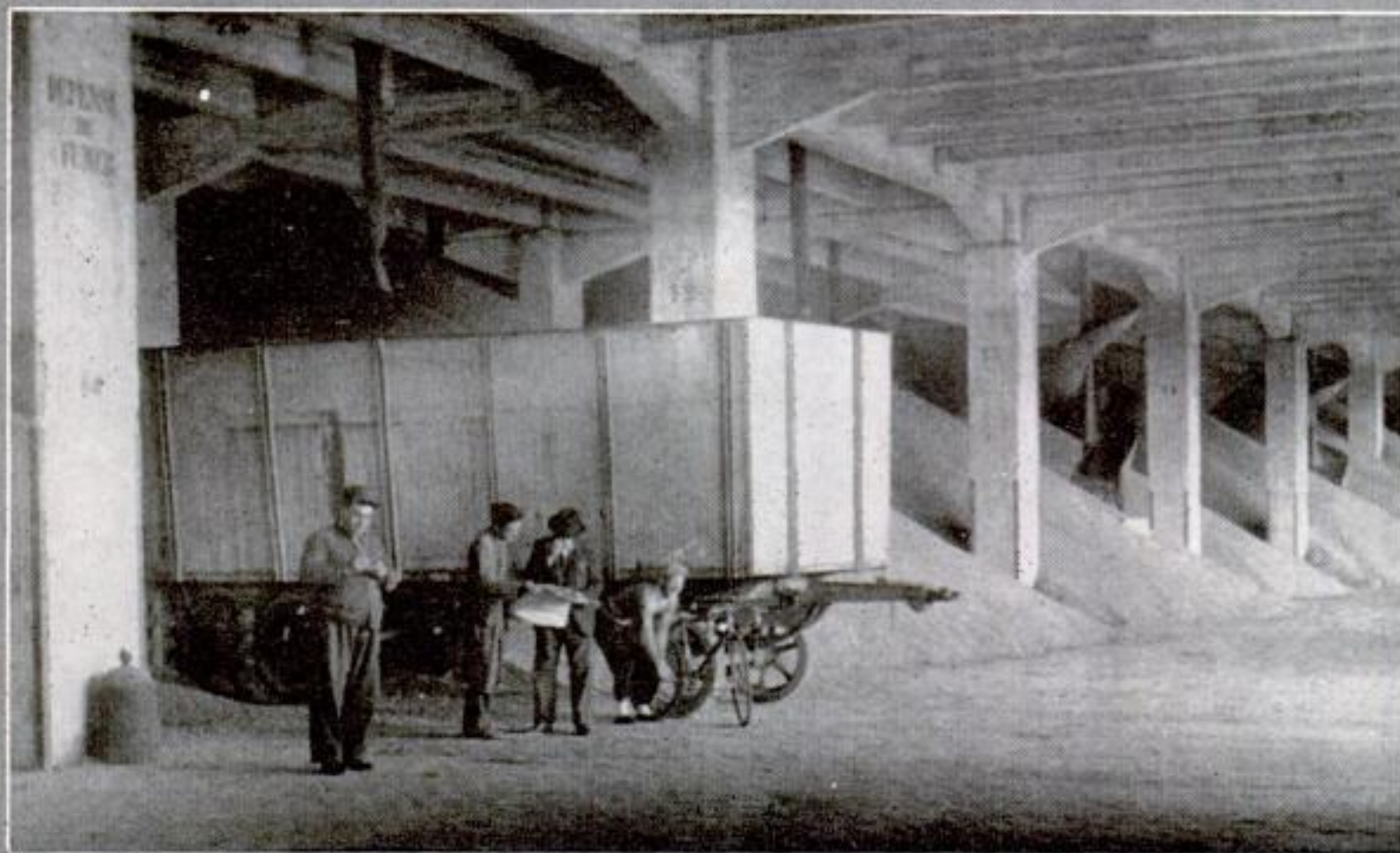


GERMAN (LEFT), ITALIAN (RIGHT) AND TWO FRENCHMEN INSPECT A SHIP NEAR MARSEILLE

FOOD POURS INTO FRANCE

A mouth-watering wealth of food comes into Vichy France's great port of Marseille, 80,000 tons of it a week. Down the gangplanks trot hordes of the succulent lambs and milk goats of Morocco and Algeria. The chutes pour out tons of the fine soft wheat of Algeria, the hard wheat of Morocco. Crates of figs and golden dates pile up on the wharfs. From the blue grape vineyards on the hillsides of Oran and the back country, huge hogsheads of the delicious strong wines of Algeria roll down the piers. The olive oil of the Sahel, the oranges and tangerines of the African coast, the plums and nectarines of Tunisia, the tomatoes and beans and artichokes of the Algerian truck farms all pour into Marseille and Sète and Toulon. There come the sacks of Berber almonds, walnuts from the Atlas, Algerian peanuts, sacks of potatoes, barley, oats, lentils. Occasionally even bananas from West Africa make the French stevedores' eyes pop. But there is a worm in the apple.

The worm is shown for the first time at upper left. It is one of the German-Italian commissions that really rule "Unoccupied" France. When a ship puts in at a Vichy France port, nobody and nothing may leave the ship until the commis-



ALGERIAN PEANUTS STORED IN A MARSEILLE BIN WILL GO TO MAKE GERMAN OIL AND SOAP



BASKETS OF TOMATOES, BEANS, GRAPES ARE STACKED AT MARSEILLE'S LAZARET QUAY



A FEW BAGS OF PEANUTS ARE ASSIGNED BY GERMANS TO THE POPULATION OF FRANCE



THE FRESH VEGETABLES OF NORTH AFRICA ARE LOADED ON TRAIN BOUND FOR GERMANY

BUT GERMANS SNATCH IT

sion has inspected the cargo and passenger list. The Axis "experts" then decide what proportion of the foodstuffs is to be sent on to Germany. Though the proportion is often 100%, the average is around 70%. One day when bananas arrived in Marseille, not a banana was to be seen in the city. The butcher shops of Marseille remain closed even after the Algerian lambs have swarmed over the piers. The fine wines go to Germany, not for drinking but to convert into industrial alcohol.

France should not be hungry. In addition to its rich imports of African foodstuffs, it had a normal wheat crop last year and a better-than-normal potato crop. Yet Frenchmen get pittance rations of potatoes and bread. Fertile, self-sufficient France is growing anemic and rickety, though it still eats better than the Balkans, Poland and Norway. In all of the principal cities and towns of Unoccupied France inconspicuously roost the German commissions. In Marseille, the Axis controllers number at least 100. They say: "It is not the conqueror's business to relieve the misery and distress caused by the fault of the vanquished."



BIG RESTAURANT DINNER IS LIMA BEANS, BREAD, MEAT LOAF, WINE, TWO SMALL APPLES



2 SHEEP OFF BOAT FROM ALGERIA ARE COMMANDEERED BY GERMANS AT PINEDE PIER



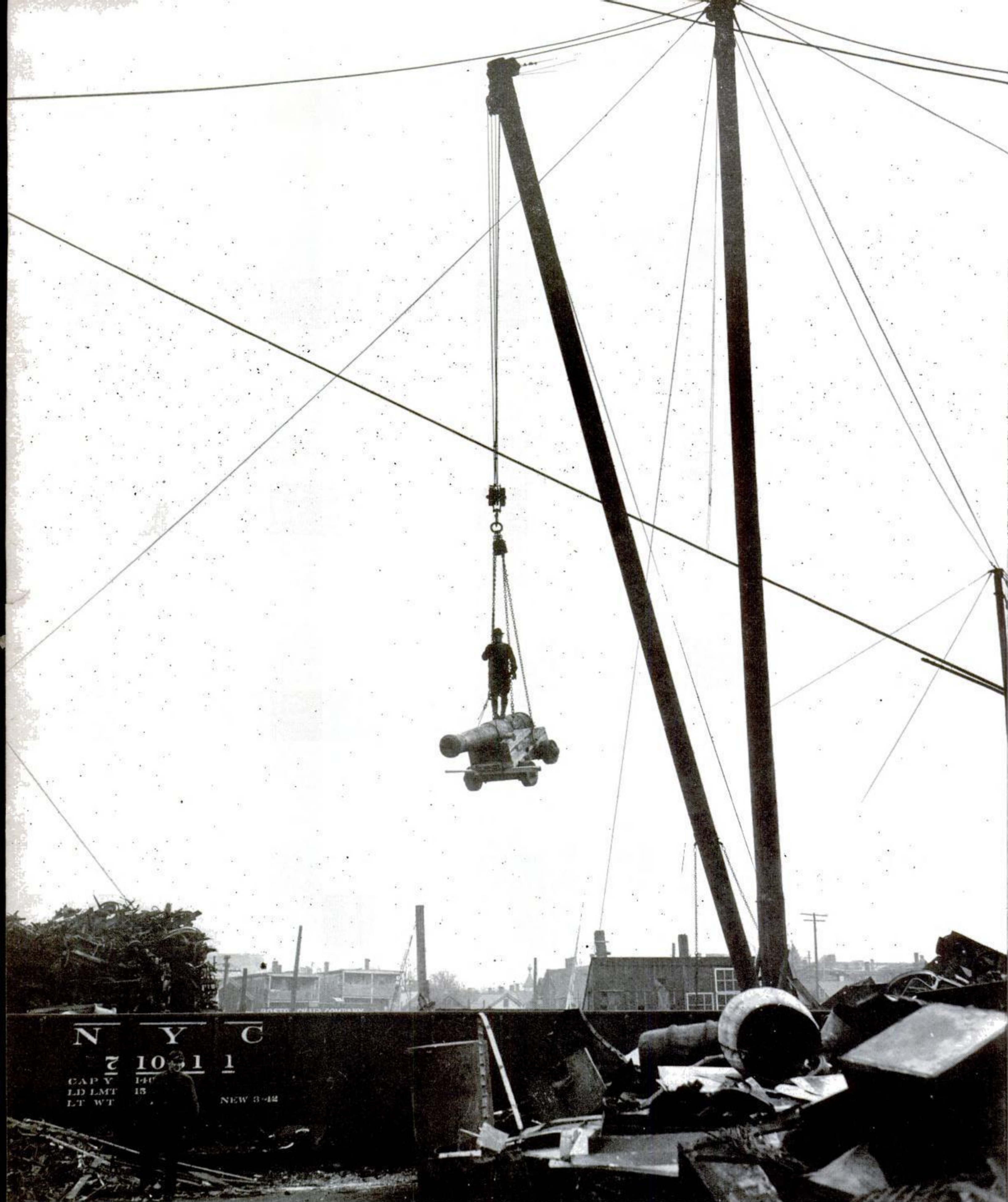
BARRELS OF STRONG ALGERIAN WINE WAIT AT SÈTE TO BE COMMANDEERED BY GERMANS



POTATOES FOR GERMANS ARE UNLOADED FROM S. S. "VILLE D'ORAN" AT MARSEILLE



FRANCE GETS ONE GOOD SWALLOW FROM A BARREL OF WINE ON SIDING AT MARSEILLE PORT



FAMOUS GUNS OF FORMER BATTLES ARE SALVAGED FOR NEW U. S. VICTORY

Last week many a Massachusetts village green was stripped of its familiar battle trophy—a Revolutionary cannon, a bronzed Civil War fieldpiece or some foreign-made giant of World War I. Along the roads to Boston, on March 22, clanked these mementos of a country's earlier wars, there to be sold as scrap for the guns of a new war, biggest, most historic of them all.

At an auction before a large crowd on Boston

Common, patriotic junk dealers paid \$1,960.50 for 62 tons of this scrap metal. Price averaged \$32 a ton or nearly 100% more than the OPA ceiling figure at which they will resell it to the nation's steel plants. Proceeds were turned into defense bonds and stamps. A 5-ton gun claimed to be from the famous old frigate *Constitution* brought \$50. Above you see it being loaded onto a freight car in a Chelsea junk yard next day.

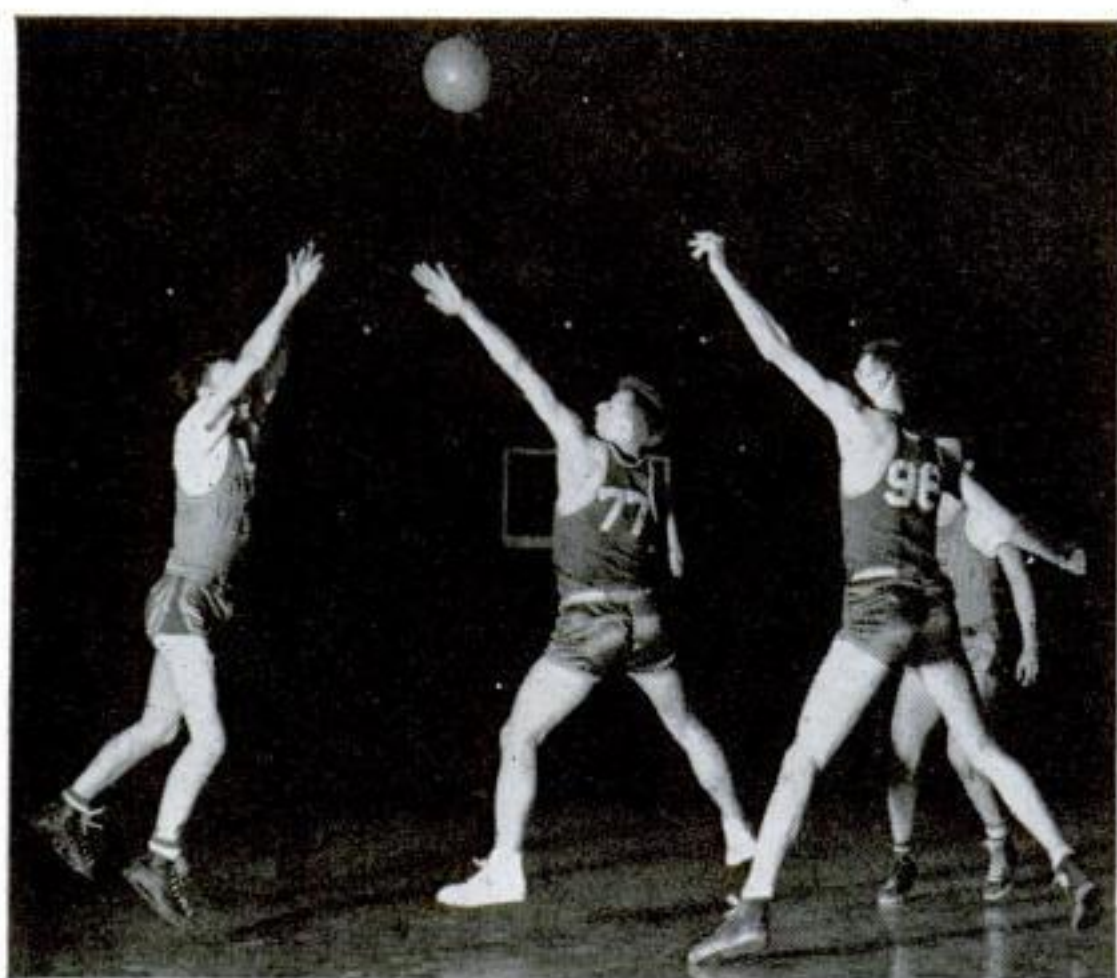


GUERRILLAS ALONG OREGON COAST READY THEIR GUNS FOR AN ENEMY INVASION

These two sharpshooters are members of a guerrilla band recently organized by the farmers of Tillamook County, on the Oregon coast. They are prepared to defend their heritage with bullets and the frontiersman's lore. Sworn to die fighting if need be, they plan to hide their dairy herds deep in the woods, to combat forest fires started by incendiary bombs, and to harry the invader who dares penetrate their

trackless timberlands. To a man they are dead shots.

The giant tree stump shown above has been selected as a good post from which to snipe at troops filing along a lumber road. The lookout at top can survey the clearing stretching off to the left, while the guerrilla snuggled in roots is protected from all sides. Sniping positions like this have been prepared along routes by which the enemy might advance inland from the coast.



Little Roger Hicks of West Virginia takes long shot as Buck Sydnor (77) and Don Ray (96) of Western Kentucky reach for the ball in vain.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY TOPPLES FAVORITES TO WIN ANNUAL BASKETBALL TOURNEY

Climaxing basketball's Golden Jubilee season, West Virginia's scrappy Mountaineers won the Annual National Invitation College Basketball Tournament at New York, March 25. In the final game of a tournament packed with stunning upsets and spectacular scoring, West Virginia came from behind to beat Western Kentucky State, 47-45. With the score tied and 20 seconds to play, a record crowd of 18,251 exhausted spectators at Madison Square Garden watched little Roger Hicks sink the winning shot for the "Cinderella team" from Morgantown, W. Va. Seeded last among eight teams, West Virginia drew top-ranked Long Island University, last year's winner, in the first round. L. I. U. had a reassuring 9-point lead midway in the last half, but the dogged Mountaineers kept fighting, tied the score at 45-45, won in overtime, 58-49.

Other first-round surprises resulted when seventh-seeded Creighton eliminated second-seeded West Texas State (the Buffaloes), which had won 28 out of 30 regular season games; and when sixth-seeded Western Kentucky State beat C. C. N. Y., ranked third. Only Toledo University upheld pretournament prophecy, outscoring Rhode Island State, 82-71, as Bob Gerber made 37 points, a new Garden record.

In the semi-finals West Virginia, again the underdog, beat Toledo, 51-39, as Rudy Baric, who was voted the most valuable player in the tournament, held Gerber to 14 points. Western Kentucky entered the finals by beating Creighton, 49-36.



Hicks (4) outraces Jimmy Grant of Toledo to retrieve ball. Hicks's speed and set-shooting were important in West Virginia's victory.



Charlie Halbert, West Texas State's 6-ft.-10-in. center, grabs ball as Ed Beisser (48), Creighton center, dives for

it. Ready to plunge into scramble are Clark Johnson (34), West Texas, and Ralph Langer (53), Creighton forward.

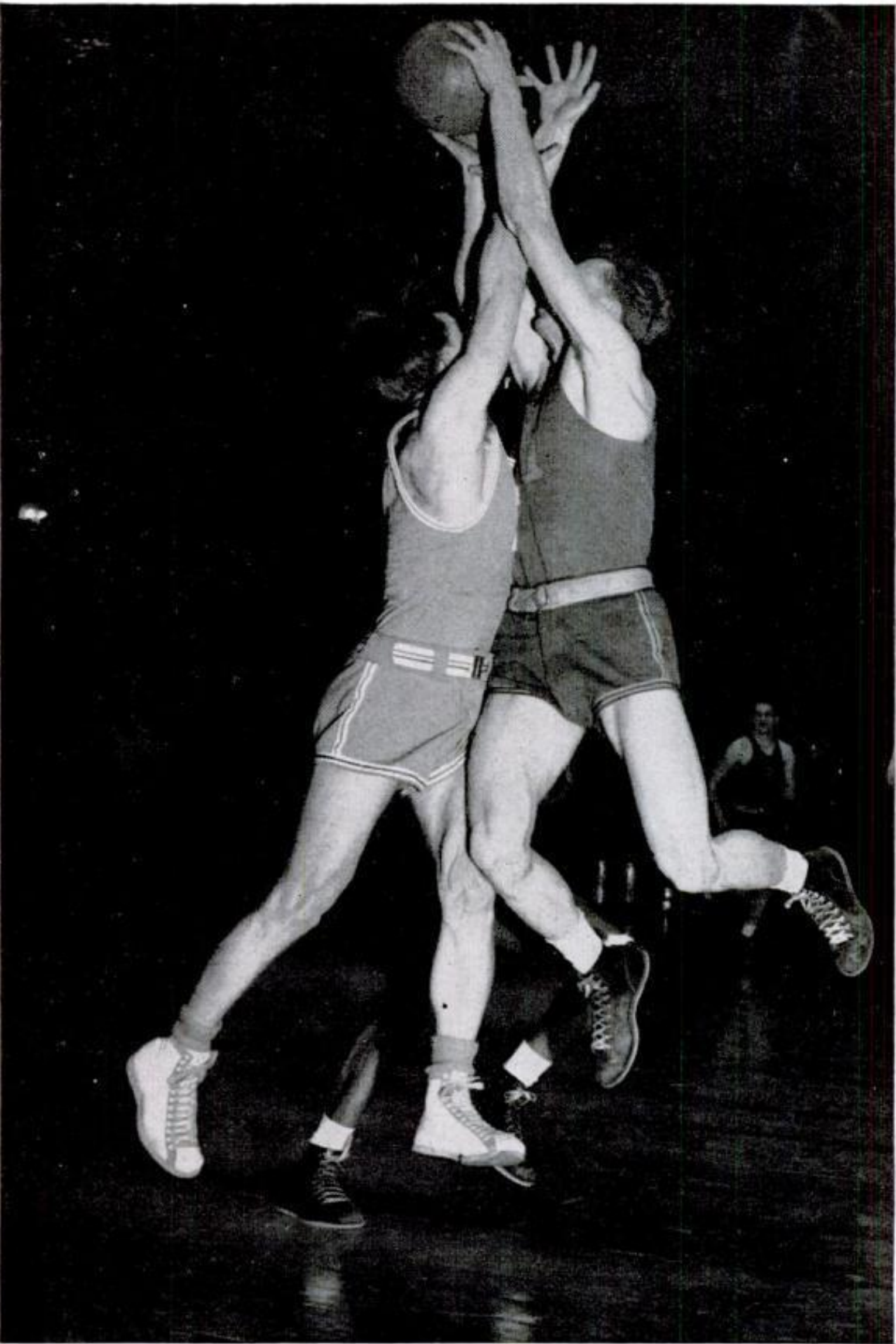


Leaping for a rebound, George Crailer of Toledo gets his hand on ball as Lou Kalmar (9), West Virginia, attempts

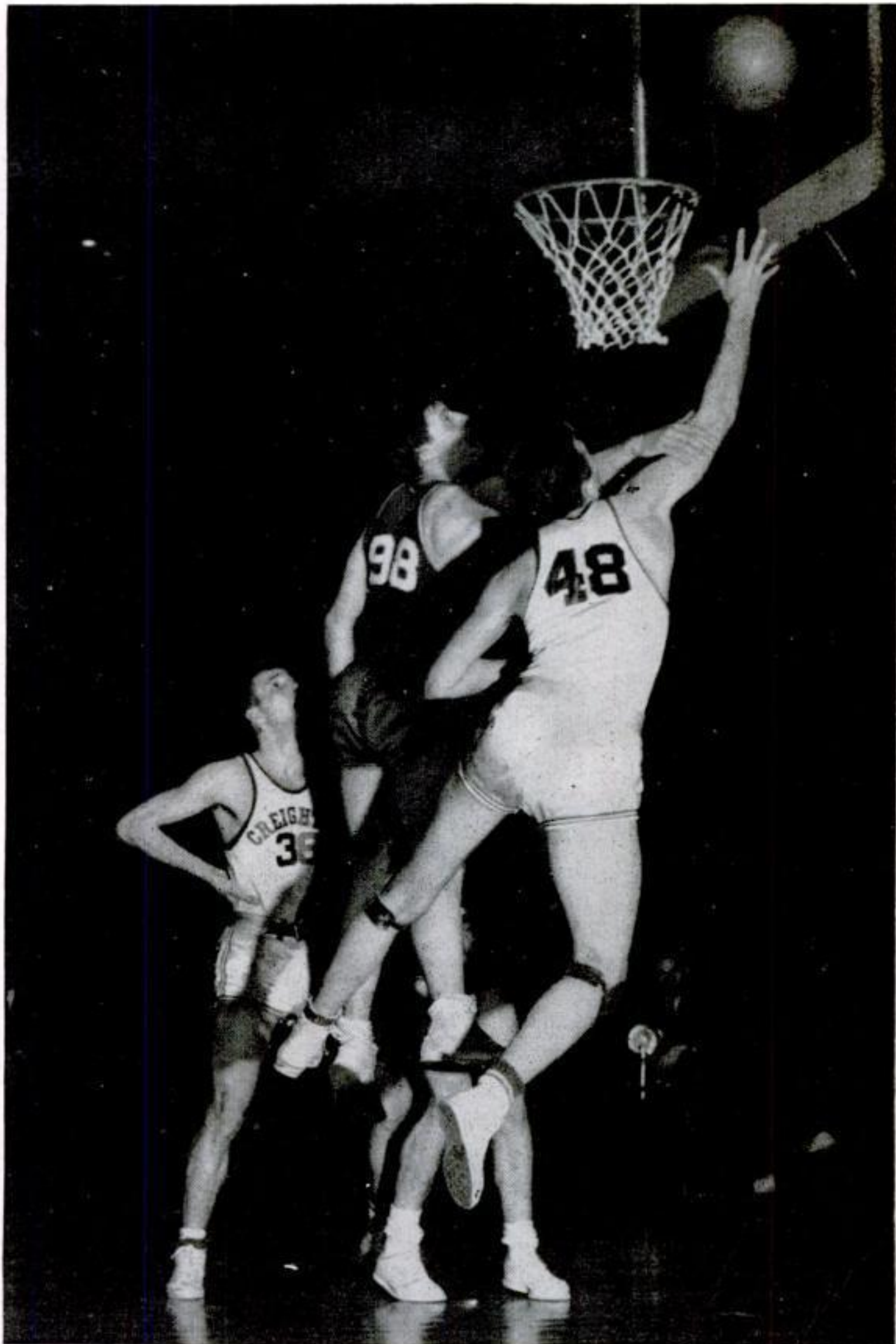
to stop him. Crailer managed to tap ball into the waiting hands of Bob Gerber (15), bespectacled Toledo high scorer.



In a mid-court scramble Mike Shinkarik (16), City College of New York center, is diving over Ray Blevins of Western Kentucky State to pounce on ball. On floor are Claude Phillips (5) of C. C. N. Y. and Buck Sydnor (77) of Western Kentucky. In background are Don Ray (96) and Howard Downing (59), also of Western Kentucky, which eliminated C. C. N. Y. in first round, 49-46.



Stanley ("Stutz") Modzelewski (left) of Rhode Island and Jimmy Grant, Toledo forward, fight for the ball in wild and woolly "firehouse" first-round game won by the Midwesterners, 82-71.



Jumping high into the air, Oran McKinney of Western Kentucky State tries to prevent Center Ed Beisser (48) of Creighton University, who is also off the floor, from capturing a rebound.



Langer family, a prime political asset, shares Senator's victory. Shown in their comfortable Washington apartment are Mrs. Langer, daughter of Metropolitan Opera House designer,

and their four attractive daughters. Cornelia, 13, and Mimi, 17, sit between their parents. On floor are Emmy, 23, a *Mademoiselle* sub-editor (left), and Lydia Cady Langer Jr., 21.

SENATE SEATS LANGER

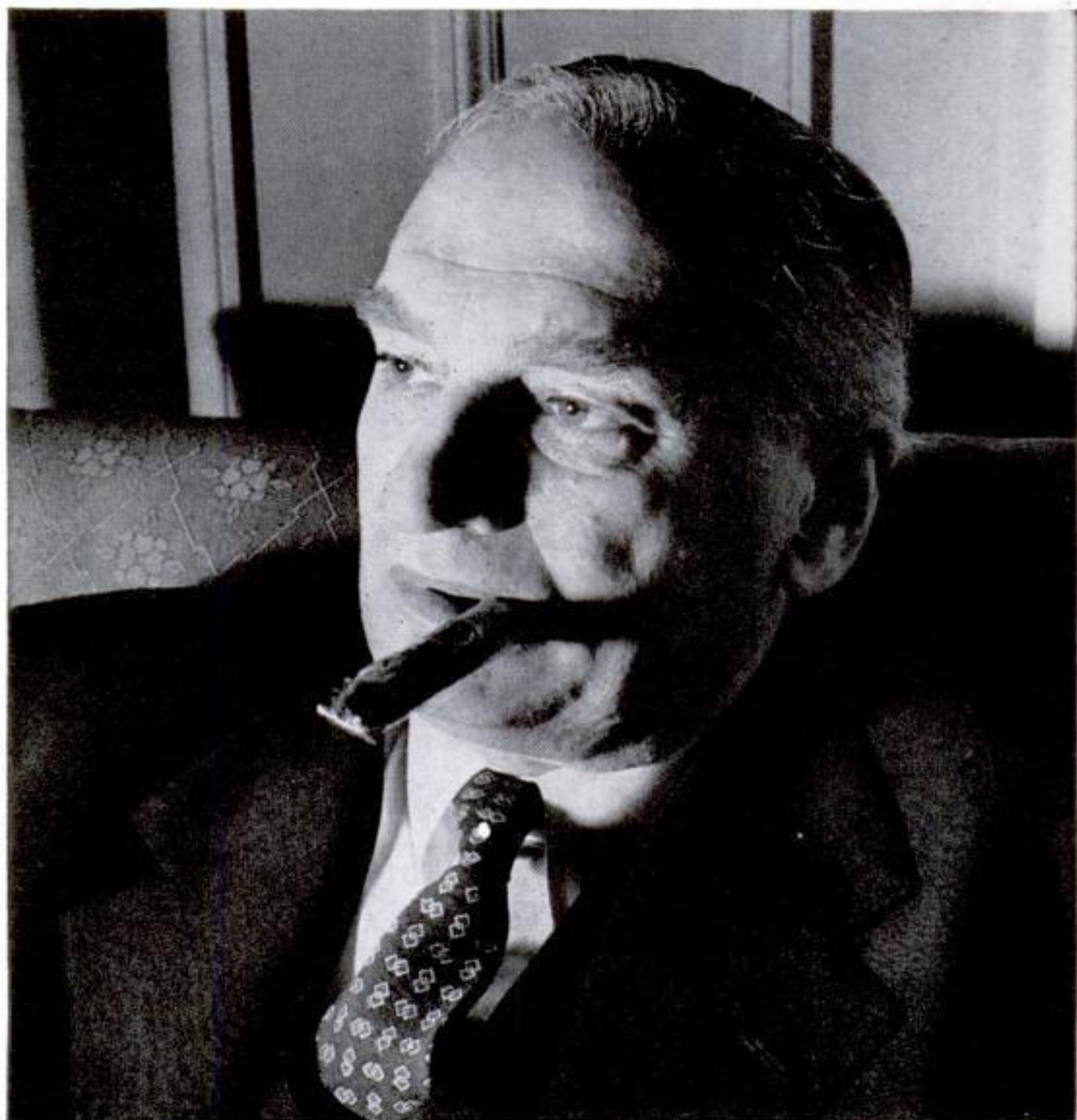
Dakota boss wins over "moral turpitude" charge

William Langer's title to a seat in the U. S. Senate from North Dakota was cleared on March 27 when that sometimes august body voted, 52-30, to reject its election committee's advice to send him home. Langer was accused of "moral turpitude" as a State official, giving that charge its first national workout since the Countess of Cathcart was barred from the U. S. in 1926.

The Langer charges included "gross impropriety, shotgun law enforcement, jailbreaking, rabble rousing, breach of the peace and tampering with court officials." They were the gusty tail ends of a quarter century of strife on the plains, where political and other kinds of winds attain great velocity.

Bill Langer, who is tough enough to outblow the bitterest blizzard, started with the Non-Partisan League. He ducked in and out of the League several times but his political machine was largely a personal following. In 1934 while Governor, he was convicted of shaking down Federal employes for a political newspaper but he was acquitted on appeal, and bounced back into the governorship in 1936. He was elected to the Senate as a Republican in 1940. North Dakota enemies brought the ouster proceedings.

Republican Leader McNary, however, said if the complainants had any case it was their "manifest and plain duty" to seek criminal action against Langer, which they failed to do. The final vote reflected reluctance by many Senators to establish a precedent for digging into each other's past beyond conduct of election to the Senate. Their attitude was that voters of the sovereign State of North Dakota knew all about the charges before the election and if they didn't choose to pay any attention it was nobody else's business.



Cellophaned cigar is chomped by Non-Smoker Langer. He also bites cigarets. Both in beak and in boldness of political attack he resembles the hawk which ranges over Dakota prairies.



JOAN BENNETT in her
American Women's Voluntary
Services uniform

★
Starring in Edw. Small's United Artists
Production "Twin Beds"

*His Cigarette
and Mine*

It's CHESTERFIELD

Yours too for a full share of *Mildness
Better Taste and Cooler Smoking...* that's what you
and all other cigarette smokers are looking for...
and you get it in Chesterfield's Right Combination
of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

*Make your next pack Chesterfields... regardless
of price there is no better cigarette made today.*

EVERYWHERE YOU GO *They Satisfy*

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Query...for a gentleman at the Kentucky Derby



US: If your favorite romps home to win the wreath of roses today, we dare say you'll be having a drink.

MAN: Win, place or show—I'm having a Mint Julep!

US: Good. But first we'd like to ask you a question. Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: I've been meaning to, but . . .

US: Then since Derby Day is such a special day, we wish you'd try a very special Mint Julep . . . made with today's Four Roses! Because, unless you've tasted today's Four Roses, you can't possibly know what wonderful things have happened to this superlative whiskey! Ah, what bouquet! what surpassing flavor and mellow richness! What matchless amber-gold magnificence!

MAN: Say—I'm glad I ran into you! I suggest that

we meet at the clubhouse bar after this race. And if today's Four Roses lives up to the send-off you've given it, the Juleps are on me!



WOULD YOU LIKE TO START YOUR OWN FOUR ROSES KENTUCKY MINT BED?

Naturally, even so glorious a drink as a Four Roses Mint Julep tastes *more* glorious when it's made with real Kentucky mint.

So we'd like to send you—with our compliments (at the proper time for planting) a sturdy young plant of real Kentucky Bluegrass Spring Mint, with instructions for starting your own "Four Roses" mint bed. Just write before June 15, 1942 to Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., 500 Columbia Bldg., Louisville, Kentucky.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!**



To the Capitol trudges Langer, who didn't miss a single session on his case. In midst of war Senate debated three weeks, most time it has given one subject in months.



Entering with unquestioned legality this time, Senator Langer passes through door into Senate. Debate, cutting across political lines, caused much personal ill-feeling.

QUIET! Bear being fed!



Growls if you say a word!

Are *you* like that—just because you've had a bad day? Snap out of it. Get this Fresh Start for what can be the Best Part of the Day. Either before or after dinner . . .



Lie back in an IVORY BATH

Slather gobs of Ivory lather from that big white floating cake into every joint. Massage your muscles with New Ivory Soap's quick soothing velvet suds. It's that faster, milder, more luxurious Ivory lather which puts an *Ivory Bath* in a class by itself! You soon feel carefree, rested, refreshed! A New Man . . . you step out . . .



Ready for fun . . . FRESH!

A few hours of fun with family and friends can make evening the Best Part of your Day . . . after your Ivory Bath! That fresh, clean "Ivory" smell leaves you clean and confident . . . with a happy new outlook on life. You owe it to yourself, your family, your job to get a Fresh Start frequently in a velvet-suds Ivory Bath!

99⁴⁴/100 % PURE • IT FLOATS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTOR & GAMBLE

**For a FRESH START...
Take an IVORY BATH**

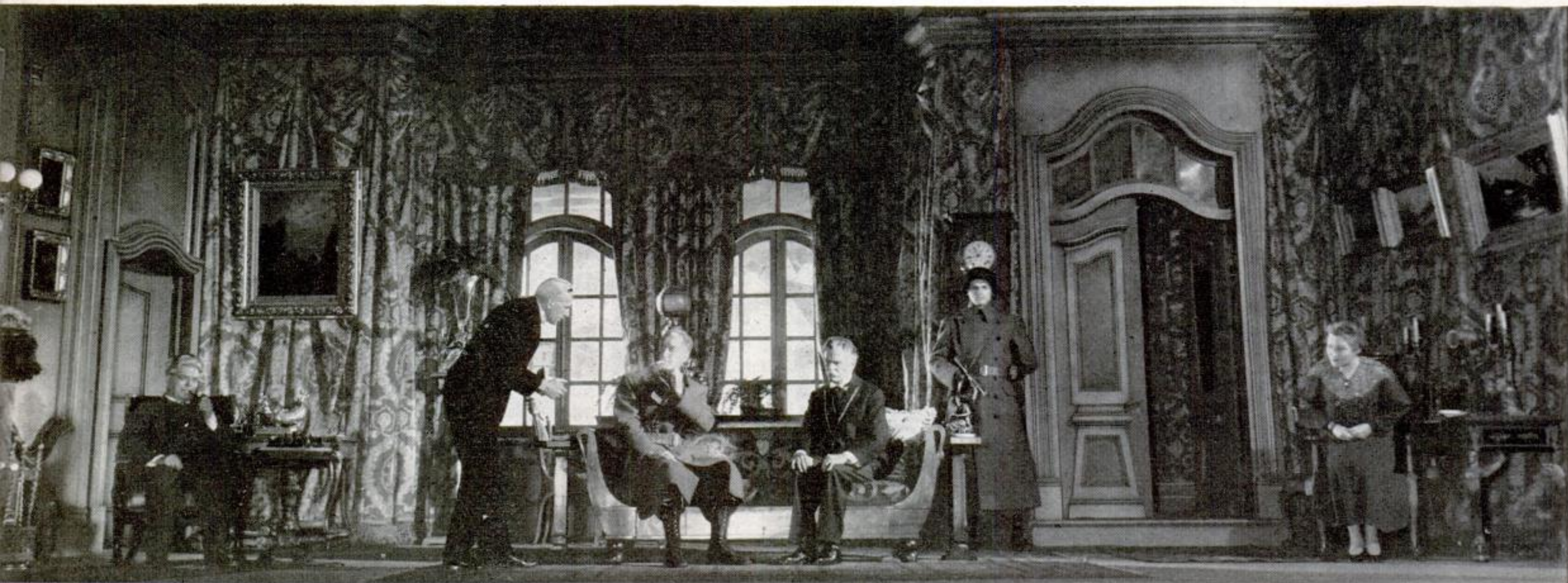
"THE MOON IS DOWN"

Steinbeck extols humanity at war

Trumpeted louder than any literary event of the season, John Steinbeck's war story, *The Moon Is Down*, has been released simultaneously as a novel and play. In a month the novel (Viking, \$2) has sold nearly half a million copies. This week Steinbeck's own dramatization of his story will be brought to Broadway by Oscar Ser-

lin, producer of the Broadway success *Life With Father*.

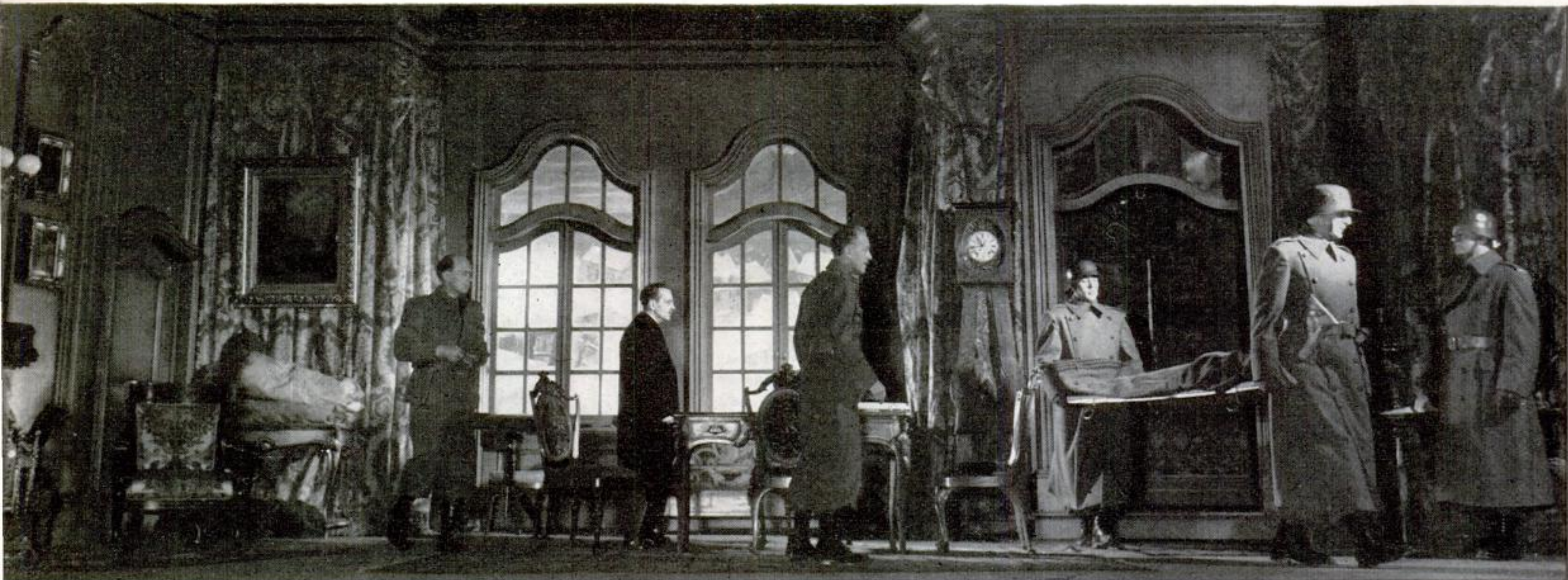
To prove his thesis that a free people can never be conquered permanently, Steinbeck describes the invasion of a small free country. To give his story universality, he avoids specific names, though referring obviously to the Nazis in Norway. (Steinbeck and his wife



Invaders take over the Mayor's home in a nameless town which might be in Norway. With a great show of politeness, the conquering Colonel seats himself on the sofa beside the

Mayor and accepts a cigaret from his butler, while the Mayor's wife and his best friend sit uneasily at the sides. The Colonel explains, "We need your coal mine and the fishing . . . the loc-

al people will continue to work the mine." "But suppose the people don't want to work the mine?" asks the Mayor. The Colonel replies grimly, "I hope they will want to because they MUST."



After one invader has been killed by a local miner, his body is carried on a stretcher into the Mayor's home which has now become the enemy headquarters. Below: the handcuffed min-

er, who is being tried for murder, jumps up to explain how he killed his oppressor in blind fury. At the center sits the Colonel who compels the good Mayor to sit by him as a hollow sym-

bol of justice. Says the Colonel to the miner, "The court finds you guilty and sentences you to be shot immediately." Then the condemned man is led out into the night and the guns are fired.



bicycled through Scandinavia in 1937 after he wrote *Of Mice And Men*.) For the same reason he depicts his Nazis, not in authentic uniforms, but as average, unidentified soldiers of varying intelligence, tragically misled.

As a testament of faith in the human spirit, this story

is sane and eloquent, doubly effective as a short book because it sustains a mood of quiet honesty. But as a play it suffers from some of its virtues. Behind footlights its heroic "little people" lack impressiveness, its story lacks focus and the high spots of acting which distinguished other war plays of its kind: *There Shall*

Be No Night, Watch On The Rhine. While it points to the ultimate victory of humanity, it dwells more on man's torment than his triumph.

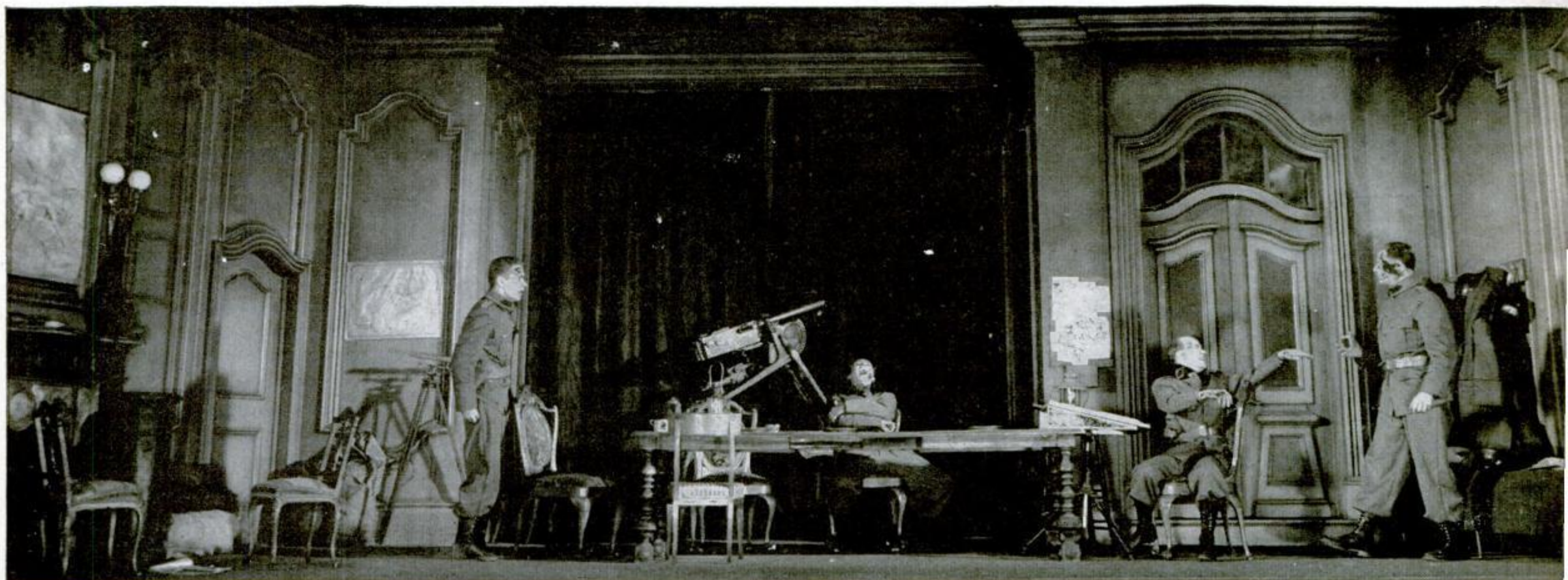
Since its Baltimore tryout, where LIFE's pictures were shot, *The Moon Is Down* has undergone a good bit of doctoring to sharpen the theatrical values it needs.



Another invader is shot (above, right) by a bullet mysteriously fired through the windowpane directly after the miner was executed. At center the Colonel commands, "I want every

house searched for firearms. I want every man who has one taken hostage." Then turning to the Mayor (left), he threatens, "We will shoot five, ten, a hundred for one." But the Colonel

is beginning to realize that the Mayor spoke truthfully when he warned the invaders they had undertaken "the one impossible job in the world . . . to break man's spirit . . . permanently."



One invader grows hysterical (above, center) after spending weeks shunned and hated in the conquered land. He babbles incoherently, "I had a dream . . . out in the snow with the black

shadows. And the faces in doorways. The cold faces behind curtains . . . I dreamed the leader was crazy. Conquest after conquest. Deeper and deeper into molasses. Flies conquer the flypa-

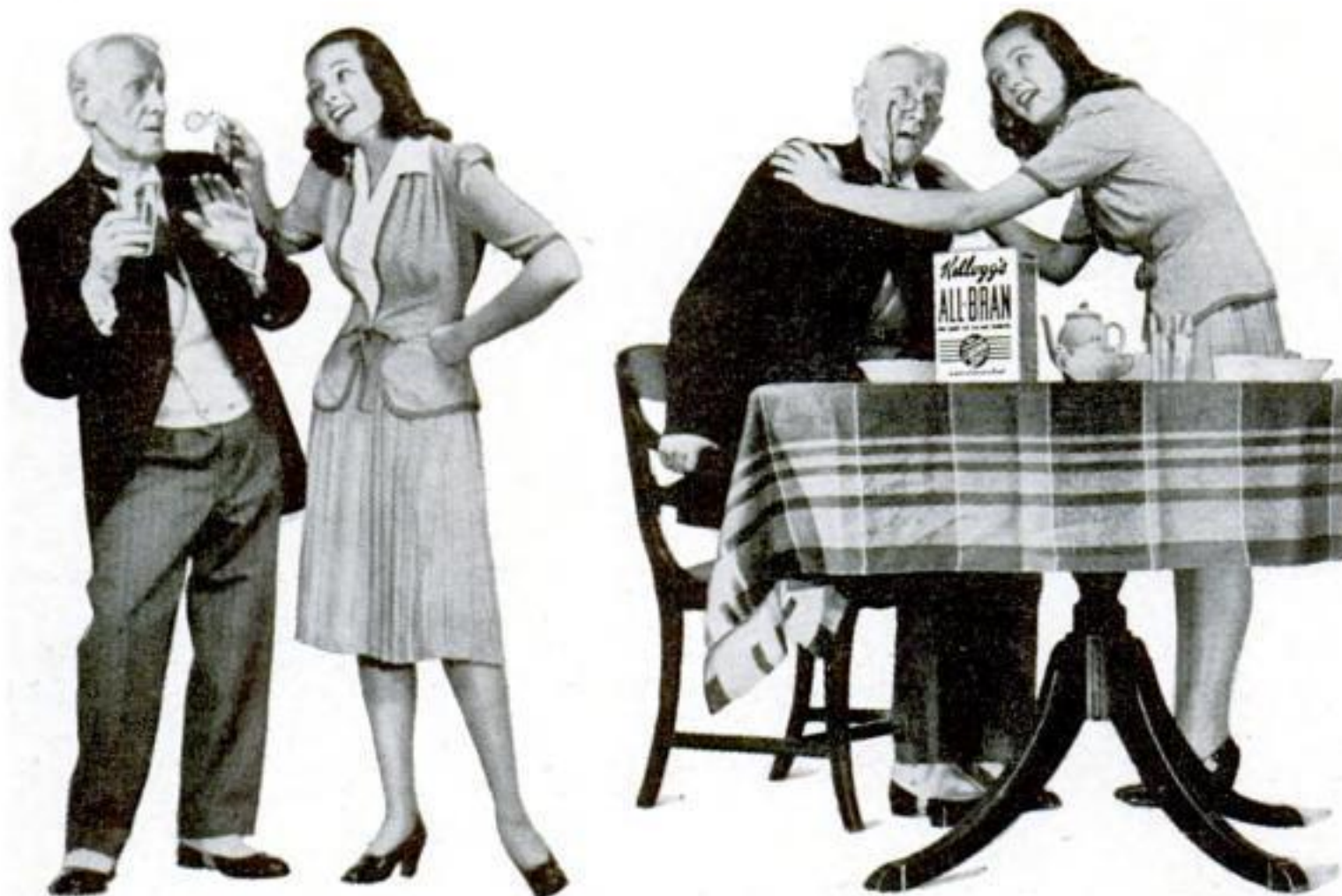
per. Flies capture 200 miles of new flypaper." Below: the local quisling, who has betrayed his own countrymen to the enemy, sits alone, despised even by the invaders because he is a Judas.



Judy and the Judge



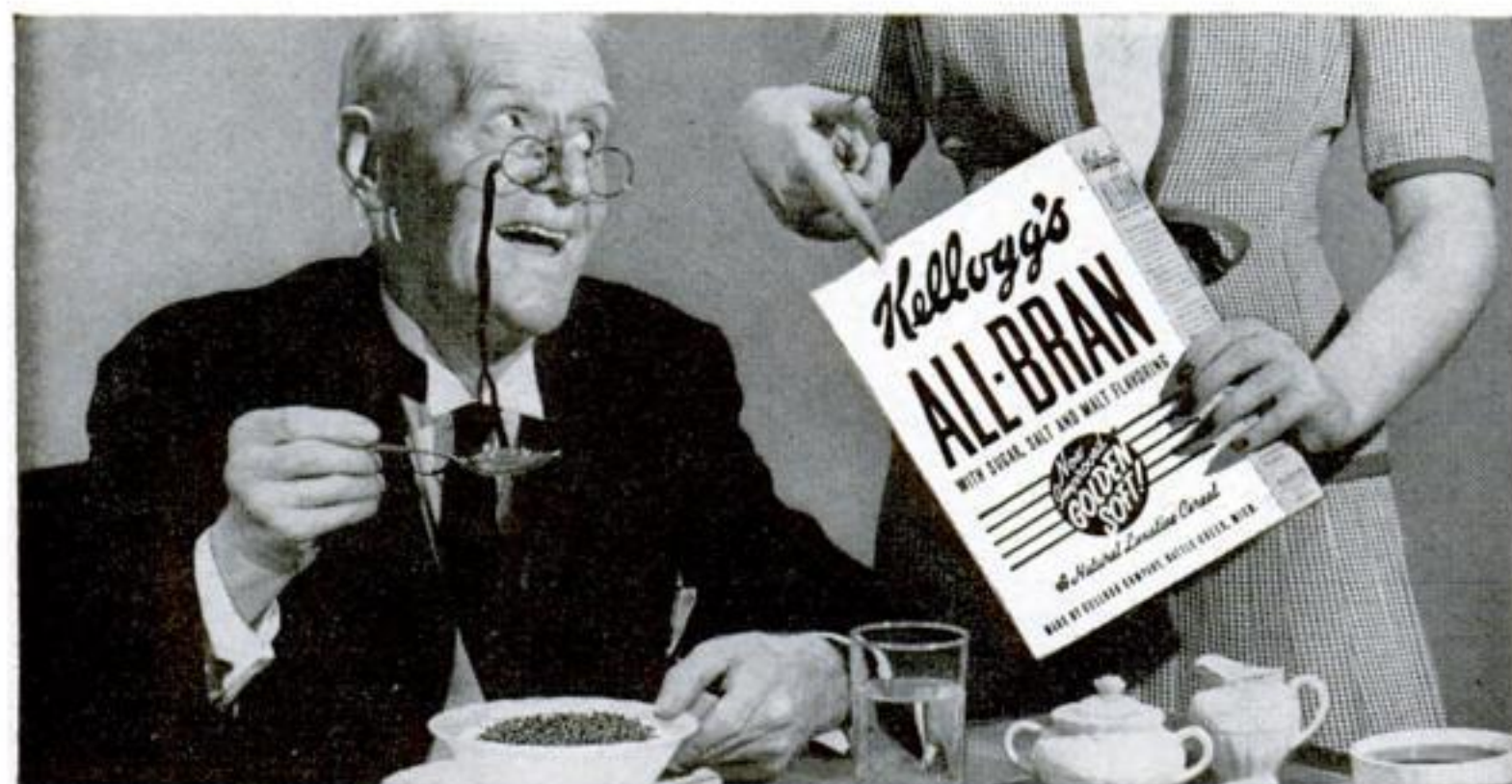
THE JUDGE is a man of firm words and fixed opinions. And there's grim decision in his voice as he lays down the law to his daughter. "Young lady," he says, "when you're faced with a little trouble like mine, there's only one course to follow. Take a good stiff, old-fashioned purge!"



BUT JUDY is not the Judge's daughter for nothing. "Judge," she says, "you are guilty of horse-and-buggy habits. Did it ever cross your legal mind to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? Well, that's a little matter we'll 'tend to right now! Come with me."

"I OBJECT!" roars the Judge.

"Objection overruled! This crisp, crunchy cereal, **KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**, has just what it takes to correct the cause of constipation due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet. It may be the very thing you need! Just eat it every day, and drink plenty of water."



"HOLD ON THERE!" says the Judge. "You little minx, why didn't you tell me how *good* it tastes? If ALL-BRAN can make me 'Join the Regulars,' I'm giving it a lifetime appointment right now!"

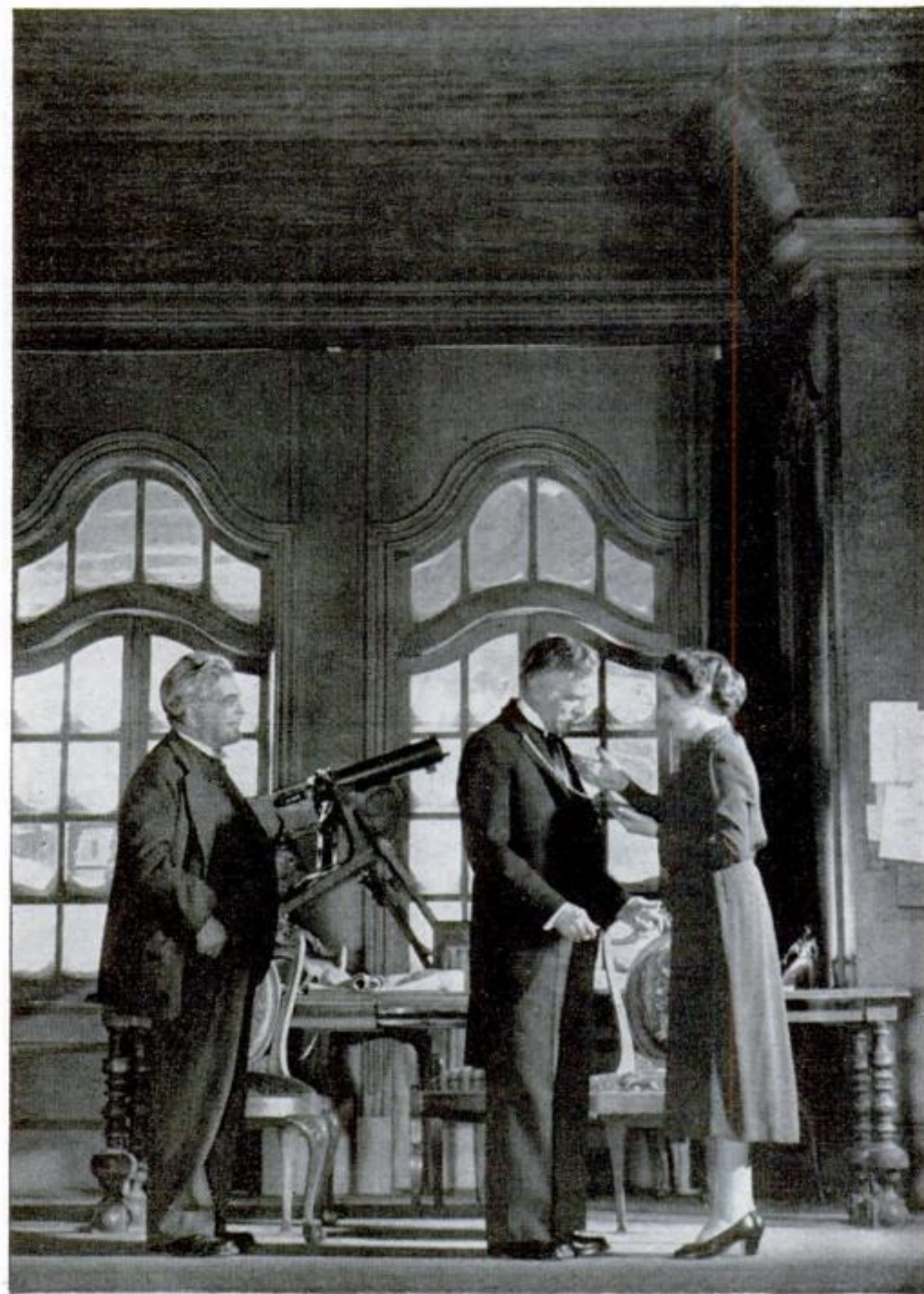
Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran

NOW IMPROVED—GOLDEN SOFT—DOUBLY DELICIOUS

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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"The Moon Is Down" (continued)



Doing her everyday duties, the Mayor's wife puts on his chain of office, unaware that he has been sentenced to die as a hostage. At the left stands the Mayor's stanch friend.



To the firing squad the Mayor is escorted by the invading soldiers, but only after he has affirmed his undying conviction that "*herd men win battles, but free men win wars.*"

"That muscle's from *eating* milk"

Oh glorious male!

If *eating* Carnation Milk makes her hero stand out above all others, *she'd* better start, too! A girl can't afford to take chances.

Be ready, mother! Instead of coaxing small daughter to *drink* all her milk, bask in the joy of watching her *eat* it. In all sorts of delicious, economical dishes the whole family will like.

Whether you cook with Carnation... or dilute it, half and half, for drinking... or pour it like cream, undiluted and double rich... all the original goodness is there. For Carnation is fine whole cow's milk with part of the natural water removed and all the nourishment kept. It has added "sunshine" vitamin D, and it's homogenized for uniform richness.

Start now—to use this safe, pure, economical milk in *your* cooking. Let the youngsters *eat* part of their precious milk solids. See the offer below for a wonderful free recipe book to start you off.

SPINACH RING

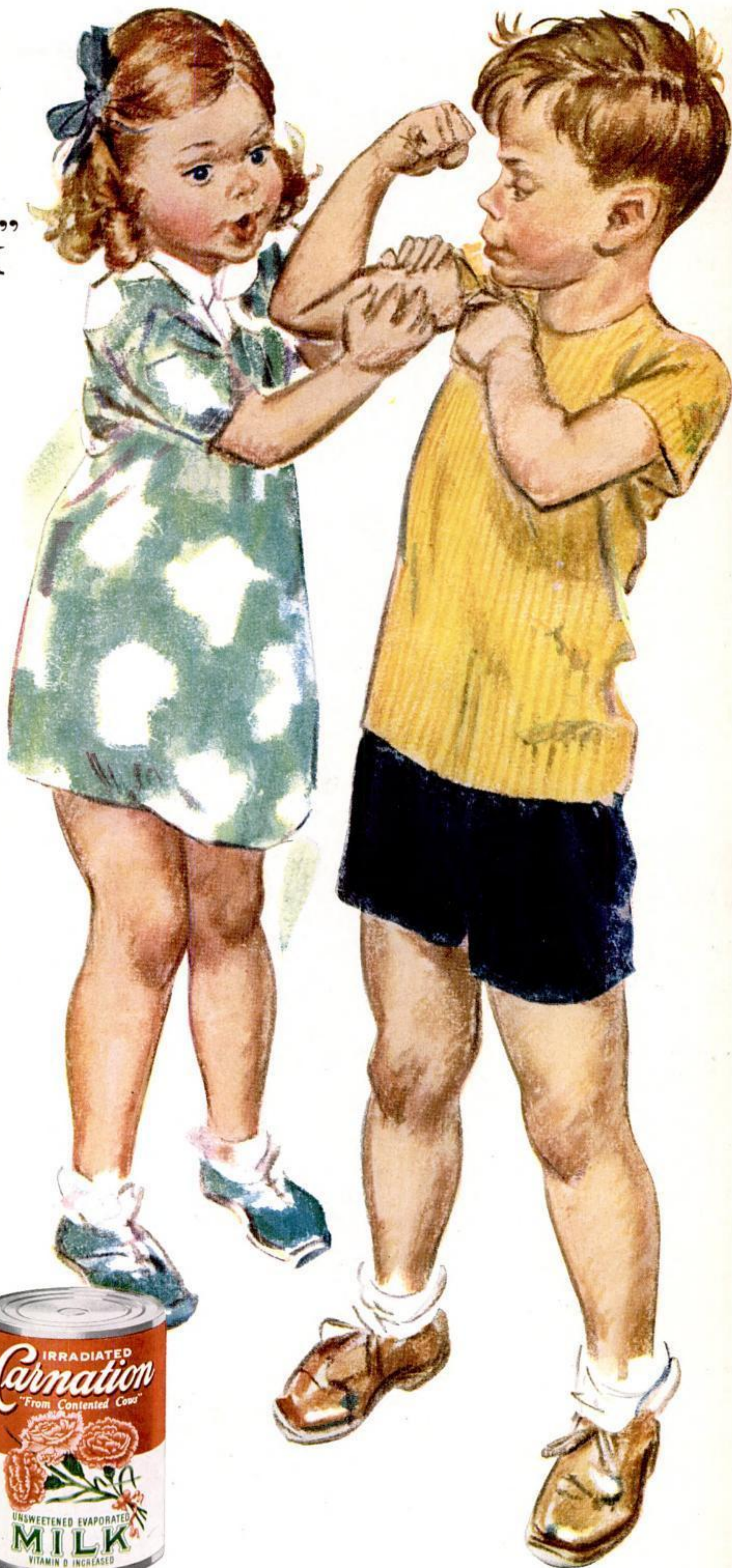
Heat and drain one No. 2 can spinach. Make medium white sauce by blending 2 tbsps. flour in 2 tbsps. melted butter, adding 1 cup Carnation, undiluted, and cooking till thickened. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt. Combine with spinach and pack in ring mold. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for 10 minutes. Unmold and fill center with buttered carrots, or other vegetable. Serves 6.



FREE! And a wonderful help in meal planning. Big 48-page book of milk-rich recipes, soups, entrees, vegetables, desserts. Ask for "The Carnation Year Book of Menus and Recipes." Address the Carnation Company, Dept. L7, Milwaukee, Wis. Or Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED HOUR," MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK

IRRADIATED
Carnation Milk
"FROM CONTENTED COWS"



12 WAYS YOUR CAR L



IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A TEAM—
Give Your Car Mobiloil and Mobilgas
for **FLYING HORSEPOWER!**

*Famous Friendly
Means Even
to Car Owners in*

1 CHECK TIRE PRESSURE...ONCE A WEEK.

Overinflated tires wear at the center. Underinflated tires wear faster on the shoulders. Incorrect inflation can increase wear 25%.

2 CHECK WHEEL ALIGNMENT...Ea. 5000

MILES. Incorrect wheel balance and alignment are important sources of tire wear that should be watched for and corrected at once. Tread cuts and bruises should also be promptly repaired to prevent separation of the tread from the cord body.

3 SWITCH TIRES . . . Ea. 5000 MILES.

The right rear tire, for example, wears twice as fast as the left front. Switching evens the wear. Makes the set last longer.

4 INSPECT BATTERY... EVERY 2 WEEKS.

See that the battery is filled to safe level. Also check to make sure connections are tight...that a faulty generator is not overdraining the battery ...and, most important, that battery is kept charged to full capacity.

5 CHANGE MOTOR OIL...AT REGULAR IN-

TERVALS. Buy good motor oil. And don't wait for the oil to become grit-filled, gasoline-diluted. Regular

oil change aids long engine life.

6 FLUSH COOLING SYSTEM...TWICE A YEAR.

Accumulated dirt and oil in the radiator prevent heat from being carried away from red-hot valves and combustion chambers. A clean cooling system helps the engine of your car deliver long, thrifty mileage.

7 LUBRICATE CHASSIS . . . Ea. 1000 MILES.

Careful, thorough lubrication does more than any other service to prolong the life of your car. Have an expert, who knows the requirements of your car, do this important job.

8 SERVICE SPARK PLUGS...Ea. 5000 MILES.

Dirty spark plugs can decrease gasoline mileage as much as 15%! Your spark plugs should be inspected, cleaned, and regapped regularly.

9 WAX AND POLISH BODY...Ea. 3 MONTHS.

The finish on modern bodies lasts many years if properly treated. This is an all too frequently disregarded step in making cars last.

10 CLEAN AIR FILTER . . . Ea. 2000 MILES.

This cleaning job should be done more frequently in dusty

GIVE YOUR CAR A FRE

TO MAKE FAST LONGER

*Service
More
1942!*

driving. A dirty air filter strangles your engine...wastes gasoline...and permits grit to enter your engine.

11 CHANGE GEAR OIL... TWICE A YEAR.
Modern gears operate under pressures up to 300,000 pounds per square inch. It is important to secure the right type of oil for your particular kind of gears. Have oil level checked every 1000 miles.

12 CLEAN OIL FILTER... Ea. 8000 MILES.
A dirty, clogged oil filter is worse than none at all. It acts as a source of grit and grime that works back into your motor...promotes excessive engine wear.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
and Affiliates:
Magnolia Petroleum Company
General Petroleum Corporation of California



50,000 OF US
MOBILGAS DEALERS
ARE READY TO SERVE
YOU. ENJOY A FRIENDLY
SERVICE THAT HELPS
MAKE YOUR CAR
LAST LONGER!



**OIL IS
AMMUNITION**

USE IT WISELY !

STOP AT THE SIGN OF

Friendly Service

SH START

AT YOUR FRIENDLY
MOBILGAS DEALER'S

DESIGN *for Daring*

An airplane so fast it nears the speed of sound, so maneuverable in battle it outpoints and outflies its enemies.

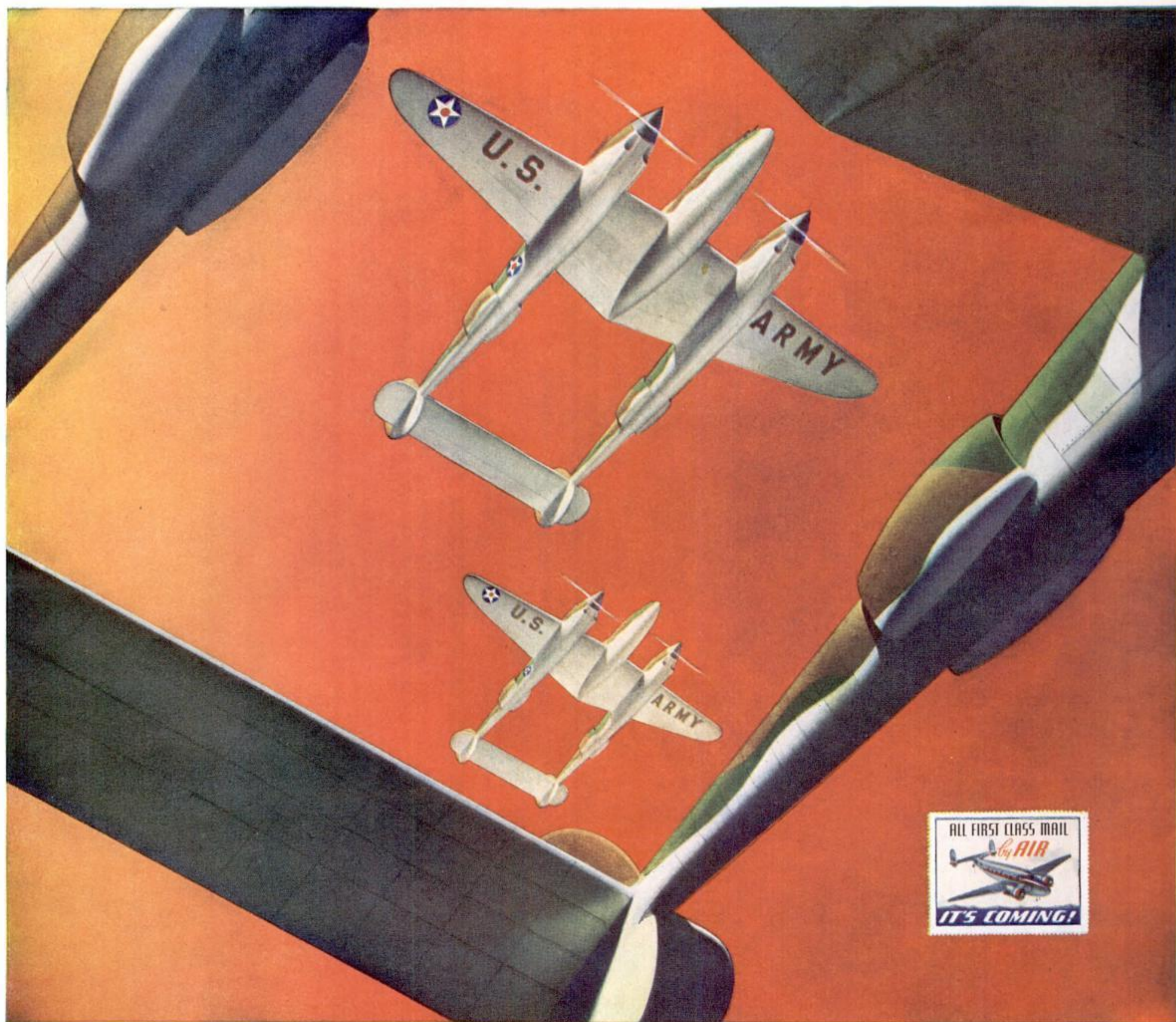
Lockheed builds such a pilot-inspiring fighter... the "Lightning" Interceptor Pursuit... builds it for the U.S. Army and the R.A.F.... a design for daring conceived and built by free Americans—flown now by free fighters for all democracy.

It is a 'plane second to none... a fighter universally called the world's fastest... a Lockheed worthy of the important part it is playing in the powerful air force of the United Nations... an air force that America now builds to win world air supremacy, key to victory in modern war.

**... for Protection today
and Progress tomorrow**



LOOK TO *Lockheed* FOR LEADERSHIP



Lockheed Aircraft Corporation • Burbank, California



WILLIAM STEIG POSES INSIDE FRAME OF HIS OWN CHERUBS WITH CONNIE MARSHALL, 8-YEAR-OLD MODEL WHO LOOKS TYPICALLY SMALL FRY IN DRESS INSPIRED BY SKETCH BELOW



"PANZER DIVISION" GIRL WITH MECHANIZED CARRIAGE INSPIRED DRESS IN PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE

SMALL FRY CLOTHES

Steig cartoons inspire new outfits for children

Little boys like to look big and tough. Little girls like to look grown-up and saucy. The boys and girls who posture and cut up in William Steig's "Small Fry" cartoons are tough but friendly, saucy but nice. These qualities come through in Steig's drawings not only because of the things the children say and do but because of the clothes they wear. At least so reasoned Lee Friend, advertising manager of Freyberg Inc., manufacturers of children's clothes. With Mr. Steig's consent and help Freyberg's designer was assigned the task of creating a collection of Small Fry suits, dresses, overalls, shirts, play clothes. One of the results of this collaboration is shown in the dress above. More are shown on pages following.

What makes these clothes typically Small Fry is the fact that their functional details respond to the needs of children who, like Small Fry, are constantly embroiled in numerous activities. William Steig's Small Fry lead imaginative lives. They are athletes, hunters, aviators, nurses, policemen, soldiers, gangsters and molls. To Steig, children are wonderful people with no limitations on their imaginary achievements. He draws them as they like to fancy themselves and he dresses them instinctively in the kind of clothes they like to wear. That his instinct is true is proved by the fact that the 300 stores throughout the country which stocked the Small Fry clothes during February as an experiment have now sent in re-orders.

You may worry about the age of your car



but here's one worry you can avoid

When Uncle Sam said: "No new cars this year!" your good judgment advised: *Be extra careful of your old one!* Avoid costly damage from faulty lubrication . . . add miles of worry-free motoring... with a stem-to-stern Marfak lube job every 1,000 miles!

Marfak is a super-tough lubricant! Applied *by chart*, not by chance—it resists wear-out, wash-out and squeeze-out!

For your peace of mind, don't say "grease job." Insist on Marfak 40-point Lubrication Service. At Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

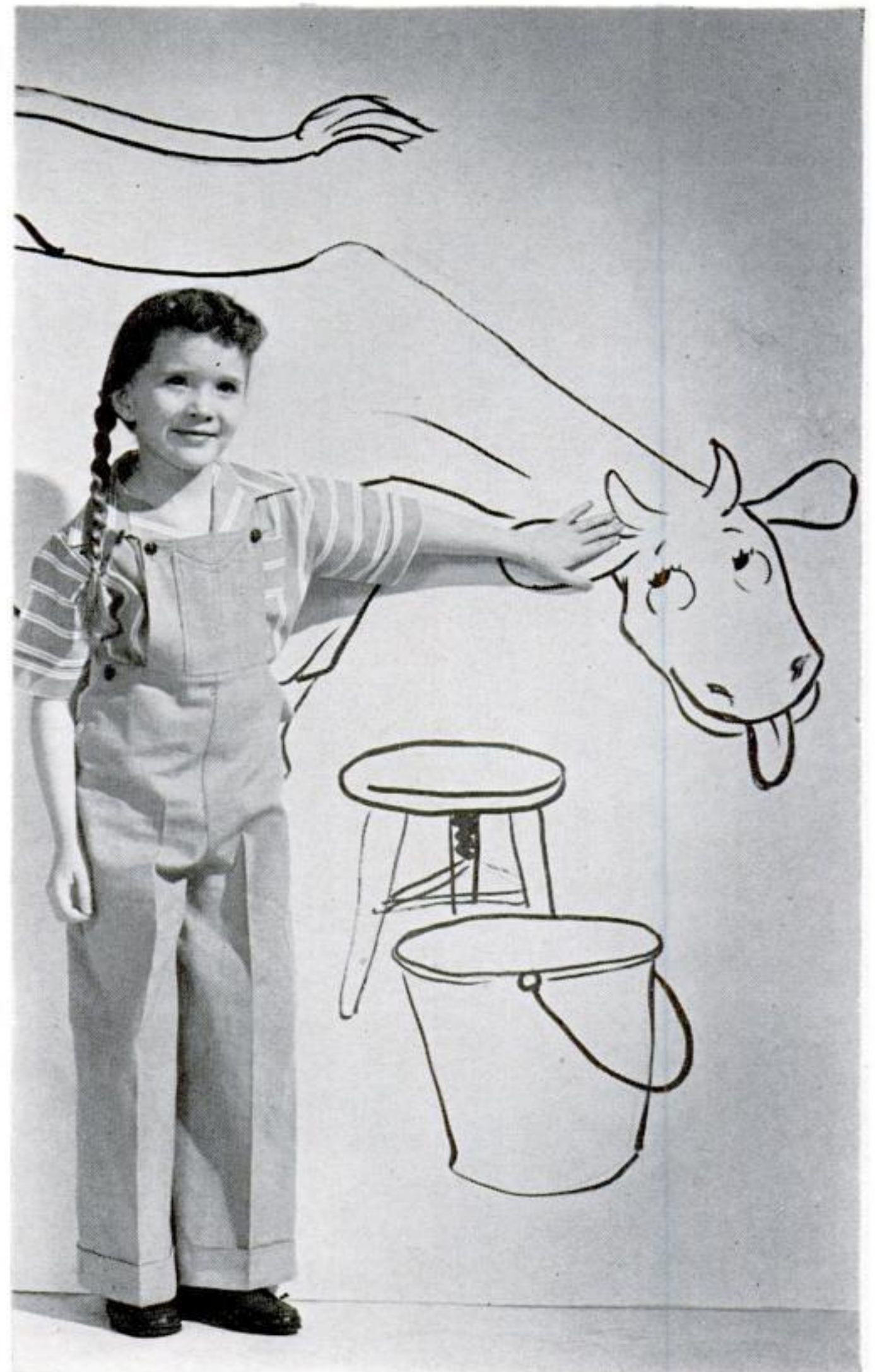


TUNE IN: FRED ALLEN every Sunday night.
See your local newspaper for time and station.



You're Welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

Small Fry (continued)



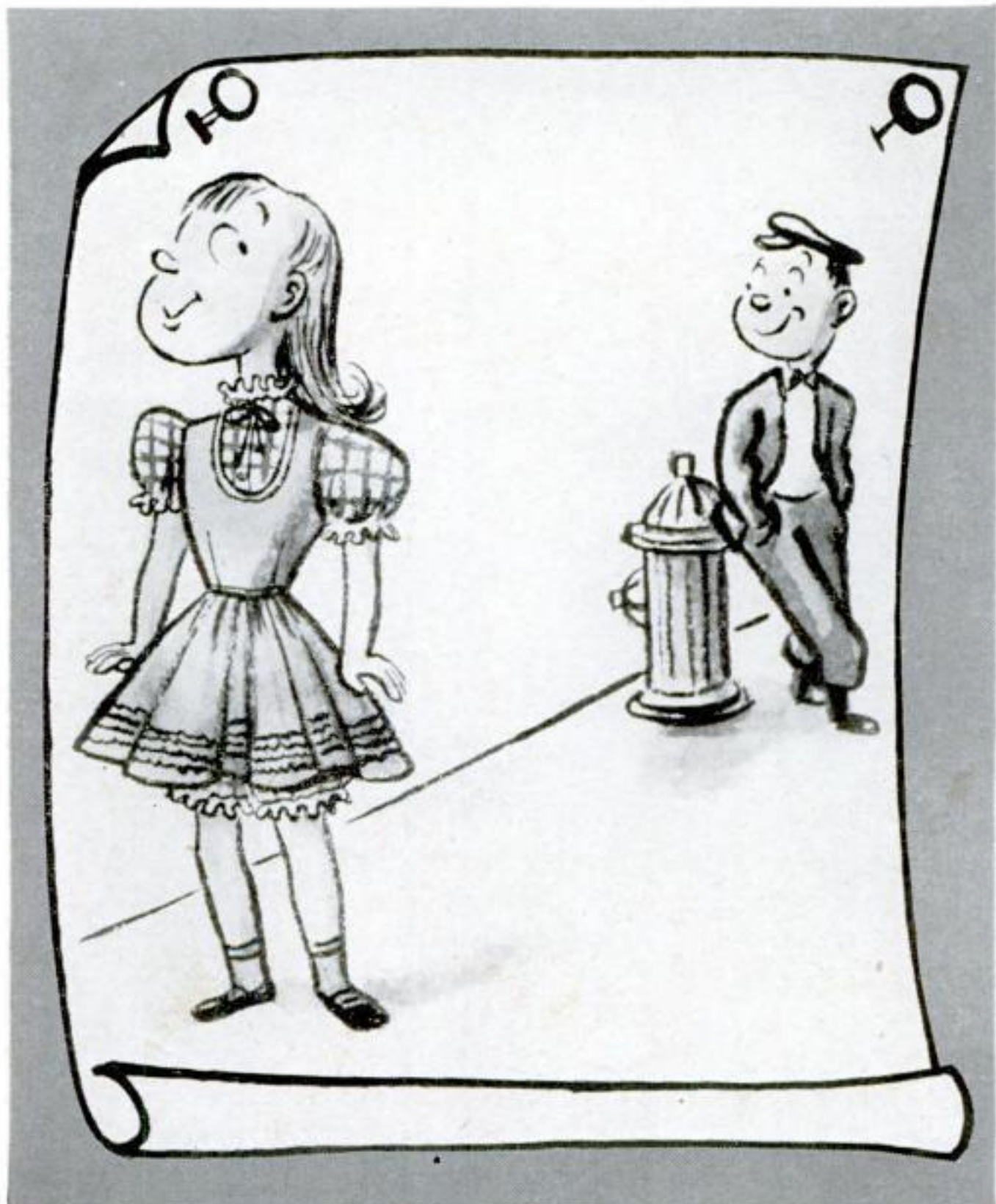
Practical for milking, imaginary or real, are these overalls of denim with deep pockets in pants, taken from the Steig drawing below. Striped denim shirt is workmanlike.



"Farmer's daughter" in Steig cartoon is a calm, confident youngster who, in overalls and shirt, strides with milk pail towards barn to tackle successfully a grownup job.



Ruffled panties, which show below the skirt, are "glamor" part of this dress inspired by the Steig sketch below. Panties and top, made in one piece can be used as playsuit.



"Glamor girl" with nipped waist and frills at neck and on sleeves gets enthusiastic grin from Main Streeter whose below-the-knee knickers make him poor fashion material.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Enjoy a new kind of smoking

● **REGENT** combines many superior features in one cigarette...to give you complete smoking enjoyment at no extra cost



KING SIZE...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool...giving you refreshing, natural coolness



OVAL SHAPE...Regent's oval shape gives you a more distinctive cigarette, easier to hold, more comfortable to smoke



MULTIPLE-BLEND...Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines many choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos in entirely new proportions...for exceptional mildness, finer taste



CRUSH-PROOF BOX...Regent's handsome crush-proof box keeps each cigarette really fresh, fully protected...always in perfect smoking condition



BOX OF TWENTY

15¢ (Except in certain States)

REGENT..... a new standard of smoking enjoyment!



Bali Bronze

YOUR APRIL COLOR IN

Wembley NOR-EAST Ties

All \$1

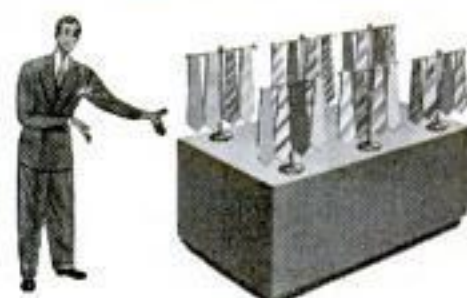
The tie that's in tune with . . .

Greatan and Harbor Blue Suits
Sandune and Hi-Blue Shirts

A rich, rare color from the Indies becomes a thoroughly he-man Wembley Tie. Bali Bronze will get approving "Ayes" from men—and admiring eyes from ladies!

"Spring" in the Non-Crush fabric too

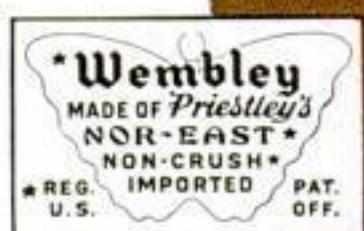
Bali Bronze will keep its beauty. The imported Nor-East fabric is resilient—fights wrinkles—makes a smart, trim knot.



"Pleasure Aisle" is calling you

The tempting colors of far-away islands are all on Wembley Pleasure Aisle. See this grand variety that makes choosing so easy—at your favorite store. Or write for free folder showing 24 popular solid-color Wembley Nor-East Ties.

To be sure it's a genuine Non-Crush Tie, look for the Wembley Nor-East label



Crush it!



Twist it!



Knot it!

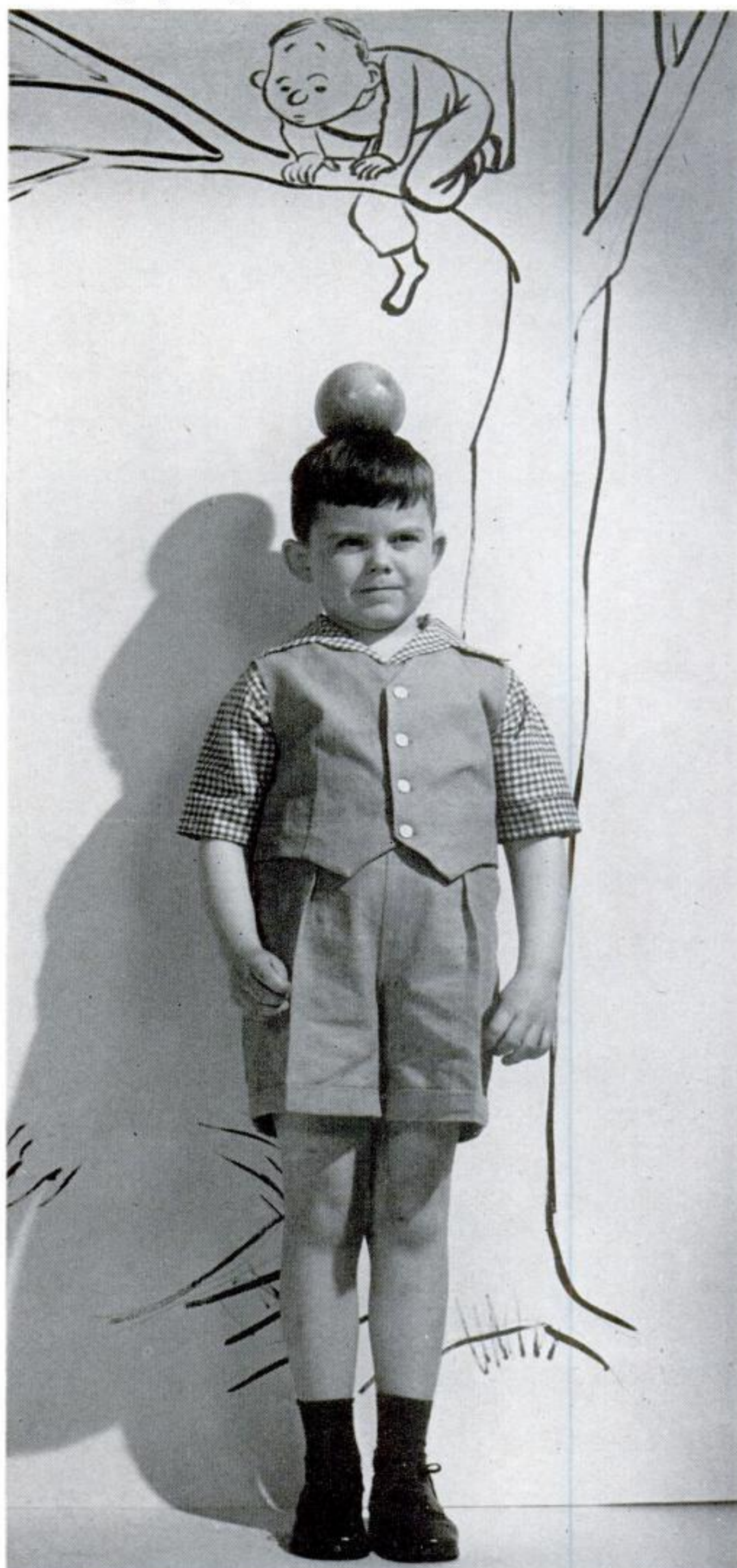


Not a wrinkle!



COPYRIGHT 1942
WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS

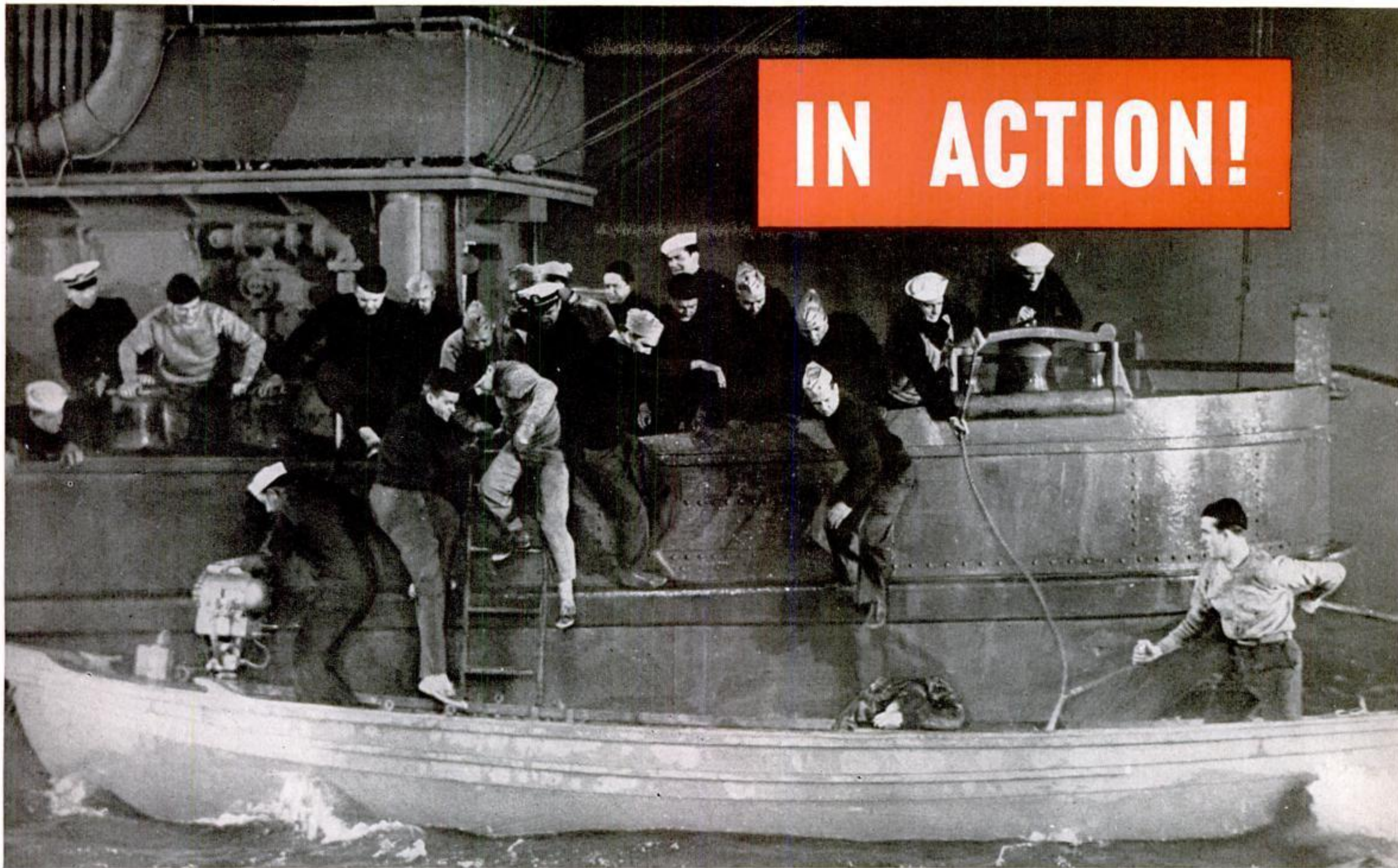
Small Fry (continued)



Hero outfit, patterned after sketch below, has pleated denim shorts and weskit, and checked gingham shirt. This suit has he-man suspenders for supporting the shorts.



"Her hero" is Steig's name for this sketch. Because hero in sketch wears shorts, little boys are impressed by the fact that a lad can be manly no matter how short the pants.



IN ACTION!

Somewhere with the U. S. Marines: Overboard for action go the fighting leathernecks! This shot from Darryl F. Zanuck's adventurous Techni-

color film; "To the Shores of Tripoli," is just one of the many realistic moments in this thrilling salute to Uncle Sam's toughest nephews!

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

A Red, White and Blue Action Hit Filmed in **TECHNICOLOR!**

Starring

JOHN PAYNE • MAUREEN O'HARA • RANDOLPH SCOTT

with **NANCY KELLY • WILLIAM TRACY • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM**
Henry Morgan • Edmund McDonald • Russell Hicks • Minor Watson

Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**

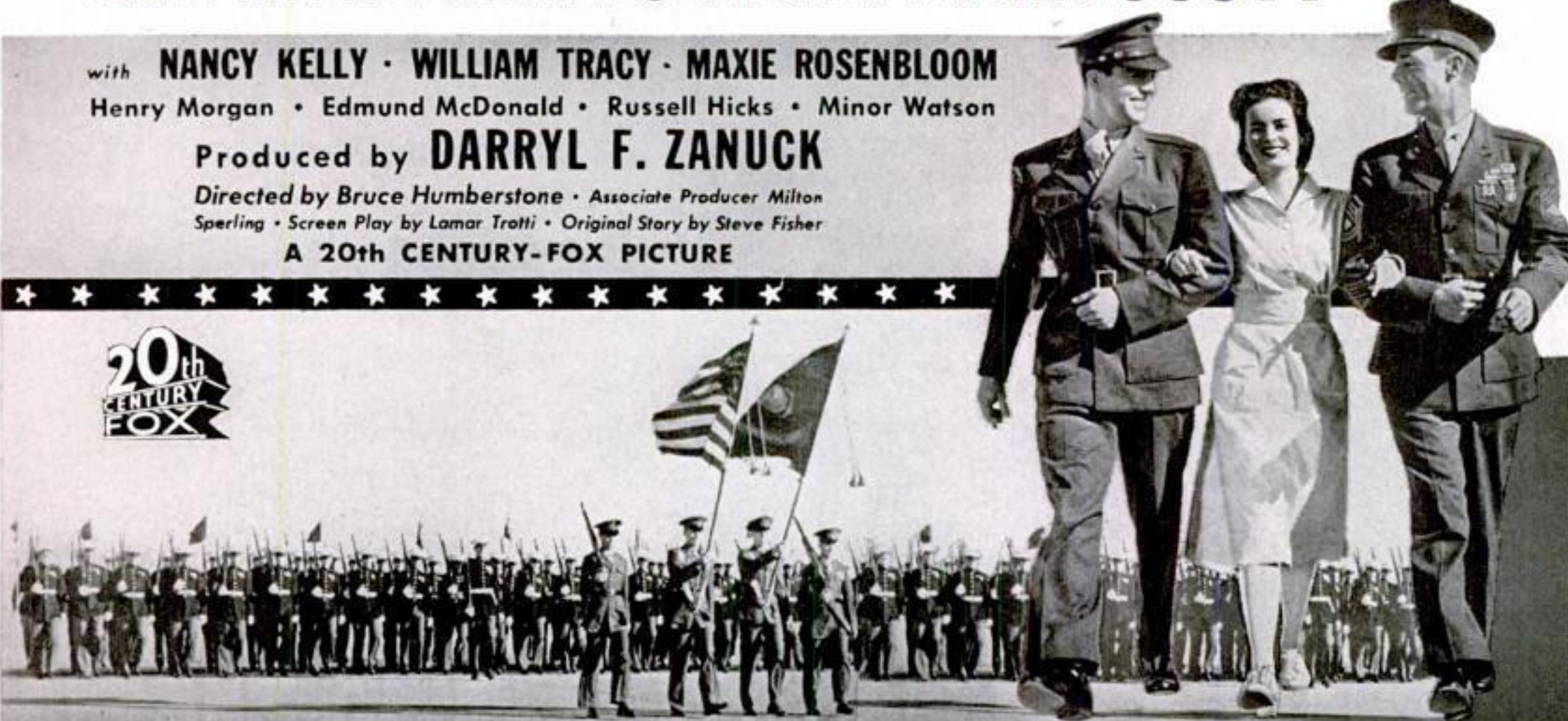
Directed by Bruce Humberstone • Associate Producer Milton Sperling • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Original Story by Steve Fisher

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

"SEND US MORE JAPS!"

This motion picture is dedicated to the 385 U. S. Marines who, at Wake Island, wrote in blood and bravery the most glorious chapter in their 166 years of fighting history.

NOW! THE FACT-AND-FURY-FILLED STORY OF THE MAKING OF THE MEN WHO MADE THE WAR'S MOST RINGING BATTLE CRY!



"From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli"

—U. S. Marine Hymn

NOW PLAYING AT ROXY THEATRE, NEW YORK—COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE SOON!

Del Monte FLOWERS

A GALAXY OF OLD FAVORITES - NEW STARS -



FLOOR SHOW

HEADLINERS FOR EVERY MEAL



WATCH FOR DISPLAYS
LIKE THIS
AT YOUR GROCER'S

FEATURING

★
That tempting tropic favorite
DEL MONTE PINEAPPLE

★
The Del Monte
CORN CAVALCADE
any style you like!

★
That distinctive flavor discovery
DEL MONTE *Early Garden* **PEAS**
the tastiest peas in the pod

★
That table-famous
MEALTIME MAGICIAN
Del Monte Fruit Cocktail

★
The palate-pleasing trio
DEL MONTE JUICES
Pineapple — Grapefruit — Tomato

★
That great taste-thriller
DEL MONTE COFFEE

★
The Del Monte
DRIED FRUIT FAMILY
Prunes — Raisins — Peaches — Apricots



AT GROCERS' NOW

It's an opportunity too good to be missed!
Right now, the country over, grocers are featuring their own Del Monte "Floor Shows" — displaying scores of exciting, delicious Del Monte Foods. In cans — in glass!
Be sure to look for this big event — at your *own* grocer's!
For you know — when you buy *any* Del Monte Product — you are getting the kind of assured quality and dependably fine flavor that always pleases.
And what better time than now — to fill those empty spots that winter has left on your pantry shelf!

Many Del Monte Foods now
packed in both cans and glass.
Both the same quality.



MCCLELLAND BARCLAY

How bullet wounds in Airplane gasoline tanks "heal themselves"

THROUGH the development of synthetic rubber from petroleum, there's plenty of hope that America, in the course of time, can declare her independence of natural rubber from the tropics.

But more important, right now, is the fact that discoveries made at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, have resulted in Shell supplying manufacturers with *butadiene*. *Butadiene* is the key to a synthetic rubber which will do things natural rubber *can't do*.

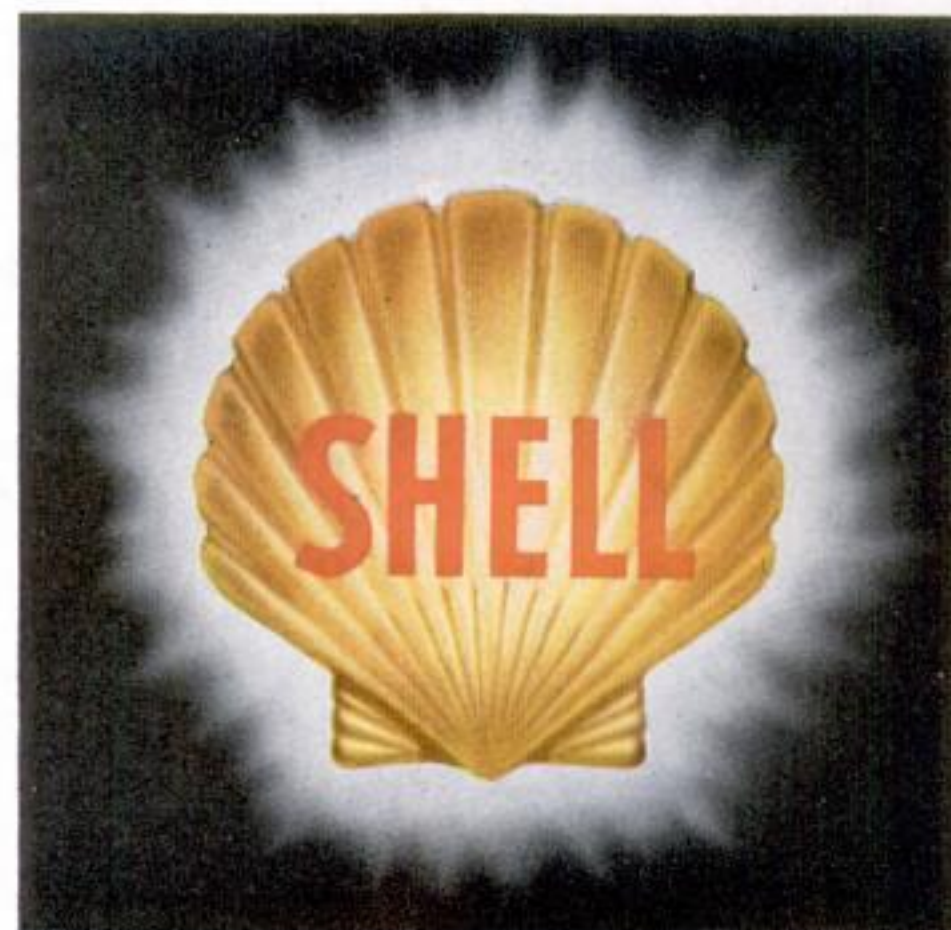
One of the most striking is the lining of

gasoline tanks for fighting planes—making bullet-riddled tanks "self-healing." Spongy rubber fills the holes, keeps the fighter in action.

Natural rubber would disintegrate in the fuel, stop the engine. But rubber from *butadiene* isn't affected.

The knowledge of petroleum molecules necessary to such an advance today is "coming home" to you in more ways than you think. It is bringing better food, better clothing at lower cost, more effective drugs—even beauty aids and toilet accessories...

**This scientific knowledge "carries over" to your motoring—
in the Shell gasoline and motor oil you buy today**



INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS

Factory mishaps jump in wartime

War jumped U. S. factory employment 20% last year. The urgent need for quick production brought new demands for speed and also brought newly trained workers into plants to cope with strange machines and methods. As a result, the rate of fatal accidents in U.S. factories, which had jumped 8% from 1939 to 1940, jumped another 8% in 1941.

Almost 20,000 people were killed in factories last year. About 1,750,000 workers were injured and 75,000 were permanently disabled. In addition to pain and sorrow, these mishaps caused an appalling loss of over 200,000,000 man days of work—far more than was lost through material bottlenecks or through strikes, enough to build 20,000 medium bombers or make 30 battleships.

Though some accidents are unavoidable, most can be prevented by common-sense care and by wisely designed machinery. The National Safety Council, whose years of work have helped materially to reduce industrial accidents, discovered that factories with planned safety campaigns decreased their accidents in 1940, when the national accident rate was going up.

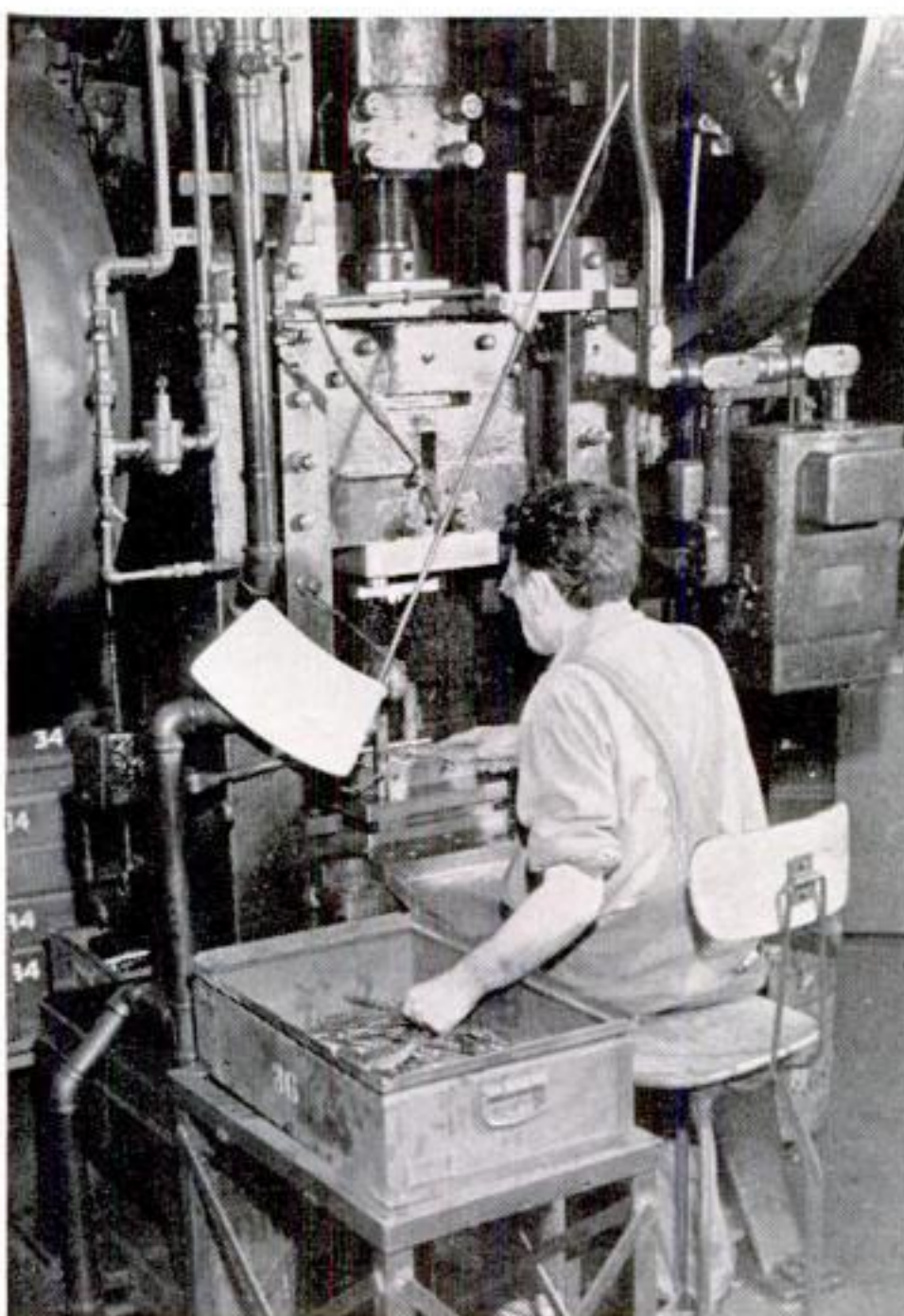
Most accidents are caused by carelessness. To any safety engineer, a factory is a jungle filled with lurking accidents. Workmen brush metal chips away from machines with their fingers instead of with a brush and lose a couple of fingers. Men forget to wear their steel-toed safety shoes and have their feet crushed by heavy hunks of iron. People slide on oil slicks and break legs. Women, a new problem to many plants, insist on wearing jewelry or full skirts and get tangled up in machines. Only a few months ago, safety engineers at Western Electric's Hawthorne, Ill. plant where many of these pictures were taken, had to issue a solemn warning on the careful use of paper towels after several employees had jabbed the corners of the towels in their eyes and painfully cut their eyeballs.



PRECAUTION OF A SAFETY BELT SAVES THIS AGED STEWART-WARNER WORKER FROM FALL AS LADDER TOPPLES AWAY



Pull-away guard automatically yanks this girl's right arm out of the big press every time the heavy stamp comes down.

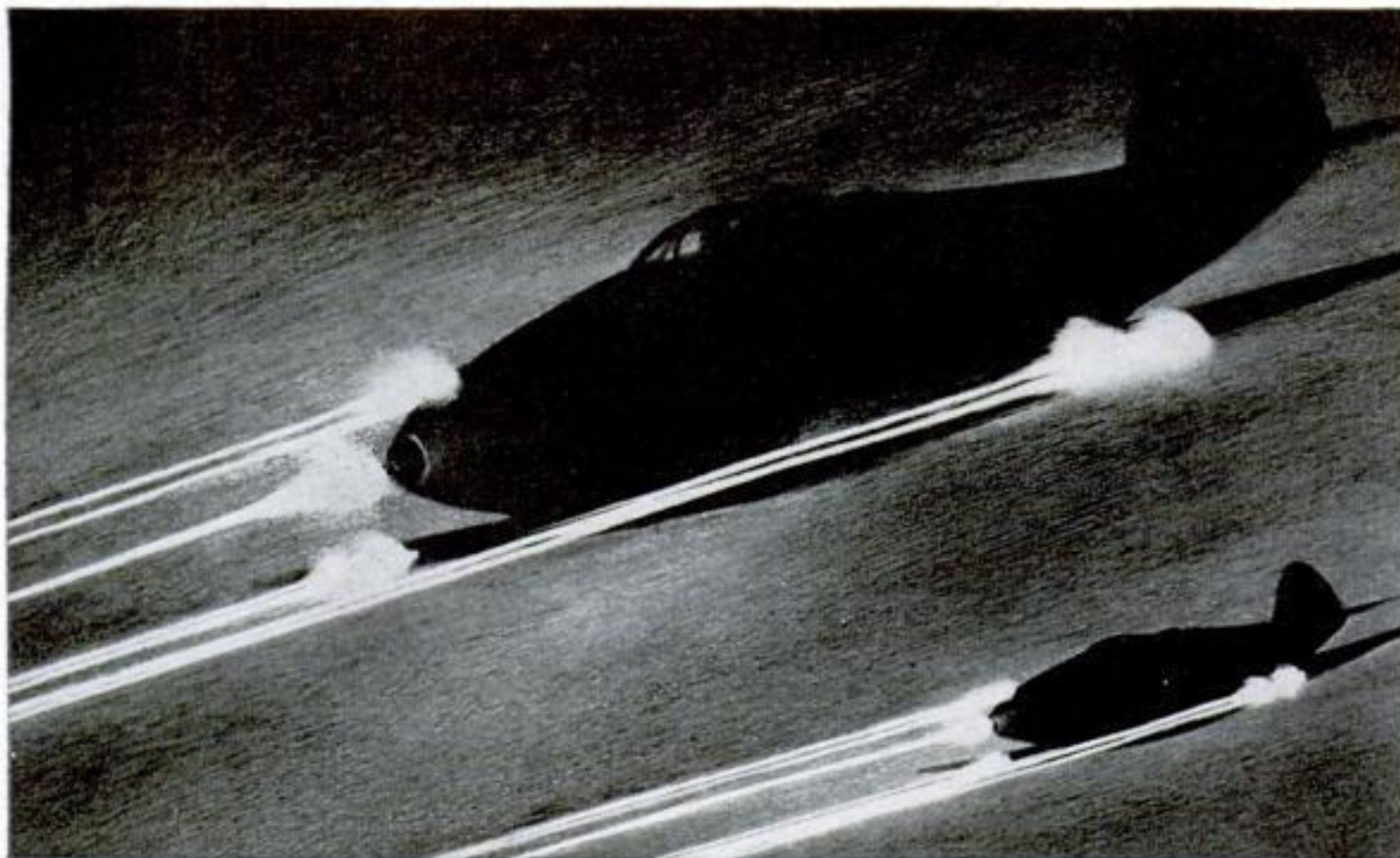


Sweep guard swings across the press. If worker doesn't pull his hand away quickly enough, it is knocked out of danger.



Hair net on this wire-coiler's head keeps long strands out of the rotating machinery and saves girl from being scalped.

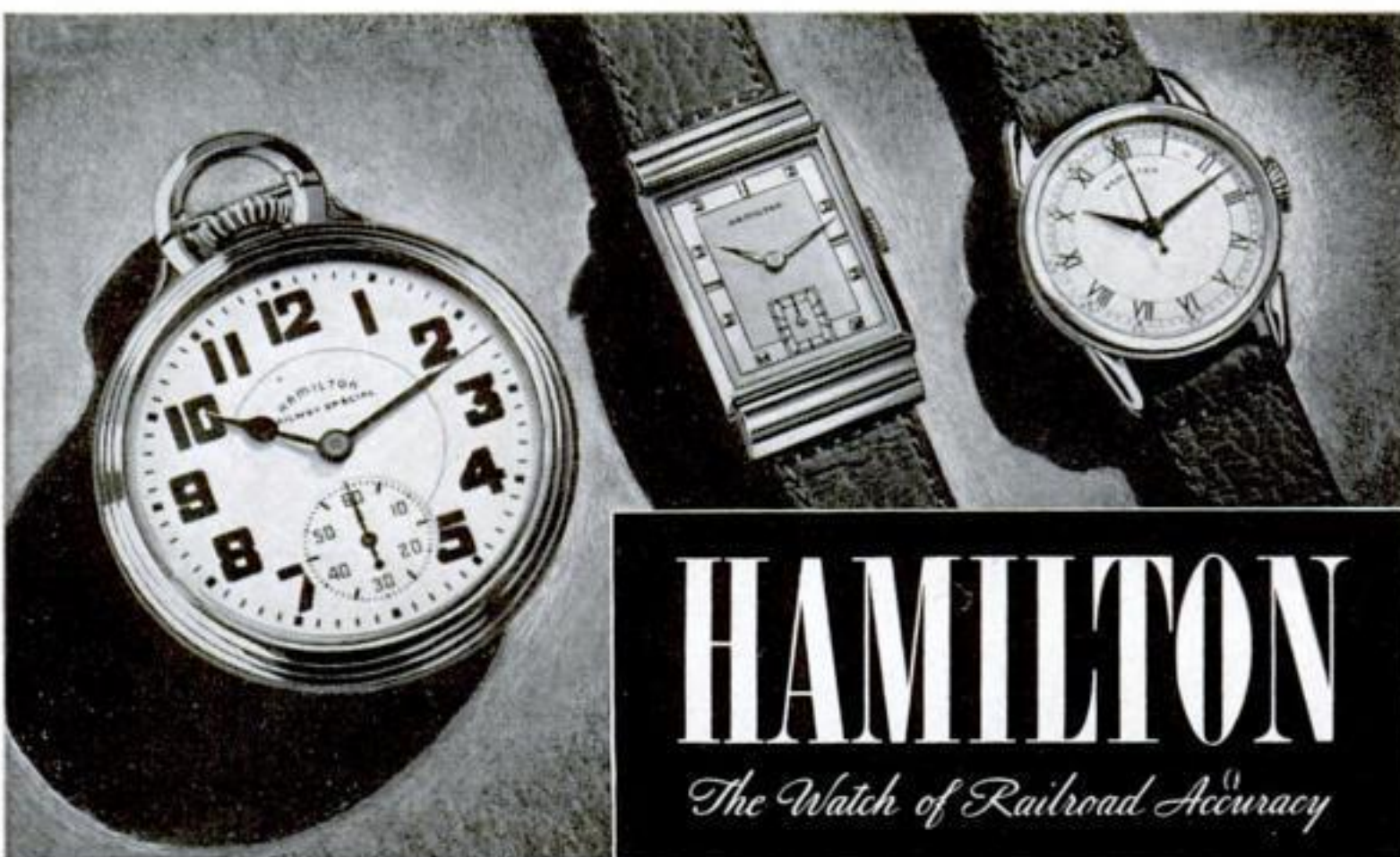
AMERICA MARCHES FORWARD ON TIME!



GUNS SHOOT BETWEEN whirling propeller blades on America's fighter planes. Those blades roar around as fast as 3500 times a minute. Try to imagine the unbelievable precision required to fire between the blades. Hamilton is proud of the part its instruments play in this precision operation.



"UNIDENTIFIED PLANE at 7:27," notes Bill Todd, air-raid spotter. Hour after hour, all over America, on quiet hillsides, deserted roof tops, gallant men and women scan the skies. As Bill Todd phones the Interceptor Command, the Hamilton on his wrist becomes a cog in the wheel of American defense.



HAMILTON'S major effort is going into the war program. But some Hamiltons are still available. And Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men and precision instruments for the government insures greatest possible accuracy in all sizes and grades. Precious metal cases (except military watches). 17 jewels or more. Styles for men and women from \$41.25 (Federal Tax included). Hamilton Watch Company, 242 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

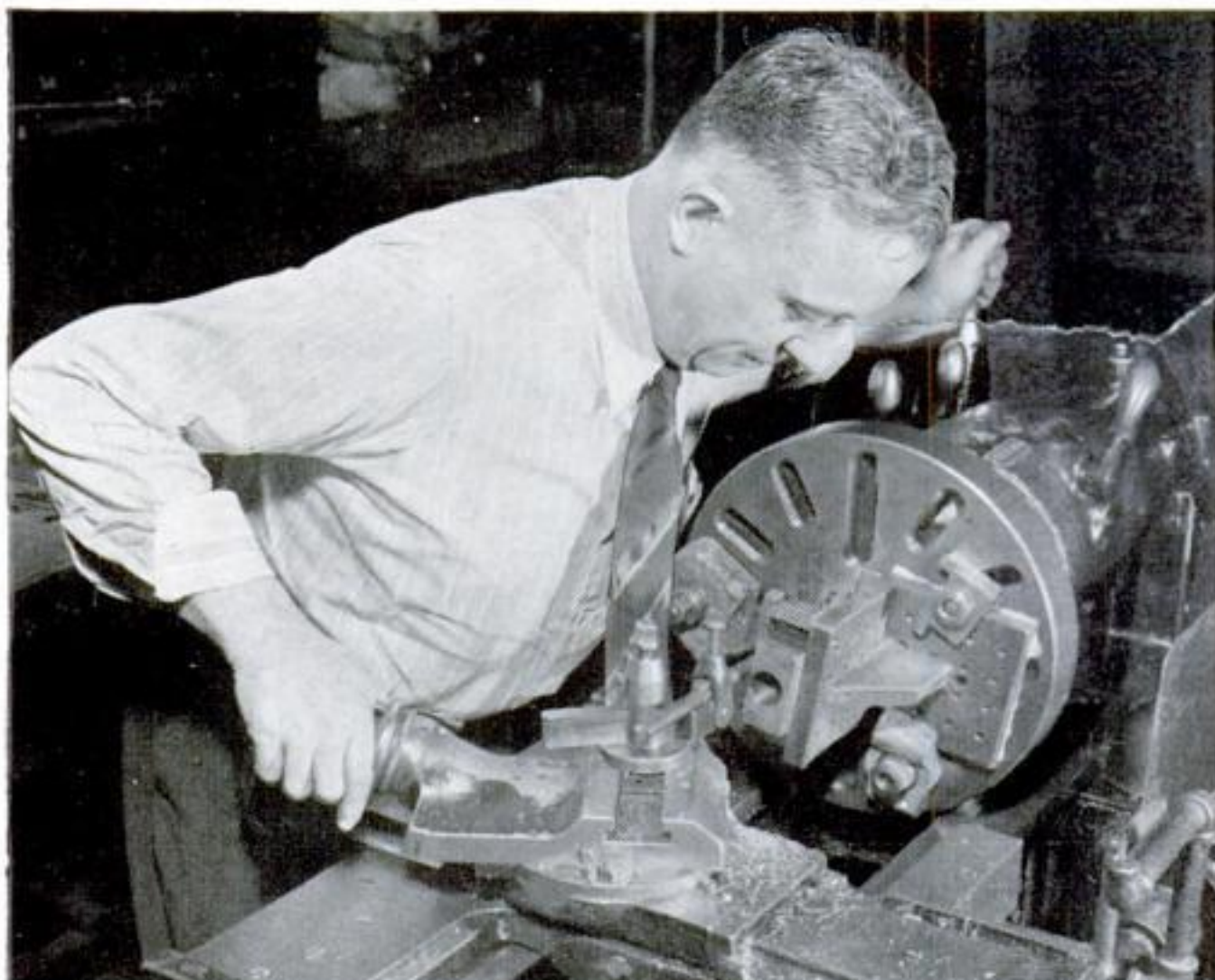
Industrial Accidents (continued)



Bad falls are suffered because things are left lying around in the middle of aisles. A cardinal rule of plant safety engineers is that the aisles must always be kept clear.



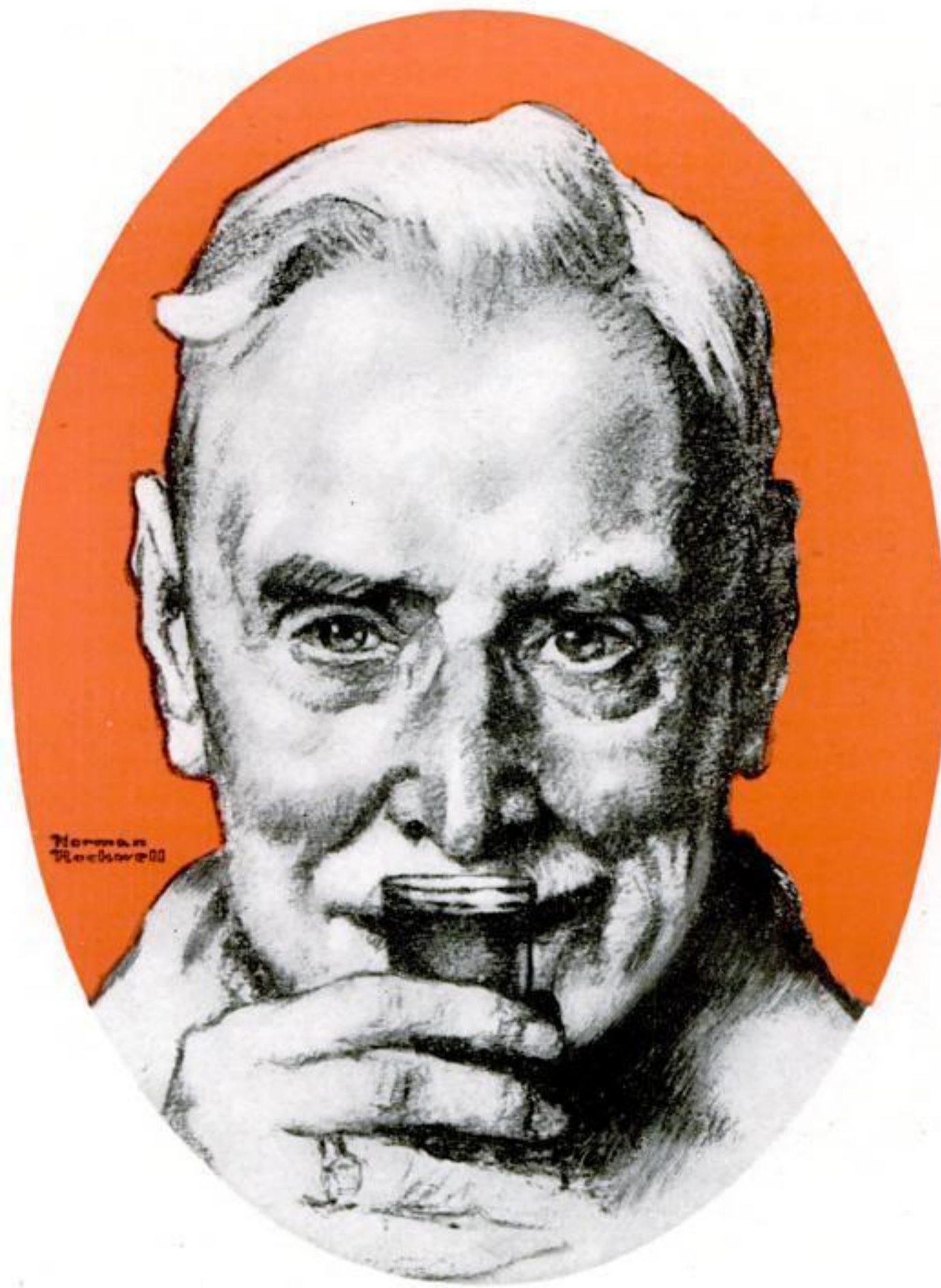
Protruding nails left in kegs cause severe arm gashes. Added to industrial accident loss is time lost by other men who stop work, gather around to help or sympathize.



Very foolish way to work is demonstrated here. This man is about to be strangled because his tie will catch in machine. Or his sleeve will catch and his arm will suffer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

Are YOU the discriminating type?



The Capable Brow of a Judge—its high crown balancing a noticeable breadth across the temples—the distinctive brow of one who chooses his pleasures carefully.

The Keen Nose of a Critic—thin between the eyes, widening sharply just below the bridge—a keen nose, quick to scent the “double-rich” pleasure of Cream of Kentucky.

Then you'll demand

Cream of Kentucky



The “CREAM” of Kentucky's finest Bourbons

If you're the discriminating type, rightly particular about the whiskey you drink or serve, Cream of Kentucky will merit your critical approval. It's made *by* the “dean” of Kentucky distillers—made *with* the unexcelled limestone water of Cove Spring. Here's your best buy in Bourbon, because it's the “cream” of Kentucky's finest!

Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof. Copr. 1942, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

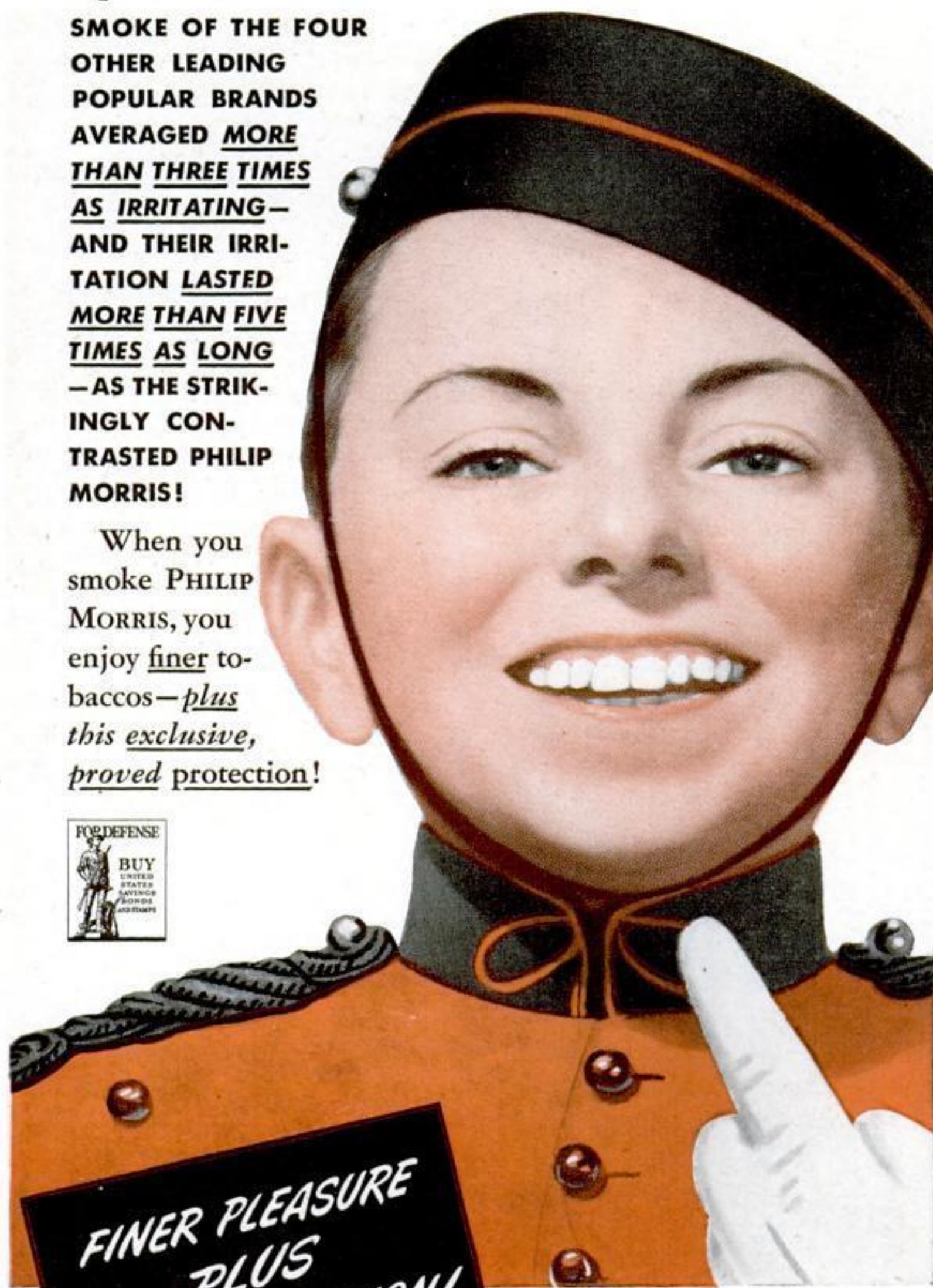
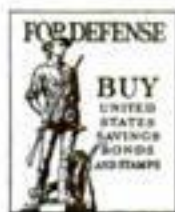
SURE YOU INHALE —SO PLAY SAFE with your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you can avoid worry about throat irritation, even when you do inhale.

Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR
OTHER LEADING
POPULAR BRANDS
AVERAGED MORE
THAN THREE TIMES
AS IRRITATING—
AND THEIR IRRI-
TATION LASTED
MORE THAN FIVE
TIMES AS LONG
—AS THE STRIK-
INGLY CON-
TRASTED PHILIP
MORRIS!

When you
smoke PHILIP
MORRIS, you
enjoy finer to-
baccos—plus
this exclusive,
proved protection!



FINER PLEASURE
PLUS
REAL PROTECTION!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Industrial Accidents (continued)



Lifting objects causes accidents. Wrong way (above left) puts bad strain on back muscles, also can cause hernia. Right way (above right) makes strong leg muscles do work.

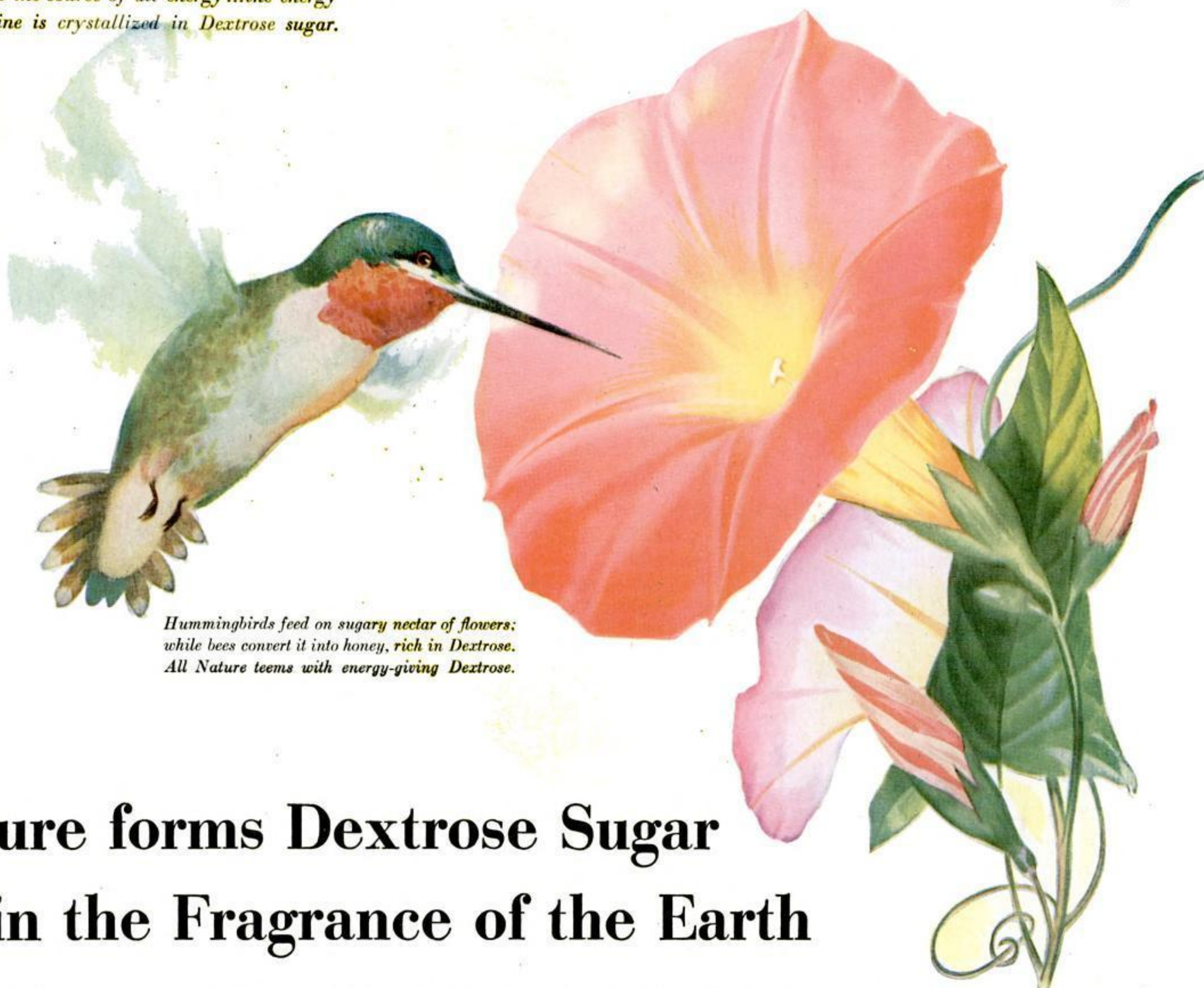


Tools in pocket result in a lot of serious industrial injuries. A fall could push these sharp tools right up into the workman's back and stab him painfully in the kidney.



Safety campaigns are pushed by progressive big plants. Allison engine uses clay models to promote safety. Here Otto Nobetter, who should but doesn't, misuses torch.

The sun is the source of all energy...the energy of sunshine is crystallized in Dextrose sugar.



Hummingbirds feed on sugary nectar of flowers; while bees convert it into honey, rich in Dextrose. All Nature teems with energy-giving Dextrose.

Nature forms Dextrose Sugar in the Fragrance of the Earth

THE green leaves of flowers, vegetables and trees stretch out to the sun and breathe in the moisture and carbon dioxide of clear air. By the action of sunlight, these simple substances are transformed into Dextrose.

So is Dextrose sugar formed in the very fragrance of the earth. Each tiny flake of this sugar is a perfect crystal, charged with Life's energy.

Dextrose is the basic energy "fuel" of your body. It is a pure white sugar, crystalline, mildly sweet and cooling to taste. Dextrose is one of the delights of Nature, a vital energy food in a form both attractive to the eye and appealing to the taste.

In the processing of many of America's finest foods, Dextrose is a very important ingredient.



Golden American

CORN

is the chief source
of pure

DEXTROSE

sugar

Generally it improves food flavors, textures, keeping qualities and other desirable characteristics. It adds its intrinsic food-energy value to finished products.

Available everywhere are finer foods "*Enriched with Dextrose*". Usually the presence of Dextrose is declared on the *labels* of these foods. Whenever you buy, look for "Dextrose-enriched" foods. They cost no more; they bring added enjoyment and food-energy value to your table.

Dextrose is an ALL-American sugar, derived from American corn, refined in American factories, distributed by American companies.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
One of the Producers of Pure Dextrose Sugar
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.



Dextrose fortifies the flavor and food value of canned citrus juices.



The flavor and texture of ice creams are improved by Dextrose.



Dextrose protects delicate flavor and fine texture of canned fruits.



Candy "enriched with Dextrose" provides quick food energy.



Better sweet buns and rolls are made with Dextrose.

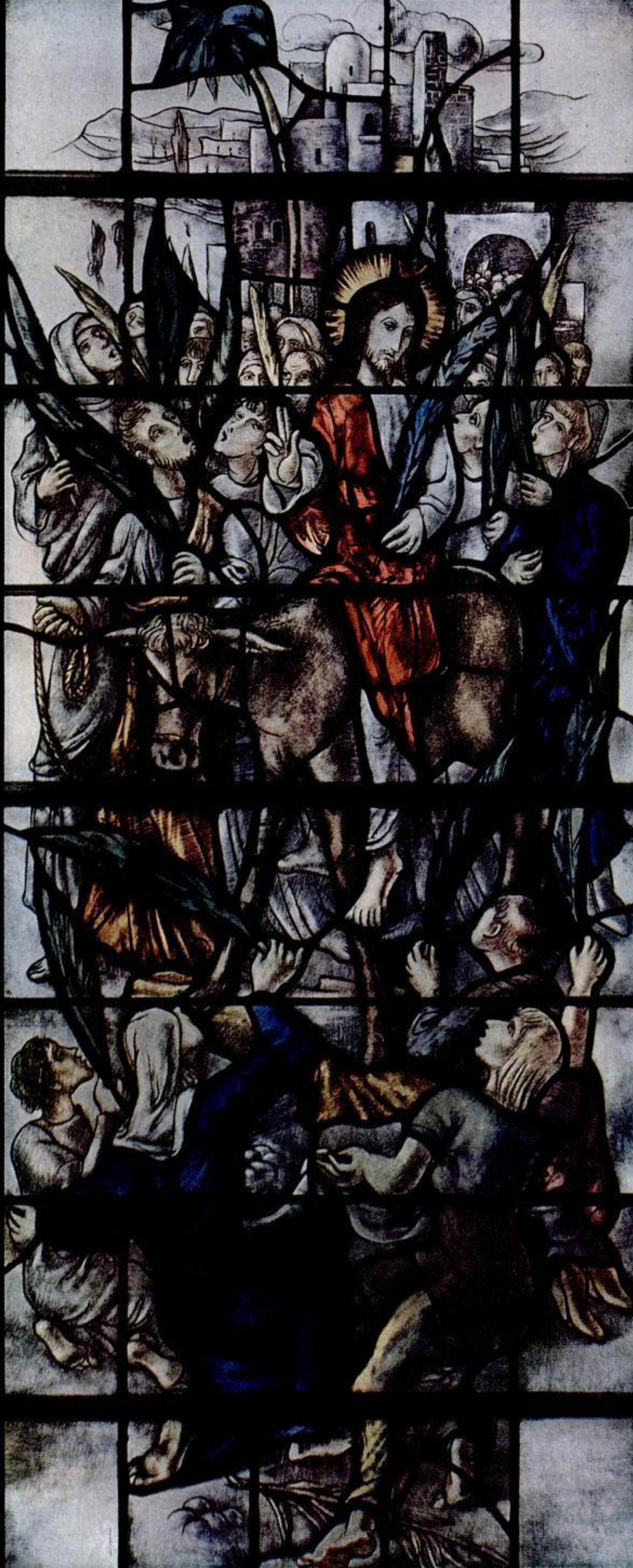
Keep the *Energy* of sunshine in your diet...Demand foods "*Enriched with Dextrose*"

A Dutch Artist Designs Windows for U.S. Church

The upsurging vigor of the Dutch people which is producing their courageous war effort is also producing new art. Outstanding among the many Dutch artists now carrying on their work in exile is Joep Nicolas, who designed the four stained-glass panels on

these pages. They are part of a magnificent series of 36 panels installed this winter in Cleveland's Fairmount Church. This beautiful new \$265,000 Presbyterian church is scheduled to open for the first time with a dedication ceremony at Easter.

Palm Sunday



The Last Supper

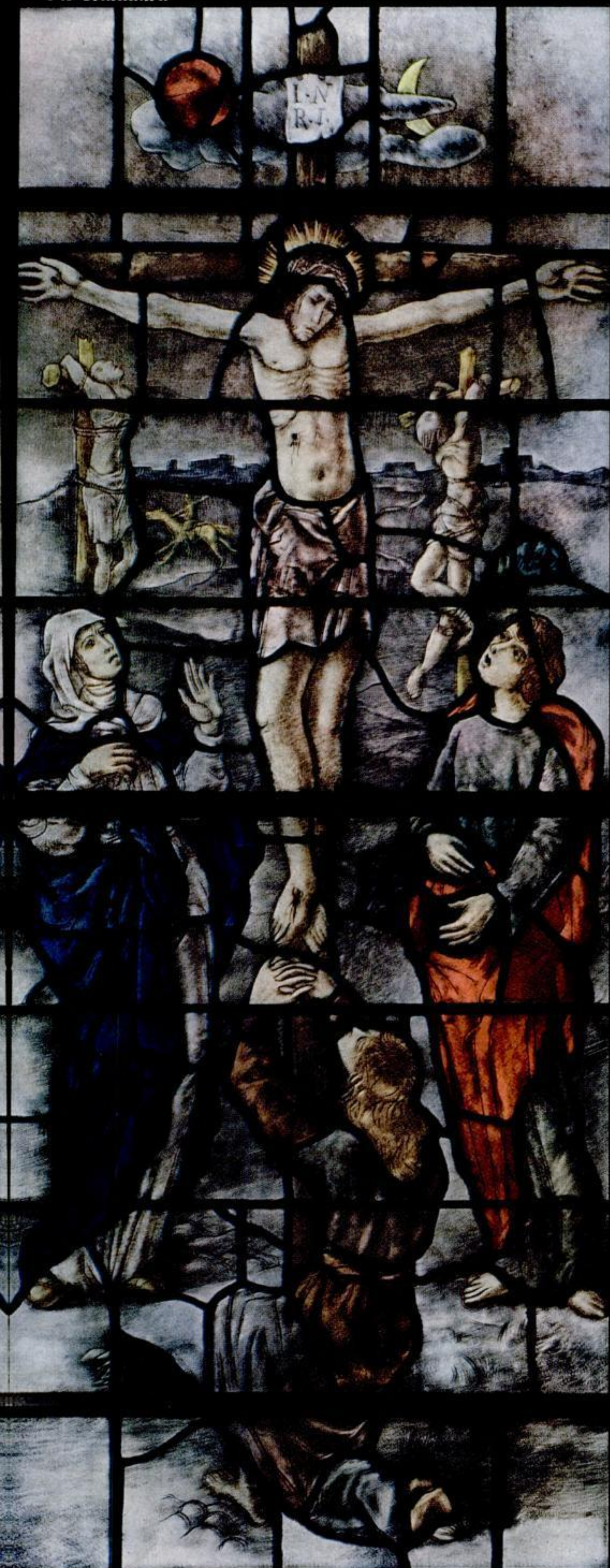


Nicolas' windows are a biography of Christ from the Annunciation to the Resurrection, written in soft shades of cobalt, ruby, amber. While they are executed in the style of the great medieval designers, their free spontaneous spirit betokens a new-found inspiration.

Known as Europe's foremost designer of stained glass, 44-year-old Joep Nicolas created windows for the Royal Chapel of King Leopold of Belgium, and many other regal buildings. Three years ago he came to America with his Belgian wife and two daughters be-

cause, he says, he had a premonition of Nazi invasion. Now in New York, Nicolas is perfecting a new method of constructing his windows in vast panels, thus obviating the use of lead filling between small pieces. During wartime, Dutchmen have other uses for lead.

The Crucifixion



The Resurrection





Life's Sweetest Moment

Love for you for all the years if you keep loveliness young.
Keep to PALMOLIVE, made with OLIVE and PALM OILS

Sweet moment when love comes to stay... make this moment yours! Keep the glow of beauty, the allure of a skin that's soft and smooth, and fresh as a new-cut rose. This is the beauty that men seek... to have and to hold.

You must choose your beauty aids thoughtfully and carefully. Weigh the beauty claims and promises made for them. More important still, be sure you know the *beauty-ingredients* that they are made with. When you select a

soap for your skin care, remember this: Palmolive, only Palmolive among all leading soaps, is made with Olive and Palm Oils (no animal fats).

For centuries, lovely women have looked upon these oils as Nature's finest beauty aids. And today, they choose Palmolive first among all beauty soaps. Yes, Palmolive helps so many women keep the loveliness men look for, that it is the largest-selling beauty soap in the world. Is *your* beauty soap... Palmolive?



REMEMBER PALMOLIVE'S
BEAUTY OILS...

olive and palm oils—
no others—go into the
making of Palmolive.





DARK CLOUDS AND A COLD BREEZE SCARED JANET AWAY FROM SWIMMING ON THIS BEACH NEAR MONTEREY, CALIF. HER SUNGLASSES ARE JUST PART OF A STAR'S EQUIPMENT

JANET BLAIR WINS STARDOM BECAUSE SHE SINGS, DANCES, LOOKS LOVELY BY THE SEA

This spring, 20-year-old Janet Blair is bursting into bloom in Columbia's movie, *Two Yanks In Trinidad*, to which she contributes one rumba, and one song about her heart belonging to her "Trinidaddy." On the strength of these achievements, Janet has been given the top feminine role in Universal's remake of *Broadway*, and is being tested for *My Sister Eileen*.

A native of Altoona, Pa., Janet toured the country as a singer in Hal Kemp's band, and passed her first

screen test last spring. Now she lives in Hollywood with her sister who is a hospital dietician. Janet herself shows the influence of sound dietary practice both in her figure and her disposition. Said she happily when *Trinidad* was done, "I thought I was going to be awful, but I am quite pleased."

LIFE offers three portraits of Janet against the simple background of a California beach. A girl like Janet requires no further pictorial documentation.

FOR
BRIGHTER PARTIES
USE
BRIGHTER
WESTINGHOUSE
MAZDA LAMPS

Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

THE *Taylor-Made*
SHOE

Hurdling to
Top Honors!

the Model X

Exclusively Taylor in the charm
of fine leathers ~ combining
deep brown, hand stained
Calfskin and Genuine White Buck.

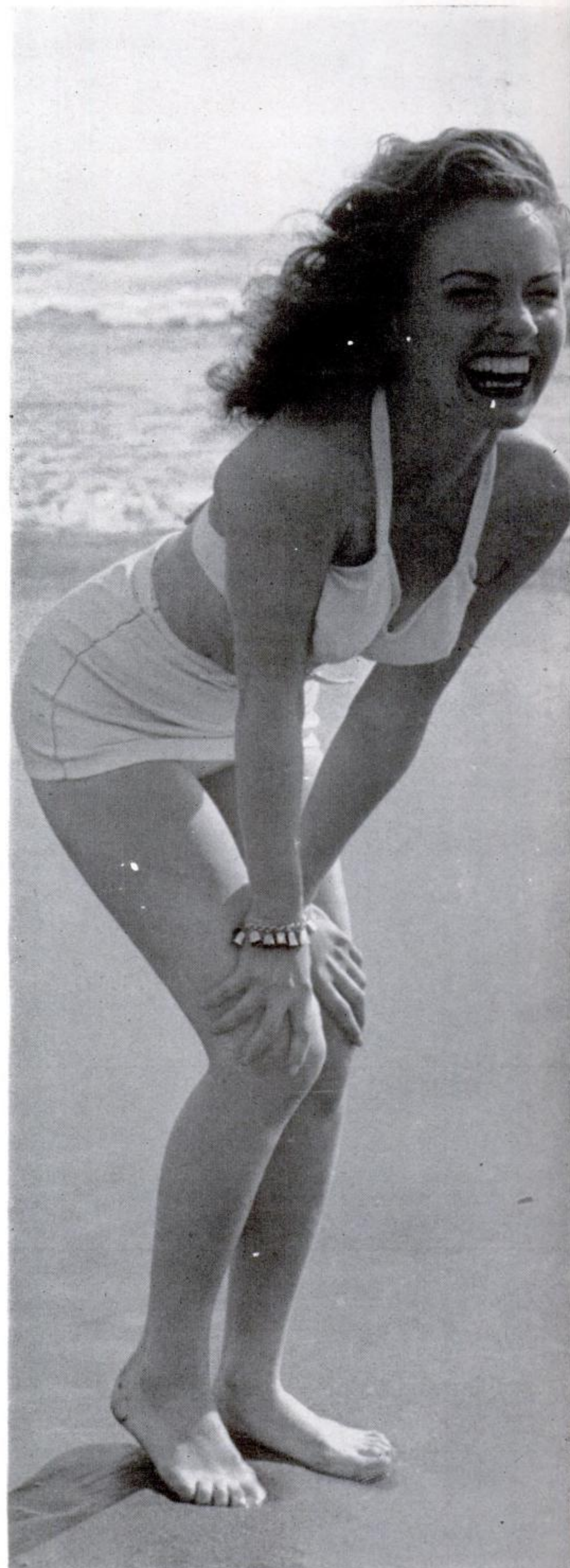
Model X ~
truly a thoroughbred
in every sense of the word.

\$6.50
TO
\$8.50
Most Styles

E-E TAYLOR CORPORATION
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

PROOF THAT CUSTOM CHARACTER NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

Janet Blair (continued)



Janet wears bells on her bracelet so she can be heard approaching in a fog. Janet has won prizes for her swimming and diving and is working now for a pilot's license.



Janet carries a bit of veil only to tie back her chestnut hair. She weighs 110 lb., is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, and was christened with the good American name of Martha Lafferty.

This won't happen

AGATHA, MY DEAR, I HAVE BEEN SO SPARKLING SINCE DRINKING LIPTON TEA THAT THEY'VE MADE ME A VICE-PRESIDENT!

OH, GUTHRIE, I SAW YOU START GROWING SMARTER THE DAY AFTER WE SWITCHED TO LIPTON!



But this will...

SINCE YOU CHANGED TO LIPTON, I'VE ENJOYED TEA MORE THAN EVER BEFORE!

I LIKE IT A LOT BETTER, TOO!



The point  is: teas grown in steaming  valleys ripen too fast  and taste flat. But Lipton  uses teas  from cooler  slopes... teas that have rich, full flavor because they ripen slowly.  This better flavor  has made Lipton  America's  largest selling brand of tea.

LIPTON TEA

In packages. In modern, new-style tea bags, too.



U.S. GOVERNMENT WAR ART



AT GRAND OPENING OF OEM ART SHOW IN WASHINGTON'S NATIONAL GALLERY, GOVERNMENT NOTABLES LOOKED AT EACH OTHER WHILE SAILORS LOOKED AT SHIP PICTURES

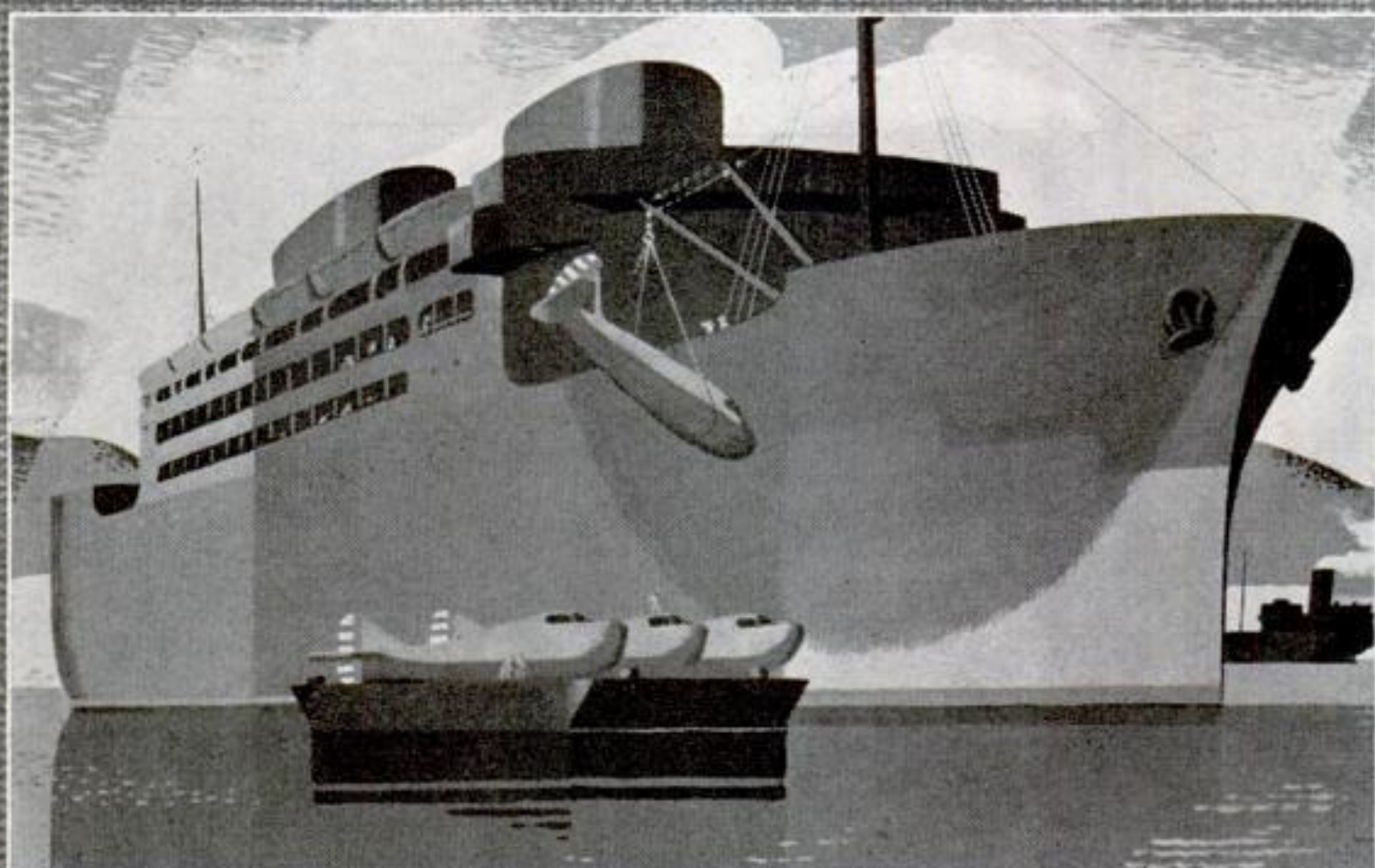
On the first great tide of patriotism three days after Pearl Harbor, the Office of Emergency Management in Washington announced a nationwide art contest. Previously planned as a means of informing the public about defense, this contest caught U. S. artists at exactly the moment when they were wondering how they could aid the new war effort. So 1,189

zealous artists promptly sent works to Washington.

No prizes were awarded, but 109 of the best pictures were bought for no more than \$30 apiece and exhibited in Washington. Now the show is booked for Chicago, Milwaukee and Denver. *LIFE* presents the cream of the exhibit here and on the next two pages.

In the stress of national emergency most artists

stated their patriotism in simple, natural terms, devoid of self-conscious regionalism. To the individual artist, the OEM contest offers fair publicity and a chance to be exhibited in the Government's permanent collection of war art, whenever and wherever that may be. But the real beneficiary is the OEM itself which made a pretty good art haul at bargain rates.



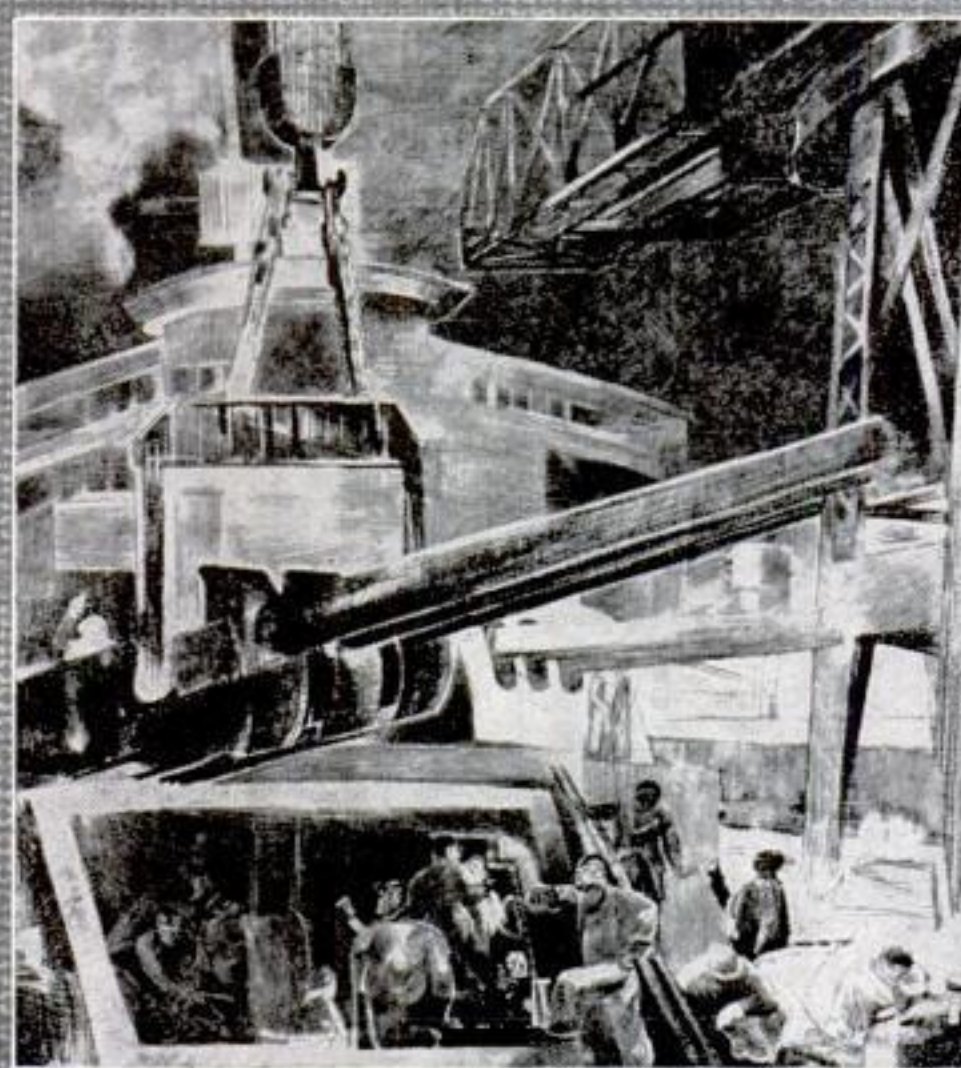
"WAR PAINT" BY RAY BETHERS SHOWS AIRPLANE BODIES BEING HOISTED ABOARD SHIP



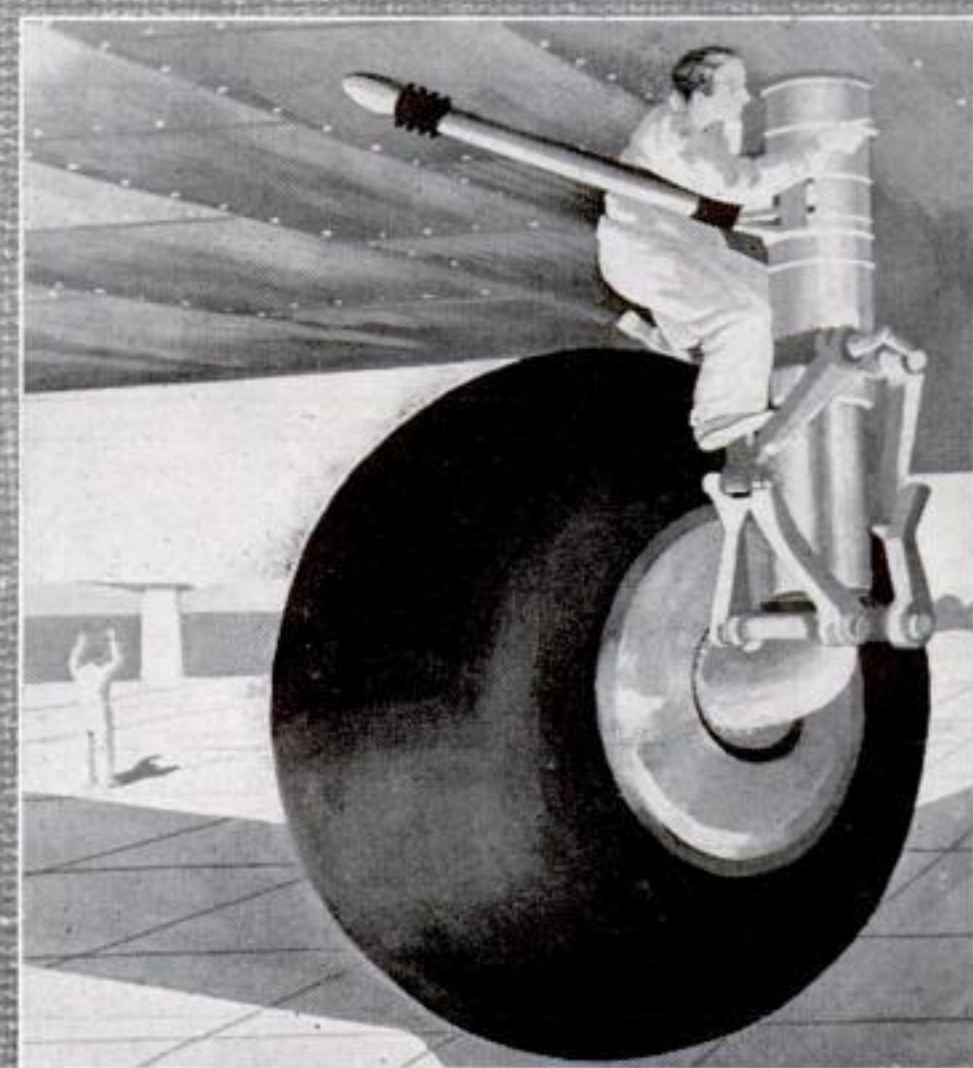
AIRPLANE HANGAR BEING BUILT IN A FIELD OF ALFALFA IS BY MARGARET LOWENGRUND



SMARTLY DESIGNED LUMBERYARD, BY DONALD SHAPIRO



GEORGE HARDING SHOWS SHIP GUNS BEING INSTALLED

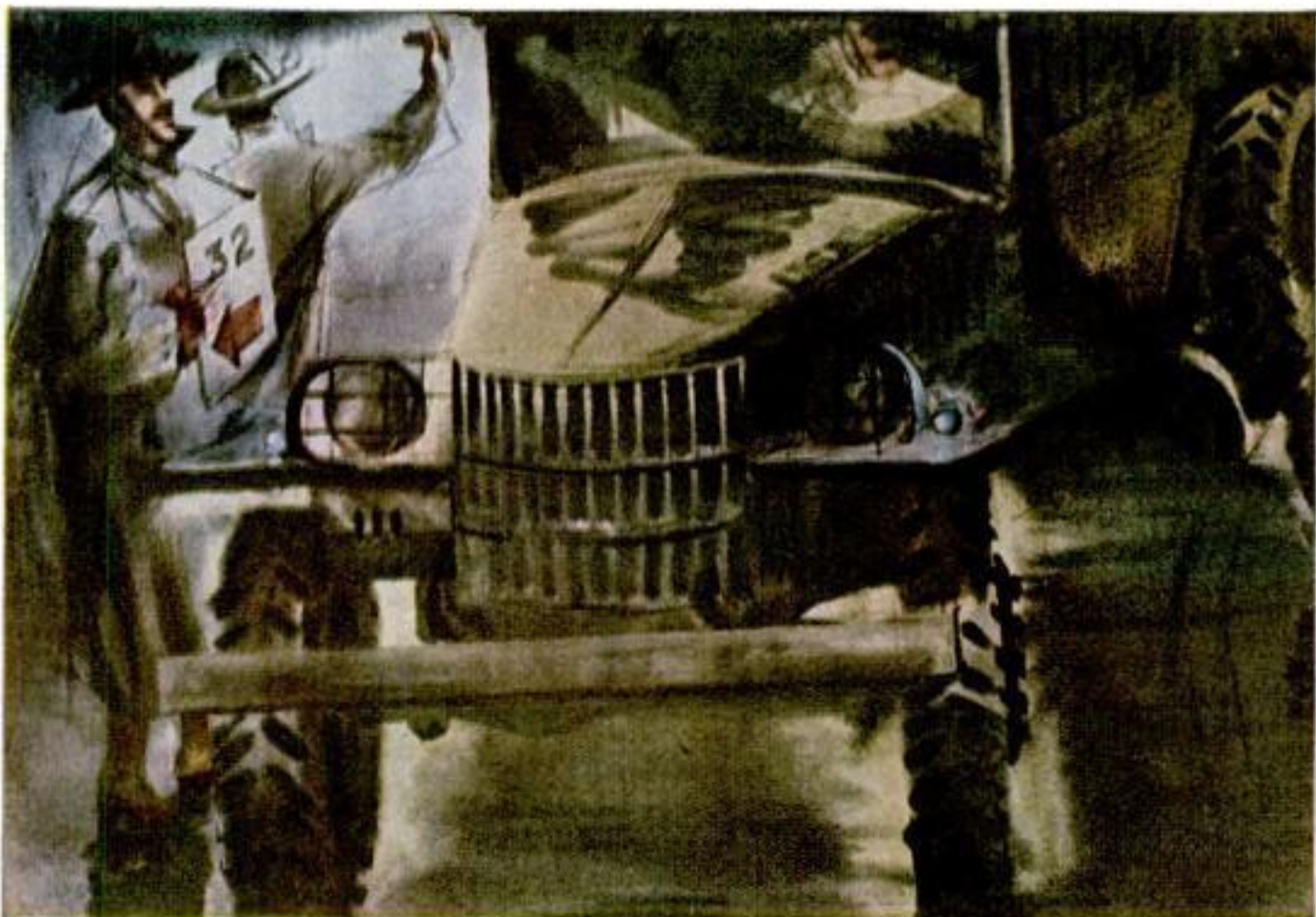


BOLDLY SIMPLE IS HENRY BILLINGS' "LANDING GEAR"



"Guarding A Bridge" is typical of any part of America where vital railroad bridges must now be guarded. It was painted in Marietta, Ohio, at the junction of the Muskingum and Ohio rivers near a U.S. Army engineering dock. While Raphael Gleitsman was sketching this, he

says, "People called police and an alert officer questioned me at length, but treated me courteously and did not confiscate my drawings." Turn page for another dramatic painting by Gleitsman showing how peaceful American scenes are transformed by the grimness of war.



"Thirty-Second—Let's Go" shows command car with a blue headlight leading a motor convoy of 32nd Infantry Regiment. It is being directed by convoy guards along road who hold up "32" signs at intersections. Artist is Private Edward A. Reep of Huntington Park, Calif.



"Albuquerque Bombing Range" depicts an Army bomber of the B-24 type in practice flight over the wild "West Mesa" country of New Mexico. Artist Lloyd L. Goff of Albuquerque says he painted the English-Spanish "Danger" sign as a symbol of hemispheric solidarity.



↑ **"Air Raid Watchers"** pictures a peaceful old Victorian house converted into a war-time post for civilian aircraft spotters. Linesman on the pole is tapping line to report number and direction of planes. Artist is Raphael Gleitsman of Akron, Ohio.

↓ **"V's From Rolling Steel"** shows a row of Victory V's made from shafts of light cast up by molten steel being rolled into sheet bars in an Indiana defense plant. Workman is also giving a V signal. Painting is by Clifford Jones of Indianapolis, Ind.





For men who can't lie down...on tomorrow's job

HERE'S A PICTURE of a tired man who might very well be you.

He spent ten hours, yesterday, wrestling with production problems on the machine gun mounts his former home appliance plant turns out. Tomorrow, there's an engineering conference... 500 miles away. He has to be there at nine in the morning, on the dot and on his toes.

So he takes a *train*. And sleeps while he goes,

on a Pullman... in a soft, full-length Pullman bed.

Going by rail, you see, he's sure to get there, no matter what the weather. And going Pullman gives him the *sleep* he needs to be rested and ready to pitch in when he arrives.

That's something worth remembering, about Pullman travel, now that we're at war. It not only gets you where you're going when you have to be there, but it gives you the *sleep* going that you

must have in order to *keep* going at your war-time pace.

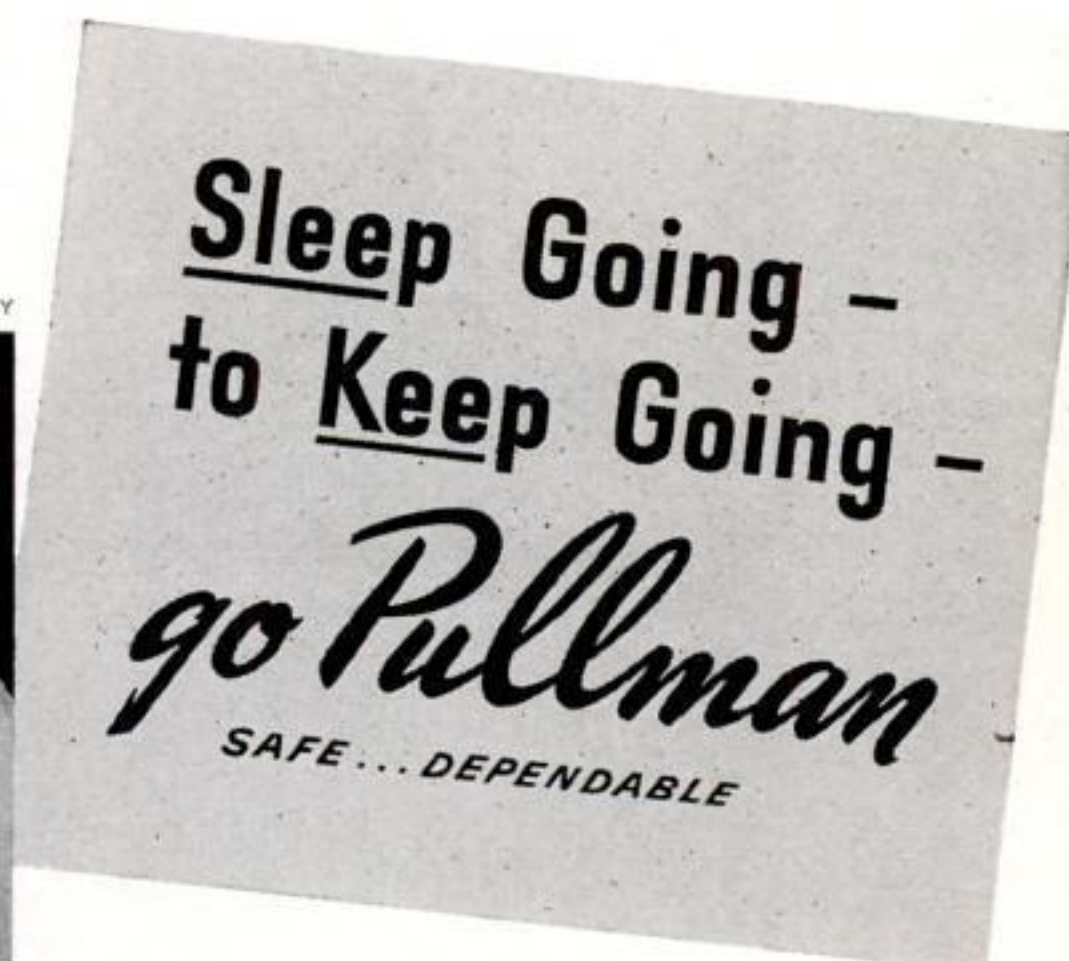
And that, we believe, is a part of Pullman's service to the nation... just as are the thousands of Pullman cars now engaged in troop movements.



RELAXING in a Pullman lounge car, you slough off the tension of the day and prepare yourself for sleep. And what a grand sleep you get... in a soft Pullman bed that's long enough to stre-e-tch in. Next morning...



FRESHENING-UP in the big Pullman washroom gives you a wide-awake start on the day. Pullman has delivered you not only safely and dependably, but refreshed both mentally and physically... ready to do *another* all-out wartime job.



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BUY UNITED STATES
DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
★

T A S K F



DISPATCHER

WEATHER
MAN

OIL SUPPLY

INSTRUMENTS

BOMB SUPPLY CREW

RADIOS

ARMAMENT

PARACHUTES

GROUND CREW

M E C H A N I C S

CREW
CHIEF

FLIGHT CREW

NO.2
RADIO

NO.1
RADIO

NO.1
ENGINEER

PILOT

CO-PILOT

BOMBARDIER

THE 38 MEN who fly the big bomber and who keep it fit to fly are shown here with their plane. Out in front is the plane's flying crew of four officers, five enlisted men. Behind

is the ground maintenance crew, headed by the master sergeant and crew chief. Eight of his mechanics are engine men, two assigned to each engine. The other two are airplane frame

mechanics. This ground crew works on just one plane, is as much a part of it and devoted to it as the flying crew. The specialists standing behind them, each an expert in his own

O R C E

THE BIG BOMBER LEARNS ITS JOB

An air task force, like any task force, is a military group sent out to do a given job. Some day, U. S. air task forces will include dozens of bombers escorted by scores of fighters. But so far in this war almost all of America's aerial task forces have been made up of a few heavy Boeing bombers sent over the South Pacific to drop bombs through four or five miles of air on the invading Japanese. Or the task force has been just one single big bomber off to do its job on solitary mission.

Such a bomber, a B-17E Flying Fortress, is shown at left along with the men who fly it and the men who service it. It is a plane in B Flight of the 342nd Bombardment Squadron of an Army Group, attached to the Third Bomber Command. One bomber like this is itself a crushing task force. Already thousands of Japanese troops have felt the heavy death its bombs bring and their planes have felt the fatal stings of its machine guns. This kind of plane was Colin Kelly's task force when he sank the battleship *Haruna*.

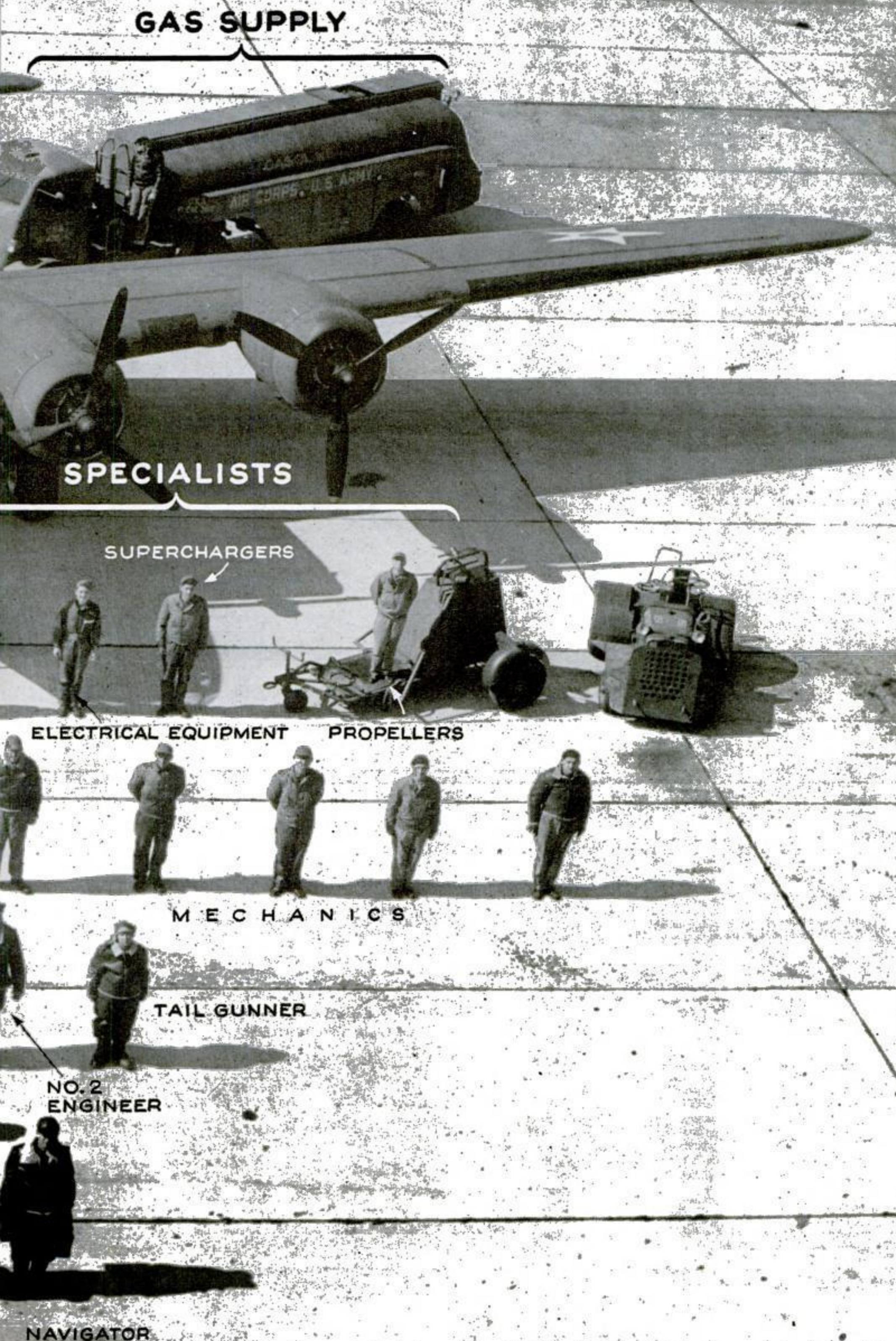
At MacDill Field near Tampa, Fla., the Third Bomber Command puts its task forces together. The bomber, assembled from its thousands of parts, comes all ready to fly. But the bomber crew comes unassembled. MacDill Field is the final assembly line. Officially, the process is known in the Air Force as operational training.

In six weeks of operational training, the nine men of the crew work together and get to know each other. There are four officers and five enlisted men in the crew. The officers are second lieutenants, some of them with their wings hardly dry. All the officer crew have graduated from advanced training. They come as multi-engine pilots after having gone through the Army air schools like those at Randolph, Kelly and Ellington fields. They come as qualified navigator and bombardier from technical schools. The enlisted men—a sergeant, two corporals, two privates on this plane—come from the Air Force's special schools.

The men are of all kinds. One was a geophysicist, another a teacher, another an elephant boy. They have one thing in common. They are all young. Oldest men in the crew are 27 and their average Air force service is two years. Out of these diverse men, the Army must quickly build a close-working team because teamwork—the quick reaction of pilot to bombardier's guidance and the co-ordinated cover of fire laid down by the eight heavy machine guns—is worth more than any super-secret bombsight or any special armament.



The bomber is the B-17E, fifth of the great line of Boeing's Flying Fortresses. The big bomb bay, which is able to carry tons of bombs, lies in the fuselage belly, between the wings.

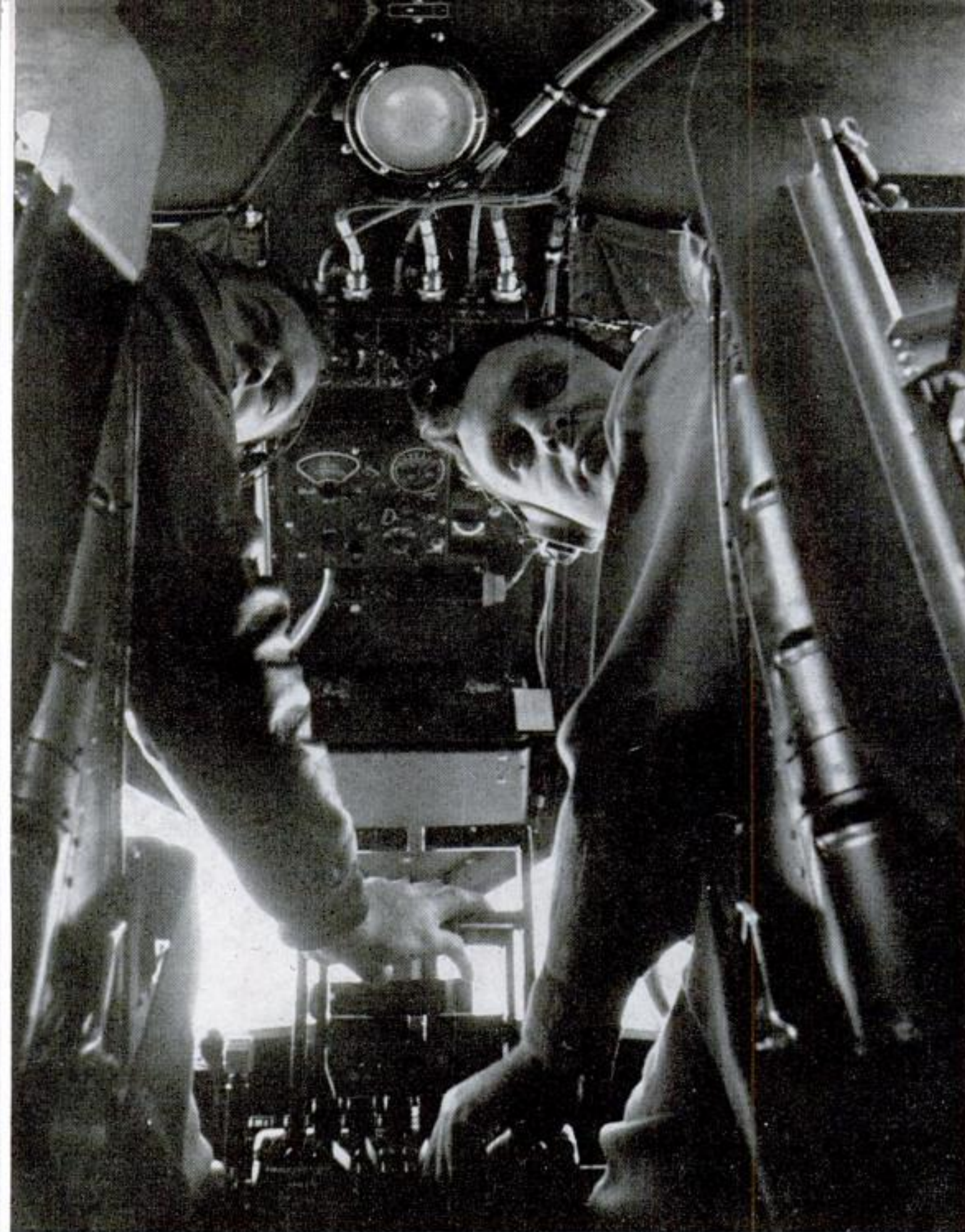


line, work on many planes. The bomb-supply squad is standing beside a truck loaded with a dozen 300-lb. bombs. Behind the plane's wing at left are base operations men who give wea-

ther information and dispatching orders to the whole squadron. The oil truck holds a week's oil supply for eight planes. The gasoline truck holds a day's fuel supply for four planes.



UP IN THE COCKPIT, Pilot Dallas sits in the left-hand seat. He wears a throat microphone which leaves his hands free, still enables him to talk on interphone to all crew members.



THE COPILOT SITS at pilot's right. Ready for take-off, pilot and copilot look backward for aerial engineer's OK. Pilot has hand on throttle. Copilot has hands on fuel mixture controls.

PILOT Second Lieutenant Frederick W. Dallas, 22, of Leonard, Texas, flies the plane and he has to be good at it. The best navigator in the world could get lost if his pilot wandered. The keenest bombardier in the Air Force would miss by hundreds of yards if his pilot wobbled or got off course. Son of a petroleum engineer, Dallas enlisted in the artillery in 1939, transferred to the Air Force in 1940, went through Randolph and Kelly fields to get his wings. After service in a reconnaissance squadron he came to MacDill where he is flight commander, in charge of four planes.

BOARDING THE PLANE, pilot and copilot walk together, which is customary. They come aboard last, which is also customary. They wear heavy clothes for high-altitude work.



LIEUTENANT DALLAS RELAXES by going with girls, who find airman's wings an attraction. Girls with autos are popular with officers. Autos make social life easier, less expensive.

COPILOT Second Lieutenant John Hooper Holmes, 25, of Selma, Ala., is the plane's other pilot. He can relieve the pilot during flight. But his main job is to look after all the vital operational details. He watches the instruments to see that the plane is performing properly. He retracts and lets down the wheels, works the wing flaps, watches propeller pitch. Son of a food and fodder broker, Holmes enlisted in the Air Force in 1941, took basic training at Randolph and bimotor training at Ellington Field. He was commissioned a few weeks ago, sent directly to MacDill.

THE "OFFICE" in which the pilots sit has glass all around it and a glass panel in the roof. Right in back of cockpit and above it is the top turret which, in emergency, copilot would man.



LIEUTENANT HOLMES HAS FUN at the officers' club bar where, faced by signs which caution him, he plays dice for drinks and talks more about flying than anything else.





THE NAVIGATOR'S DESK is a tiny table in back of the bombardier's position. With his flight path computer, compass and rulers he is laying out a course on map of lower Florida.

NAVIGATOR Second Lieutenant Joseph Clemens Wilfert, 27, of Eunice, La., has to start the plane on the course toward the objective, keeps it on course until the bombardier takes over for the bombing, then brings it home again. This is no small job in a heavy bomber which flies on long missions at high altitudes, often out over the sea. Son of a hotelkeeper, Wilfert enlisted in the Air Force last year. After ten hours of pilot primary training he "washed out," transferred to navigation school, was out on Atlantic patrol duty before coming to MacDill.

SIGHTING THE SUN with his octant, Navigator Wilfert sits up in the nose of plane beside bombardier. He relies on celestial navigation more than on dead reckoning to set his course.



LIEUTENANT WILFERT ENJOYS HIMSELF telling Cajun dialect stories learned back home. He gets \$150 a month base pay, plus \$75 a month flying pay and maintenance.



OUT IN THE NOSE is the bombardier's post. The bombsight (not visible) is kept in front of him. On the floor beside him is his data case. Here he has his hand on the interphone switch.

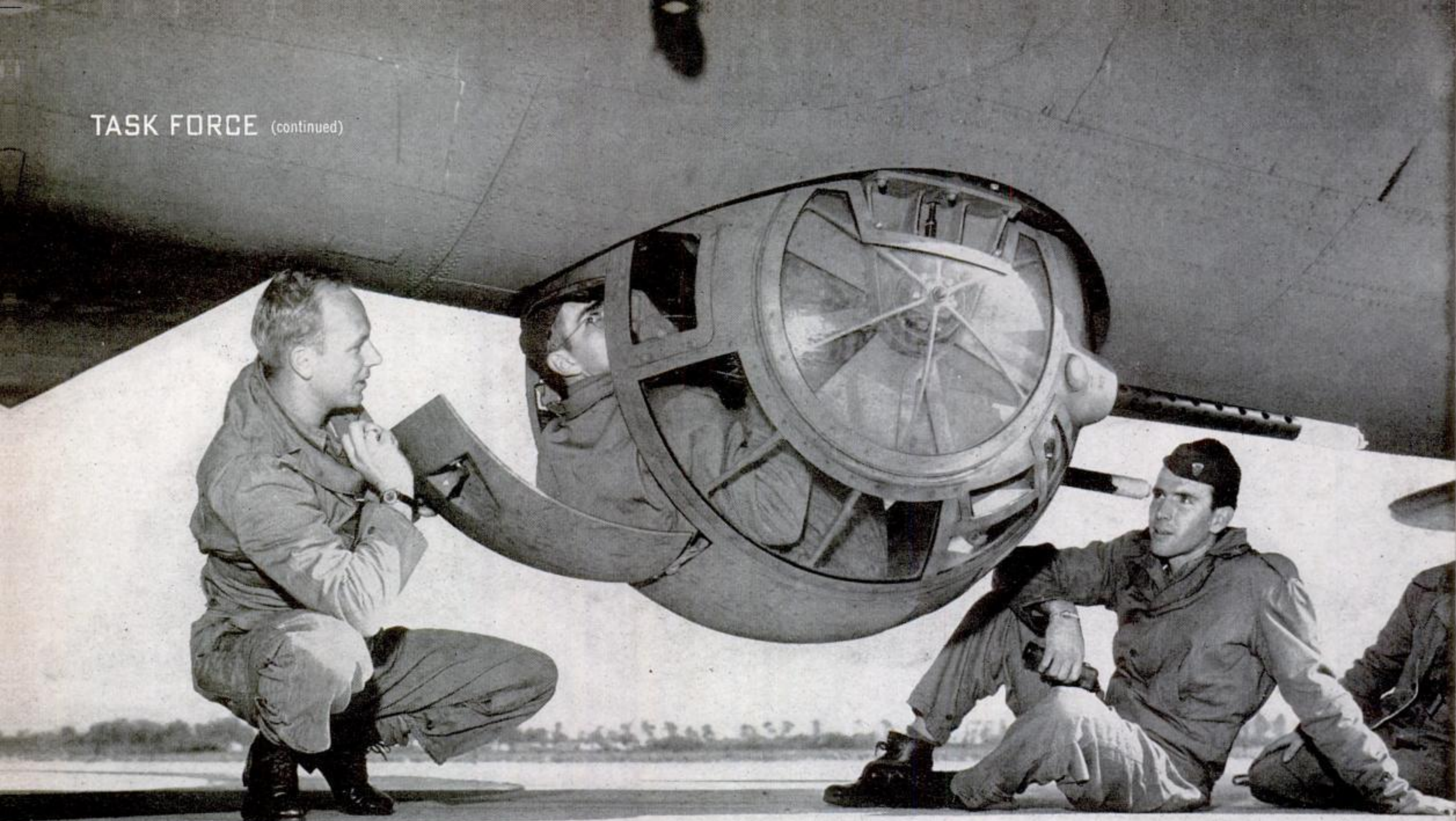
BOMBARDIER Second Lieutenant Harold Jefferson, 23, of Moundsville, W. Va., takes charge of guiding the plane as soon as he sights the objective. He peers at the target through his bombsight, which is supposedly the best in the world. He tells the pilot where to go, at what speed and at what height to fly. Then, while still miles above and away from his target, he releases the bombs. The son of a country schoolteacher, Lieutenant Jefferson "washed out" of primary pilot training, went to technical school, now is about to get his wings as a bombardier.

WITH HIS SECRET BOMBSIGHT, Jefferson comes aboard. Bombsight is his responsibility. No one else may handle it. He carries a .45 automatic lest anyone try to snatch sight.



LIEUTENANT JEFFERSON'S FUN is limited by fact that, not having wings yet he gets no extra flying pay. A studious soldier anyway, he stays in his Spartan quarters and bones.





NO. 2 RADIOMAN and bottom turret gunner, Private Harold Leroy Langhofer, 24, of Hope, Kan., squeezes into his turret (*above*). Inside, curled like an embryo, he can turn turret around and down so that it fires in any direction. When swung down, turret hatch opens into the plane.

NO. 2 AERIAL ENGINEER and waist gunner, Private Clarence Bauer, 20, of Adrian, Mich., pokes his .50-cal. machine gun out of side window (*below*). He mans only this gun. Radio operator handles other waist gun. In flight, all crew wear headphones connecting to pilot and each other.



ENLISTED MEN HANDLE PLANE'S MACHINE GUNS

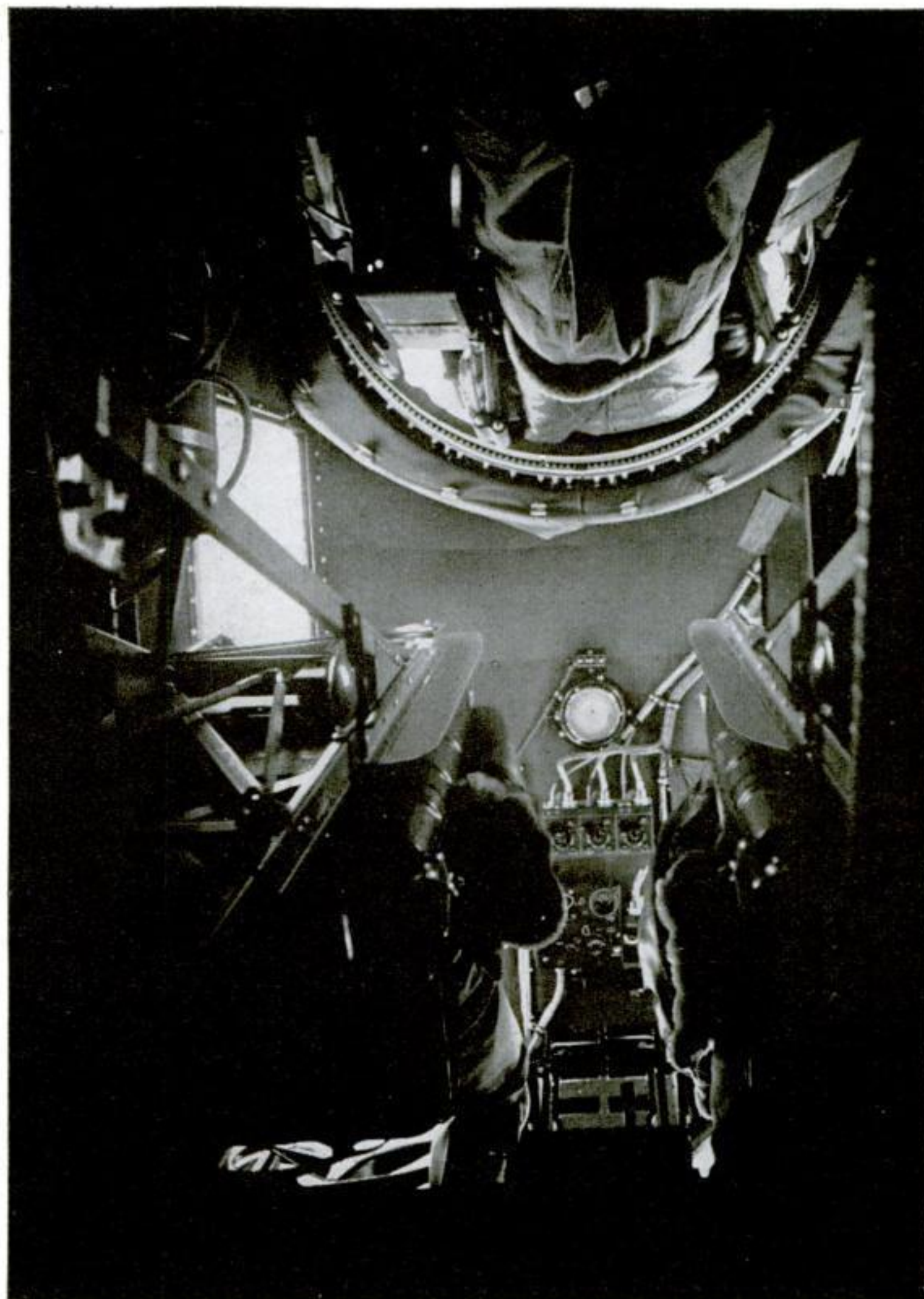
The offensive jobs in the task force are all done by the officers—the pilots and navigator who fly the plane to the objective, the bombardier who explodes it with a salvo of bombs. The job of defending the plane, however, falls on the five enlisted men. They are the ones who handle the plane's machine guns when enemy planes attack.

Each of the five men has a special job to do—aerial engineering, radio, photography. But each one also has

to be a good gunner. There are five gun positions: 1) top turret just aft of the cockpit; 2) bottom turret, on the plane's belly behind the wings; 3) and 4) waist positions, one on each side of the middle of the fuselage; and 5) the tail position, which is shown on the cover. Top and bottom turrets, which are power operated, and the tail position, all have two .50-cal. guns. The bombardier also has a smaller .30-cal. machine gun, but few planes are attacked from the front and he seldom has to use it.



NO. 1 AERIAL ENGINEER is Technical Sergeant John Kowalczyk, 27, of Hazleton, Pa. Here he makes out one of reports which keep him busy when not inspecting, repairing, shooting.



NO. 1 ENGINEER'S GUN POSITION is in top turret. This picture, taken straight up at the ceiling, shows Kowalczyk (*top*) standing in his turret just behind pilot's and copilot's seats.



RADIO OPERATOR Corporal Melvin Curry Giles, 25, of Tampa, Fla., sits at his apparatus aft of aerial engineer's position. During an attack he would rush back and handle his waist gun.



CAMERAMAN Corporal James Benedict Feeney, 26, of Middleboro, Mass., who is also tail gunner, sits beside radio operator, takes pictures of damage done to objectives with camera in floor.



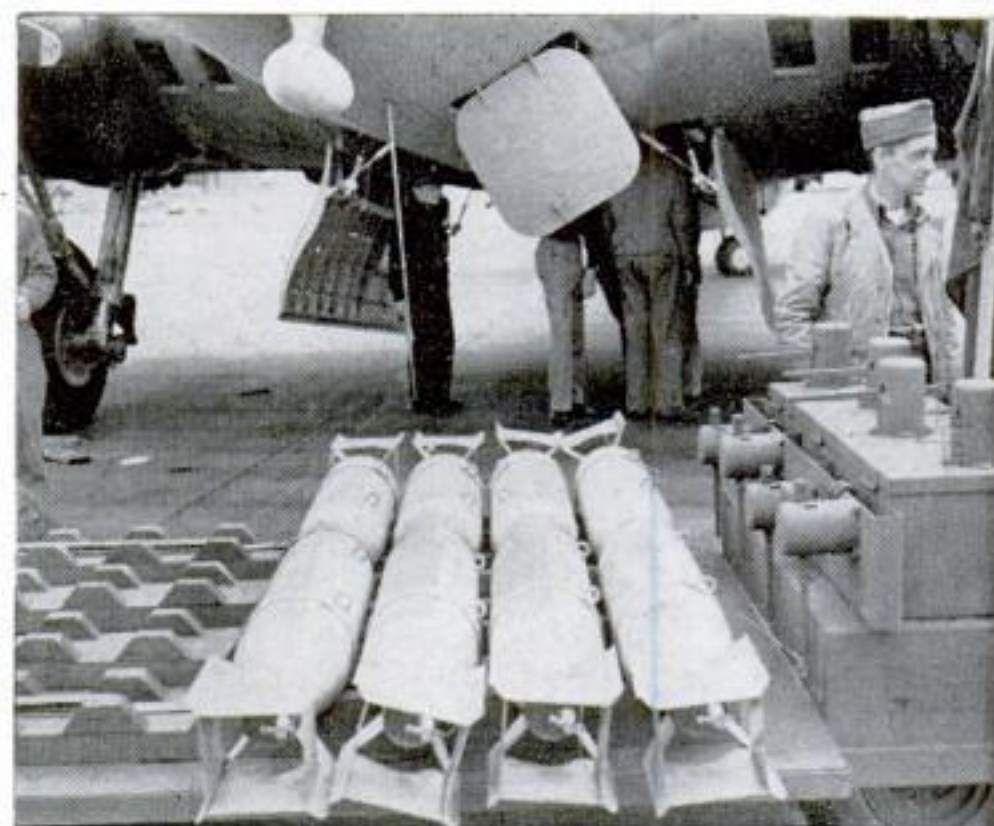
PLANE TAKES OFF. Through his "greenhouse" the bombardier sees the concrete runway, streaked with black

skid marks made by the big planes in the first shock of landing. At about 90 m. p. h. the loaded bomber lifts off the ground.

JOB IS TO BOMB AND GET BACK

When the big plane and its crew are finally all shaken together into a task force, they have one job to do. They have to go out, drop bombs and then come home safely. Before the plane sets out, the officers are told the objective, the course, the landmarks. The weight of bombs needed to destroy the objectives is known and the proper bombs are put in the racks.

When the plane nears the objective, the bombardier begins to guide the pilot. He presses a switch and the big bomb-bay doors swing open. The pilot checks with an interphone query: "Bomb-bay door open?" "Open," says the bombardier. The bombardier peers through his bombsight, keeping the pilot on the course. The pilot steadies the plane. The bombardier presses another switch. Falling from the plane's belly in a neatly spaced train the bombs curve beautifully toward the ground.



LOADING BOMBS into the bomb bay is done by hand, two men lifting each 100-lb. bomb and putting it into its rack.



OFF ON THE MISSION, the pilot looks out his window, sees the other planes of his squadron flying in echelon, stepped

up to the right. If attackers should come the three planes would move quickly into "Vee" formation. In this position, the squad-

ron's cross-firing machine guns are able to lay down a veil of fire so thick that no single spot on any of the planes is vulnerable.



TASK FORCE ACCOMPLISHES ITS TASK:
PLANES OPEN THEIR BOMB-BAY DOORS,
DROP SALVOS OF BOMBS ON OBJECTIVE

THREE MEN ON A RAFT



The survivors were decorated personally by Admiral Chester Nimitz, Commander of the Pacific Fleet (center), in a full-dress ceremony on the flight deck of a carrier at Pearl Harbor on March 17.

At the moment this picture was taken, Nimitz is citing Anthony Pastula. Dixon, wearing his petty officer's cap, was awarded the Navy Cross and was cited by Nimitz for "extraordinary heroism."

American aviators, forced down in mid-Pacific, survive 34 days of thirst, starvation, sun, wind and sharks to reach land on an inflated rubber boat

by HAROLD F. DIXON, Aviation Chief Machinist's Mate, U. S. N.

On the afternoon of Jan. 16 a U. S. Navy torpedo plane, launched from a carrier, ran out of fuel and sank in the mid-Pacific. Thirty-four days later the crew of the lost plane, half dead and nearly crazed, staggered ashore on a small United Nations island hundreds of miles to the southeast. They were three in number: Aviation Chief Machinist's Mate Harold Dixon, who commanded the plane and raft; Radioman Gene Aldrich and Ordnanceman Anthony Pastula. Starting without food or

water, they had drifted across the windswept, sun-scorched Pacific in a tiny inflated rubber raft. Thus ended one of the greatest feats of individual courage to come out of this war and one of the great battles in man's endless fight against the sea.

Later the three men were brought back to Hawaii, where the accompanying photographs were taken and where Dixon wrote this first-hand account of the ordeal for LIFE. Recently Dixon was awarded the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism."

I guess you would call me superstitious. Most sailors are, and I've been a sailor and an aviator for 22 years. The funny thing is that for a few days before Jan. 16, as our ship sailed southward in the Pacific, I had had a peculiar feeling that something was going to happen. It was hard to pin down the feeling but numerous little things went wrong. For instance, after I had left the mess table at noon on that last day, something told me to go back and eat two or three more stalks of celery. I figured I might need them. Then as I walked out by the sick bay, a pharmacist's mate stopped me and asked me to look inside. There on the surgeon's table lay one of my best friends. He was out of his head, his legs and arms waving in the air. Strangely enough, I had the feeling that it was really I who was lying there on that table and that I was in great agony and entirely naked. All of this eventually came to pass.

The patrol that day was uneventful. Late in the afternoon, however, rain clouds and scattered squalls occasionally hid the ocean; and somehow or other I lost our ship. For hours I flew the plane over the area where I thought the ship ought to be but at last the gas was almost gone. There was nothing to do but land our plane in the water. This I did, bringing her in on a power stall.

We had figured we would have plenty of time to get out our raft and put rations and water aboard before the plane sank but there was to be no such good luck. Much sooner than we expected the plane was down and the three of us were swimming in the water, held up by our life jackets. Fortunately, I had been able to get the rubber life raft inflated by opening the carbon-dioxide chamber, which automatically sucked air into the air chamber. When we finally got it upright and crawled onto it, even though it was only 8 ft. by 4 ft., the raft made a pretty seaworthy craft.

It's interesting how you remember certain things about the crises in your life. My concern was solely to

get that plane down in a good power stall and to get out on the wing and inflate the life raft. Tony Pastula, I knew, was saying a little prayer. Then, too, my most vivid recollection of that terrible half hour was watching the flashlight which Gene Aldrich had rescued from the plane sinking down through the water after Gene dropped it. Down, down and down it went—a bright spot in the crystal-clear tropical waters. At least, I thought, if there are sharks around here, they'll probably follow that light down instead of attacking us.

On the raft that first night we were a tired and bedraggled crew. Tony Pastula had been firmly convinced he was going to be killed in the crash. Gene Aldrich, whom we called Henry from the radio serial *Henry Aldrich*, was convinced that our boat, made of thin rubberized fabric, would burst and sink at almost any time. As a matter of fact, this remained one of our greatest worries, especially later when Gene was stabbing fish over the side with his pocketknife and sharks were cruising just a foot or two under our floating raft.

We were all up early the next morning to keep a sharp lookout for any rescue ships or planes. Sure enough, at about 8:30 a. m. a tiny speck appeared in the distance, heading our way. It was a searching plane from our ship. Gradually it approached, then passed a half mile to the south. Both Gene and Tony were excited. Gene, in particular, jumped up, waved his arms and took off his blue shirt to wave that too. But it did no good. The plane continued on its way, leaving us unspotted behind.

When that plane passed my heart sank and a moment of deep, black fear entered. I am an oldtimer in the Navy. The nation is at war and our force was in the immediate vicinity of enemy positions. The admiral, I knew, would never risk his whole force for the rescue of one plane. For us it was a hard pill to swallow, but it was simple military logic.

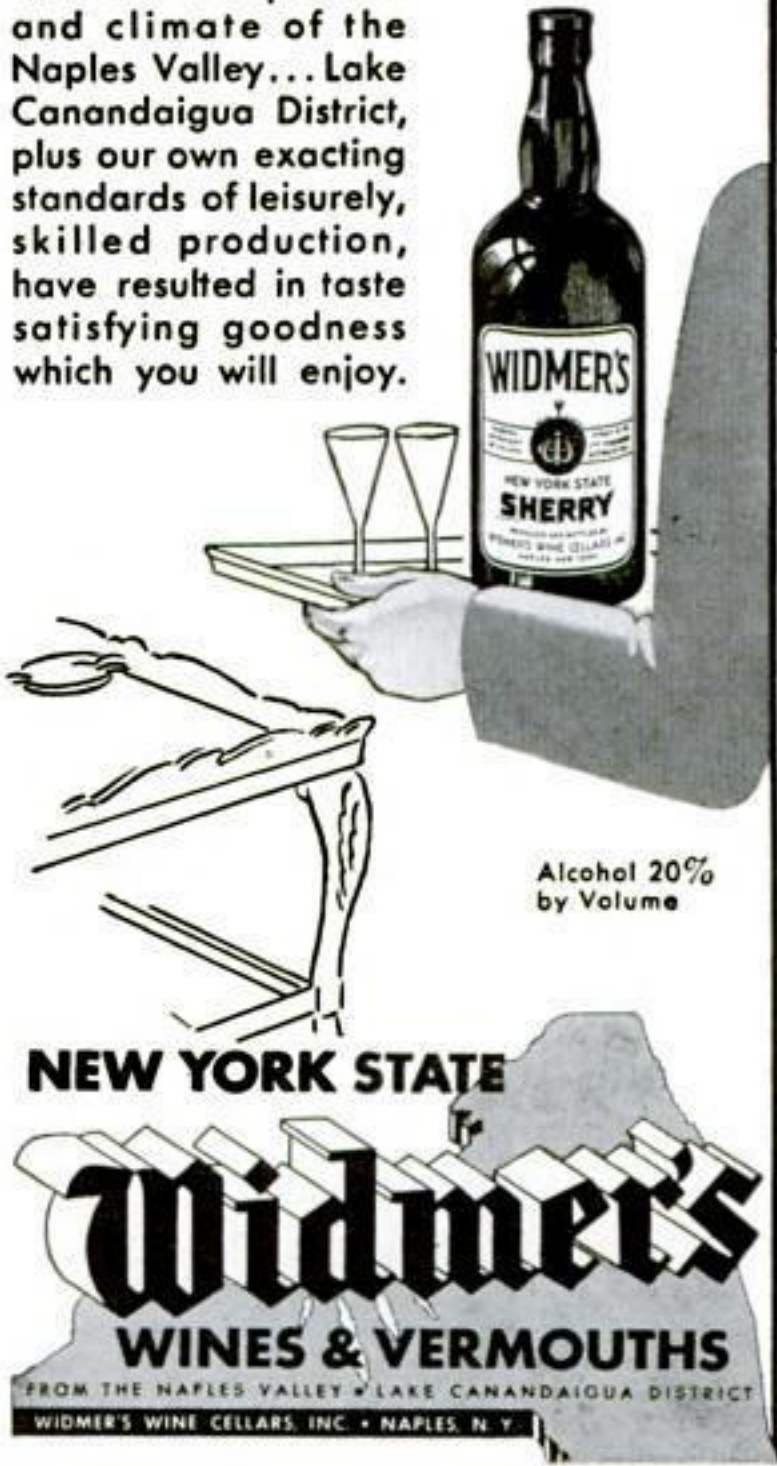
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The three men, seated in their raft after they had been brought back to Hawaii, are Aviation Chief Machinist's Mate Harold Dixon, aged 41 and Oklahoma-born (left), Ordnanceman Anthony Pastula, 24, Radioman Gene Aldrich, 22. Pastula and Aldrich are former CCC boys.

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Many impartial critics have selected Widmer's Wines as among the finest now available. Won't you try them? We believe that the unique soil and climate of the Naples Valley... Lake Canandaigua District, plus our own exacting standards of leisurely, skilled production, have resulted in taste satisfying goodness which you will enjoy.



LUNCH BOX TIP

FROM HOT DAN THE MUSTARD MAN



● Soften a half cup of butter, blend with it $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ as much French's Mustard. (French's is so creamy and smooth it blends perfectly.) Use this mustard butter generously in meat or cheese sandwiches. Gives a zesty, different flavor men go for!

CREAMIER—SMOOTHER
Millions prefer it!



*"Let's sit here so I can see
your Arrow Tie!"*

• Arrow Ties are indeed something to be looked at and admired. For not only have they handsome patterns and pleasing colors, but they tie into the neatest knot you ever laid eyes on. Made of fine fabrics, lined to resist wrinkles, Arrows are good buys at \$1, \$1.15, \$1.50, and \$2. Another good buy! U. S. Defense Bonds and Stamps.

ARROW TIES

As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

THREE MEN ON A RAFT (continued)

Inwardly I was calculating how we were going to get out of the pickle we were in. To the west and north of our position were Japanese islands. I wanted to avoid them at all costs because the Japs, I knew, were in no mood to take prisoners. To the east were uninhabited islands which would not do us much good to reach. Our only hope seemed to be in maneuvering our boat some 500 miles to the south and west where there were inhabited friendly islands. Also along such a route I thought we might be able to pick up an American convoy or perhaps even a naval task force.

That first day I spent observing how our boat acted in the wind and the water. Being flat and smooth-bottomed, it sailed smartly down wind and, with virtually no tendency to yaw, stayed steadily lengthwise to the trough of the sea. Its length thus acted as a sail. I even figured out how to judge our speed. To 8 ft. of heavy cord from the tool pocket I tied a metal identification disk from Tony's key ring and, by tossing this out to drift and carefully observing it, I could gauge the speed. By this method and the more simple one of throwing rags overboard and counting the seconds as they went by, I arrived at the conclusion that 12 knots of wind gave us a drift of approximately 2.5 knots, while 6 knots of wind gave us a drift of one knot.

We were, of course, at the complete mercy of the wind. Whenever it blew from the northeast, our spirits rose because we knew that eventually it would blow us to safety, but when it shifted and came in from the southwest, we were depressed because then we were heading for disaster and probably death. To stop drifting in the wrong direction, I invented a sea anchor. Around the entire outside edge of the raft was a half-inch Manila rope. I removed this rope and tied one end to the raft's gas-inductor manifold and the other to my pneumatic life jacket. With this sea anchor we could cut the speed of our drift in the wrong direction to less than one knot for every 16 knots of wind.

There was only one other technical problem to solve. We had to have a map of our progress. I knew the approximate position where our plane crashed, and from our log which indicated speed and from the sun by day and the moon and stars by night which all indicated direction, I could tell pretty accurately where we were going. I eventually made a map on the front of one of the pneumatic life jackets. Fortunately, I had a small celluloid aerial navigator's scale, which had an excellent mileage scale. With such a map I was able to keep a chart of our progress.

So we three settled down to the business of living at sea on a tiny raft. One of the first things we found out was that it was going to be almost impossible to sleep. If you want to know what it was like on that raft, do the following things:

- 1) Lie on your back with your knees well drawn up. (There was not enough room to stretch out our legs.) Make sure, of course, that you are lying on a hard mattress with no springs underneath.
- 2) Have a good strong man rap you with a full swing of a baseball bat across the back of the head and shoulders. Two such raps every three seconds will duplicate the action of the waves pounding against the bottom of the boat.
- 3) Have a boy with a 3-gal. galvanized pail dash cold water on your face at irregular intervals.
- 4) Have four empty dump trucks run circles around you continually for sound effects.



While recuperating at the Navy Hospital in Hawaii, Aldrich and Pastula listen as Dixon (right) explains the chart held unfolded on his lap. He drew it after he had been rescued to show the approximately 1,000-mile-long course that the raft covered in 34 days.

A mark of honor...

At old-time Scottish dinners it was a mark of honor for pipers to play behind the chair of the honored guest. Many hosts now pay such tribute by serving Teacher's Scotch.

"It's the flavour"

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5) Try all of this for 34 days continually. It will get very monotonous.

When our plane sank it went down so fast we had been able to salvage virtually nothing. Our life jackets, a 45-cal. pistol, a pocket-knife, a pair of pliers and our wallets—that was all. No food. No water. Along about the fifth day the lack of water began to bother us seriously. The wind had been blowing us along at a fast clip in the general direction of south, but we had had no rain. Occasionally in those first few days we had seen rain clouds on the horizon. At times real squalls passed within a few hundred yards of us. But still we remained dry. Our salivary glands dried up and we had a parched feeling in our mouths that made it difficult to swallow. All that morning we had watched showers approaching, then fading away again. Hour after hour we sat in the broiling sun. The day before we had all gone into the water for a five-minute soak, but now there were sharks playing around the boat and we didn't dare venture over the side. So instead of a swim we kept our clothes soaked in salt water, rewetting them every few minutes to keep our bodies cool.

They feel the need for God

All that morning we sat and waited for rain. We knew that if we didn't get rain we wouldn't last long, that death by thirst is one of the most terrible forms of torture. It was then that Gene suggested we should pray for help. I had been thinking about that, too, but had been almost ashamed to make the suggestion. I now know that such a hesitation was wrong. We had all been brought up in good Christian families, but Gene and I, as so many military men, had drifted away from God. Tony was a Roman Catholic and more religious than either of the rest of us. Now, in the midst of our great trial and tribulation, we all felt the need for God.

So in the blazing sun, pushed by the trade winds, surrounded by sharks and the rolling waves, we held the first of what soon became a daily prayer service. Each of us stuttered and mumbled his way through an old prayer, then asked God to bless our loved ones back home and to take care of them, if we should die, and also to look after our shipmates at sea and to protect them in His mercy. I was particularly worried because I had \$100 in my wallet which I had originally intended to send to my wife in San Diego, but I had forgotten and now, I thought, the money will never do her any good. From God also, we asked for rain to drink.

In His almighty goodness, God was gracious to us. Hardly had we stopped praying when overhead there appeared a tremendous black cloud, and down from the heavens poured the rain. The deluge lasted five minutes and we had our first drink in days.

Late that afternoon, God seemed still to be with us. As I was bringing my chart up to date and marking off another day on the port oarlock, where we made a mark for every day at sea, the wind shifted abruptly to the northeast. This was just what we wanted, especially as it held that way through the bright starry night. Neither Gene nor Tony could tell directions from the stars and they would ask me every few minutes how the wind was holding. I tried to give them instructions in the constellations, but they seemed to lack the natural aptitude of the born navigator. They are the kind of men who will always get lost in the woods. I advised them both to keep out of the tall timber.

Tony was more unhappy than the rest of us during these first few days. Most of the time he lay in the bottom of the boat apparently sleeping, keeping his own counsel and never speaking unless spoken to. Later it developed that he was firmly convinced we were doomed and that there was no use in trying to put up a struggle. Later on, as he realized that I could control the drift of the boat and that we actually had a pretty good chance of reaching an inhabited island, he snapped completely out of it.

On the evening of the sixth day we decided to hold another prayer meeting, to see whether this one would work as well as the one the day before had worked. We badly needed more rain and also something to eat. The meeting started with the singing of *When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder* and the *Little Brown Church In The Vale*—that is, we sang such words as we could remember and filled in the rest with humming. Then, once more we asked for rain and food, and for blessings on our families and our shipmates.

The next day, as if again in response to our prayers, we caught a fish. All morning great swarms of fish had been playing and feeding around us, many of them coming up to inspect us, apparently being attracted by the orange coloring of the raft.

Aldrich got a fish by simply leaning over the side and stabbing it with the pocketknife as it swam past. Tony was in the bottom of the boat dozing, as usual. With one continuous movement, Gene swung the blade through the fish and then brought the fish into the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Who Said Ants?"



MAC: So you finally tumbled to modern Munsingwear*, eh chum? And how do SKIT-Trunks feel on your body beautiful? I go for these "BREEX,"† myself. They're breezy-going, bias-cut shorts...lots of room fore and aft...no hitch, no twist, no bunch.

TED: I'm falling hard for these SKIT-Trunks ...the SKIT-Shirt, too. They're made for each other. What's more, the "STRETCHY-SEAT"† a wow for comfort, the way it gives with every move. That horizontal knitted panel sure does the trick. Take it away, Graham!



MAC: Now here's where I've got the goods on you. See this Athletic Shirt? It's another Munsingwear headliner...absorbs perspiration like a blotter...fits like a rubber glove ...and gives like one. Top that, pal.

TED: You make a case, but Munsingwear makes a much better one. My SKIT-Shirt, for instance. Clings like a second skin...non-bulky, shaped bottom...and how it's cut for action! I should know...I own six of 'em!



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INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM

THREE MEN ON A RAFT (continued)

boat and dropped it on Tony. That woke him up. He rolled over on top of the fish and held it down until it quit struggling.

None of us had ever eaten raw fish, but we knew that before this trip was over we were going to have to, so we decided to make the try right then and there. The fish, which looked like a large perch, was cut into three pieces and we ate as much as we could. It didn't taste very good but it was food. That afternoon we had another heavy shower and more water to drink.

As I said in the beginning, I am a sailor and I am superstitious. The prayer meetings and the resultant water and food had made me both more religious and more superstitious. I also remembered as a kid having read the *Rime Of The Ancient Mariner*—especially the part that goes:

*"At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We bailed it in God's name."*

*"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!"*

*"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross!"*

We, too, shot an albatross. It was on the afternoon of the same day that we got our first fish. I was lying in the bottom of the boat, when suddenly right next to my face there was a terrific explosion. An albatross had landed on the stern of the boat and Gene, who was sitting on the forward thwart, slowly and steadily reached down and picked up the .45-cal. pistol and fired it right by my ear. The albatross, hit amidships, had fallen off the stern. Quickly I jumped up and leaped over the side, retrieving the bird and getting back in the boat before the raft had drifted 20 ft. We skinned the bird and, after eating the liver and the heart, put it away with what was left of the morning's fish. We wrapped both the bird and the fish in a few rags.

That night we remembered the old tradition that to kill an albatross brings bad luck. At midnight, when time came for my watch, I noticed a strange silvery blue light coming from the bow of the boat. On closer examination, I saw it came from the rags around the food. So I carefully unwrapped the rags, and lo and behold the albatross glowed like a flashlight, lighting up the whole boat and surrounding water. The tail in particular glowed like an electric-light bulb. We were astonished but figured that the glow must have come from the phosphorous in the food which the albatross had been eating. In any case, we were sure that we were not going to eat the bird. We certainly didn't want to glow like that. So we tossed both the albatross and the fish overboard.

The boys didn't think much more about this incident, but I did. I was worried about killing the albatross, and I looked around for another one which would fly close and keep us company day after day. For a long time I didn't see such a bird. We saw plenty of albatrosses but none which seemed to take a special interest in us. They were, however, undisputed monarchs of the sea we traveled over. To an aviator such as I, their movements were a source of never-ending delight. Wheeling and circling in the wind, taking advantage of the upcurrents from the big swells, they never went into spins, but were always able merely to slip off on one wing, go into a short slip, then quickly pick up speed again.

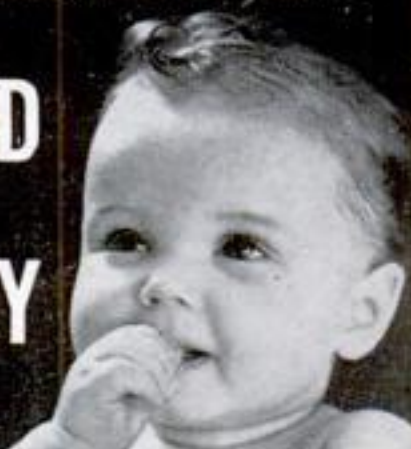
Some days later what I had been fearing happened. We ran into a calm. It rained. The sun came out. It rained again. But always it was calm. All of us were worried that we would never get any nearer that inhabited island which was at the end of our personal rainbows.

Then we saw a huge old gray albatross. He came in in great circles, flying about the boat in majestic swoops. Finally he flew straight in toward us, landing on the water nearby. He had no fear of us, looked us over carefully and began dunking his head in the water. When he finally went away he swung off to the north, looking back as if wishing us good luck. He somehow made me feel that he would return and that eventually he would bring us good weather and good winds.

The good weather did not come immediately. In the continuing calm I had to figure out some way of rowing our boat. I still had my shoes with their thick rubber soles and low heels, so with the knife I cut away the uppers, thus making ideal paddles. With them, the three of us took turns paddling for 18 consecutive hours.

The next day the albatross returned, and virtually every day thereafter. Sometimes he came alone and sometimes he brought his mate—

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a smaller and darker bird. Usually he would sit on the water nearby, looking solemnly at us before taking off northward again. I often thought how good he would taste.

At length he brought us luck. That night, from a rainy sky and a smooth sea, the wind came to us right out of the east, strong and sweet and pure. We were glad to feel it in our faces and to know that once more we were sweeping on to deliverance and safety.

Sometimes as I look back now on those 34 days of sailing the ocean, time and events, and rains and suns, and heavy seas and flat calms merge together and nothing comes out clearly but a feeling of hunger, and thirst, and sadness. Yet there are some things I remember well. Like the day Aldrich caught the shark and then later how his hand was almost bitten off.

The shark was caught the day after we had shot the albatross. During the morning, which was hot and sunny, several small yellowish brown sandsharks were playing around the boat. As time went on they got pretty bold and one of them finally ventured right up next to us. With his pocketknife, Gene stabbed at it, catching it in the gills. Tony, as usual, was in the bottom of the boat and the floundering shark, which was perhaps 4 ft. long, landed right on top of him as Gene yanked it out of the water. Tony was frightened but luckily had presence of mind enough to roll on the shark. After about ten minutes enough of the fight had gone out of the fish for me to try to cut it open.

For awhile I sawed and hacked at it by myself but its skin was much too tough for one man to handle. At length Tony was forced to hold the tail and Gene the head, while I slit open the stomach. First we cut out the liver, divided it into three large pieces, and ate that. But still we were hungry. Next we further explored the stomach, finding to our surprise two 6-in. sardines, one of which had been bitten entirely in two when the shark had swallowed it. Because Aldrich had caught the shark, we gave him one whole sardine, while Tony and I shared the rest. Never in my life have I tasted better meat than that shark liver, which even when raw resembled chicken liver, or the sardines, which tasted to our ravenous appetites like the tastiest kind of herring. Finally we devoured the rest of the shark's innards. By now, we had thoroughly lost what prejudices we may have had against eating raw fish.

Then I had an idea. The most nourishing part of the shark was certainly its blood. So we held up the shark's tail and head, forming a pocket in the middle of the body into which the blood poured. It was thin and watery and had a strong flavor, but we drank it. Finally we ate as much of the shark's flesh as we could stand, and put the rest of it away in the bow until the next day.

All that day the sun shone hot and all that day the shark meat rested in the bow of that little raft. I thought it would be completely spoiled, but on the morrow I found that the sun, instead of spoiling the meat, had merely cooked and dehydrated it. The salt water, with which it had been soaked during the night, had also helped flavor it and taken out much of the ammonia taste. In any case it tasted much better than before. We ate all the meat we could pull loose from the skin and bones, but we could not do much with the tough lower tail section.

Incidentally, one thing the shark did for us was to act as a physic. After eating it, all three of us had the only bowel movement we were to have in our 34 days at sea.

A shark bites Aldrich

It was that night that Aldrich was bitten by a shark. Toward midnight he was on watch, and being anxious to feel any drift of the boat in the very light wind, he stuck his hand in the water. No sooner had he done so, than . . . *whoosh* . . . up came a shark and grabbed him by the fingers. In his fright he yanked his hand so hard that he pulled the shark right out of the water, across the boat and tossed it over the other side. In the darkness we could not see how badly Gene was hurt, but we were naturally frightened, especially since he might bleed to death if the wound was bad. Fortunately I had a handkerchief with which I bound his finger and the bleeding subsided.

In the morning, however, we saw that the wound could have been a lot worse. The shark's teeth had raked down the index finger cutting the nail completely through in two places. The root of the nail was badly mangled and it was apparent that he would soon lose the nail. The rest of his fingers were cut in some places almost to the bone. Later when infection set in in the nail of the index finger, I was forced to cut right through it to relieve the pressure. The swelling immediately went down, and with the help of the salt water, the wounds were well on the way to healing by the time we reached land.

With each passing day we thought our chances of rescue were



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Gripper fasteners are neat, quick, convenient... will never let you down. They won't pop off in washing or wearing... outlast the shorts themselves. Ask for shorts with Gripper fasteners at your favorite store today!



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THREE MEN ON A RAFT (continued)

growing better. We thought this, perhaps foolhardily, in view of the obvious fact that we were growing weaker and that we were getting very little food indeed. Besides the sun was hotter as we worked southward. During this time we unfortunately worked farther to the eastward than we had hoped and farther than I had indicated on my map. When we finally made land, I was off some 100 miles in my dead reckoning, but it must be remembered I had absolutely no navigation instruments of any kind except for the small aerial navigation calculator. All of our watches—and also our gun—were soon lost by the corrosion of salt water.

The problem of food remained serious. We were getting enough water but scarcely enough vitamins to keep up our strength. We were all losing weight fast, and for the first time I began to worry whether we would have the physical strength to sail the boat all the way south to the inhabited islands. Occasionally, of course, we did get more food. Aldrich sat continually on the edge of the raft, his patience never giving out, trying to stab another fish. Finally one day, about a week after the first perchlike fish, he got another exactly like it. Our hunger, which had been intense for four or five days after eating the shark, had begun to subside. But we ate the fish with relish and without delay. That was the last fish we were to catch on the whole trip.

During one night I caught a bird. After a heavy shower, we had just finished bailing out and I was lying in the bottom of the boat trying to get a little rest. Suddenly I heard a scratching noise on the stern of the raft just above my head. It was a bird. Noiselessly and slowly I slid my hand up inside and as close to the edge of the boat as possible, grabbing the bird by the leg. In the morning we discovered that it was a young tern and that its flesh was tender and delicious, tasting considerably like chicken.

Punching a shark

I might as well add here that the only other food, in addition to the fish, shark and bird already mentioned, which we had on the trip, was two coconuts. We picked up the coconuts as they drifted past the boat. Unfortunately we let one coconut drift past when we thought it was the nose of a seal.

By now I began to figure we were in the neighborhood of islands or reefs. All around us were hundreds of varieties of birds and fish, indicating that some sort of breeding grounds such as shallow water or reefs must be near. Nearby, too, feeding on the fish were plenty of leopard sharks, vicious creatures that often threatened to upset our boat. Once we had to fight one of them away by punching him in the nose. Another one we managed to shoot and kill with our pistol before the weapon had become too rusty for use.

It was now the 29th day at sea. We were all weak. No longer was there much conversation. Mostly we lay back in our cramped and uncomfortable positions, not caring much longer what happened. Deep in our hearts we were all beginning to resign ourselves to our fate. It looked as if we would die of hunger and weakness long before we spotted land.

That day we got a bad wind and the boat tipped over. It seemed like the end, but somehow or other we had strength enough left to turn the boat over on its right side and climb back in. We thought maybe we had reached the bottom of our luck. On the morning of the 33rd day we struck the beginnings of a hurricane, which drove us swiftly on toward the southwest. It was a terrible day. The huge combers poured gallons and gallons of water into our little raft. In our weakness and unhappiness we hardly had strength or spirit enough to bail. But somehow, bail we did. The rain whistled around us. The skies were dark. The waves roared louder and louder and louder.

To bail more effectively, we took off all our clothes, leaving us stark naked in the howling storm. There we were, I thought, completely returned to the primeval, naked and alone, fighting the unbridled forces of nature. Suddenly the boat tipped over and all our clothes were lost. All we saved was the sole of one shoe and two billfolds.

After the storm the sun came out, fierce and burning. Our bodies, unprotected by any clothes, burned and peeled and burned again. We were discouraged and wanted to give up. But we shook hands and went on.

By now our minds were growing weak with hunger. Sometimes they strayed away and imagined queer things. Tony imagined he heard choral voices singing. The voices were low and sweet and beautiful. They sang sentimental songs of home. Once he asked, "Don't you hear those voices singing?" I heard nothing but the winds and the waves.

All over our red, inflamed bodies, our bones stuck out. I couldn't hold my eyes open for more than a few seconds, and could hardly focus them at all. We had had to give up a night watch out of sheer physical weakness. During darkness, we huddled close together in

the bottom of the raft for warmth. There we thought slowly and solemnly of death. We could hardly feel that anything else awaited us at the end of our voyage.

On the morning of the 34th day Aldrich was up on the bow. The weather was clear. Suddenly he said, "Chief, I see a field of corn." Gene is from Missouri, a farm boy, and I thought, "Now he has gone completely crazy." Fifteen minutes later, however, he said it again, "Chief, I see a beautiful field of corn." So I stood up as best I could, while the other two helped me, and waited until we rode the crest of a wave. What I saw made my heart jump and sing with the purest, greatest joy it has ever known. There, lying ahead, was a green island. The field of corn was a shoreline of waving palm trees. "Boys," I said, "you can thank God. It's an island."

All that day we rowed toward the beautiful green patch of land. As Tony paddled, a shark struck at him. He said, "Chief, a shark's got me." I said, "Did he bite you." He said, "No." I said, "Keep rowing."

Toward afternoon the sky began to cloud over. A certain strange silence and an increasing wind, with rain, told me that we were at the edge of a hurricane. I knew that if we didn't get ashore now, we probably never would. In our little raft, we could not survive a hurricane.

In the late afternoon we made it. We came right in over the reef, in a burst of crashing surf. Our raft shot out from under us, and we were tossed head over heels into the shallow water near shore. The raft was already waiting there for us.

We still didn't know, of course, whether the island was friendly or Japanese. So, although we could barely stagger and none of us could stand up straight, we marched ashore in military fashion, stark naked. If there were Japs there, we did not want to be crawling. We wanted them to have to shoot us, like men-o'-war-men.

As it turned out, there were no Japs. It was a friendly island, controlled by a Resident Commissioner. The next morning, after we had spent the night in a little native shack, covering our bodies with coconut mats, a native found us and notified the Commissioner, who gave us food and water, and helped me contact the commanding officer of my ship.

That night all three of us slept in a real bed, our bodies stretched as nearly full length as we could get them after the weeks of living on the cramped raft. Outside our windows we could hear the full force of the hurricane, snapping trees and pounding up a terrible surf outside the reef. I knew we had reached shore just in the nick of time. One more day and the hurricane would have done what starvation, thirst, wind, sun and sharks had failed to do.



To keep track of the days, Dixon had dutifully marked off 34 lines on the side of the raft near an oarlock. Here he later adds "Jan. 16," the date on which his plane sank at sea.

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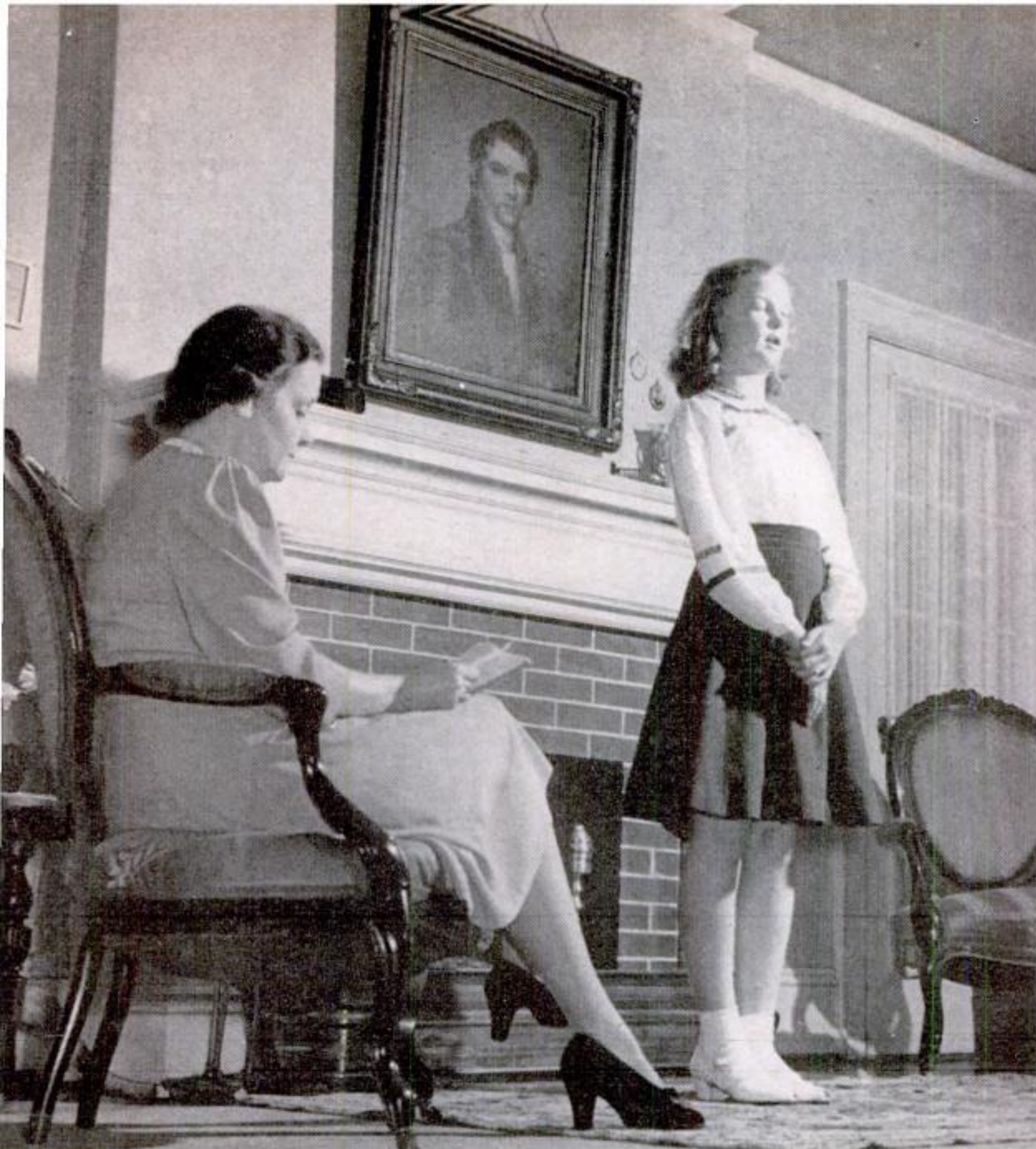
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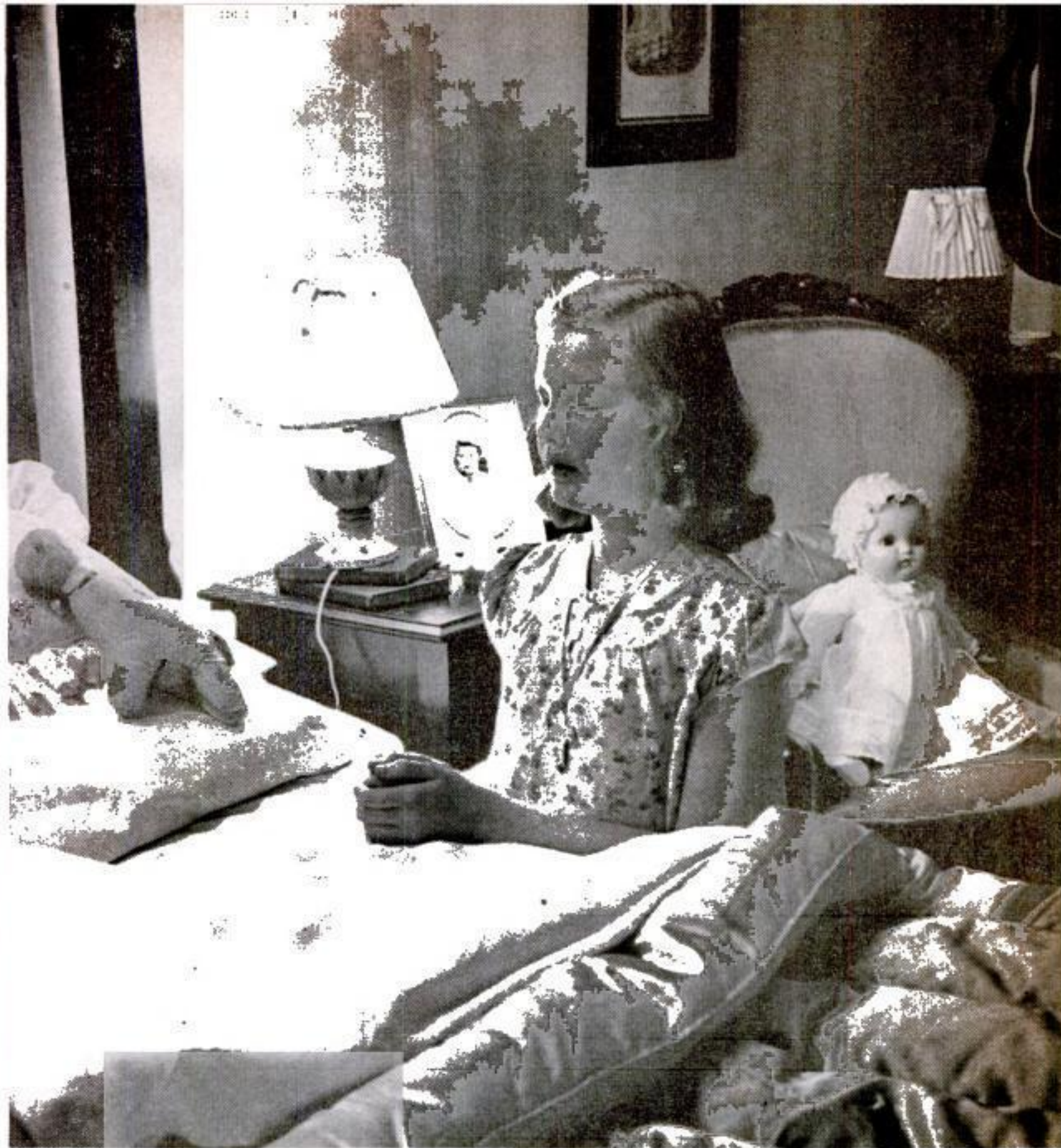
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With closed eyes, Mary Marshall recites Catechism to her mother. She goes to parochial school, gets religious instruction there twice weekly as well as at Sunday School and in special Confirmation class.



Regular nightly prayers are part of Mary Marshall's preparation. She has graduated from childish "Now I lay me down to sleep," uses the Lord's Prayer which she has just learned.

Life Goes to an Episcopal Confirmation

Spring sunshine sloped through the stained-glass windows of Christ Church, in Raleigh, N. C. The organ breathed deeply and the choir sang a hymn of praise. It was Sunday, March 15, and ten white-veiled little girls, 14 scrubbed little boys moved solemnly toward the apostolic rite of Confirmation in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

To an imaginative child like 12-year-old Mary Mar-

shall Ragland, whom LIFE here follows through the ceremony, the moment is dramatically reverent. She is prepared for it by weeks of study with her rector and her mother. She has learned the Catechism, the Ten Commandments, the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. She has reached the church's "age of competence" and is now ready to affirm her own serious conviction that the Christian church is worth belonging to.

The impressive picture on the opposite page was taken at the precise instant when the Bishop of North Carolina laid his hands on Mary Marshall's bowed head and gravely intoned the most sacred words of the Confirmation service: "Defend, O Lord, this thy Child with thy heavenly grace; that she may continue thine forever and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto thy everlasting kingdom. Amen."

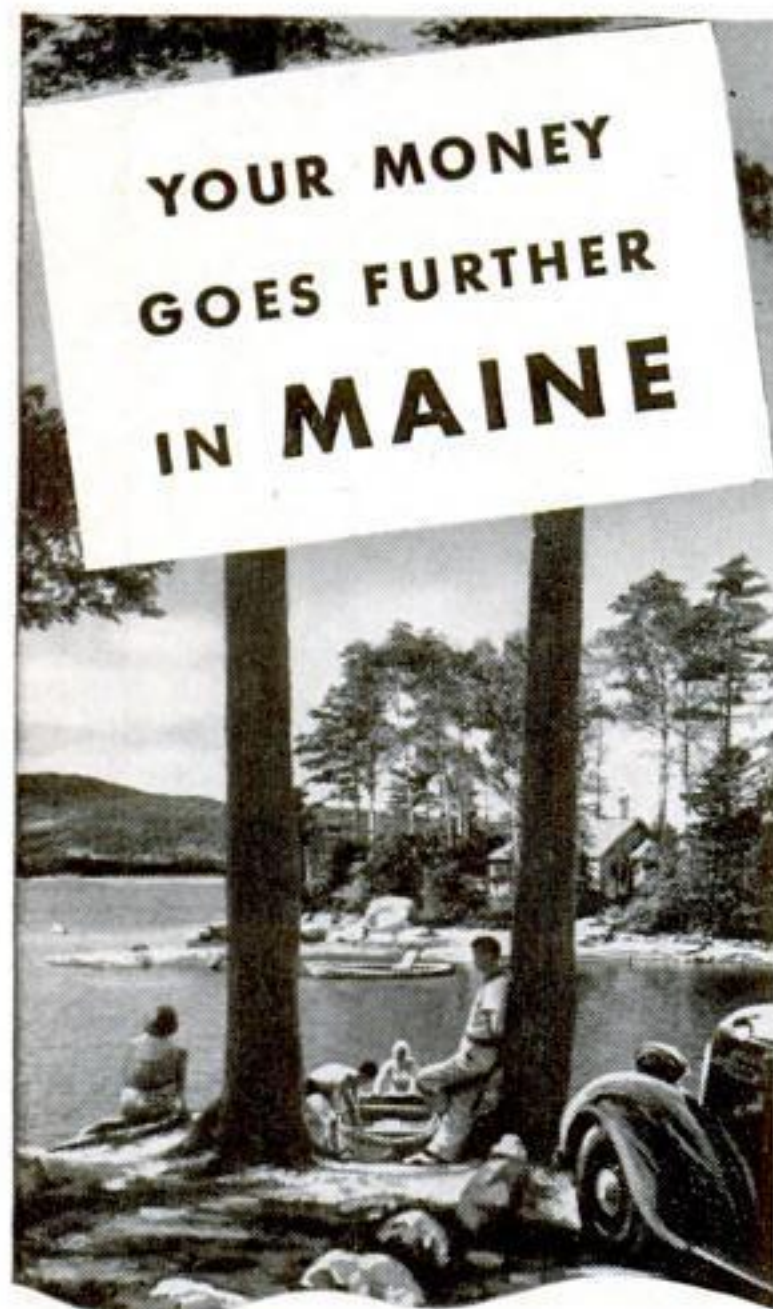
Traditional white dress and veil of Episcopal Confirmation give little girls added feeling of drama and importance. Mary Marshall wears white crepe dress with ruffled collar and corsage of sweet peas.

In church courtyard after ceremony, Bishop Edwin Anderson Penick congratulates girls. Next event is Holy Communion, which class will take for first time on following Sunday.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

material



This year, of all years, make the most of vacation. Refresh your mind and body with a trip to Maine. Any vacation budget goes further in Maine. Spend what you like. But the beauty of Maine is free. The variety of Maine pleasures is built into the state.

Rocky seacoast and sandy beaches are yours to enjoy. There are mountains. And lakes. Everywhere there's the hospitality of Maine. The famous Maine food. The comfortable tourist places. The well-known hotels.

Hike. Ride. Camp. Play tennis and golf. Swim, fish and sail in salt water or fresh. You get more for your money in Maine! The free picture-book helps you plan. Mail the coupon.

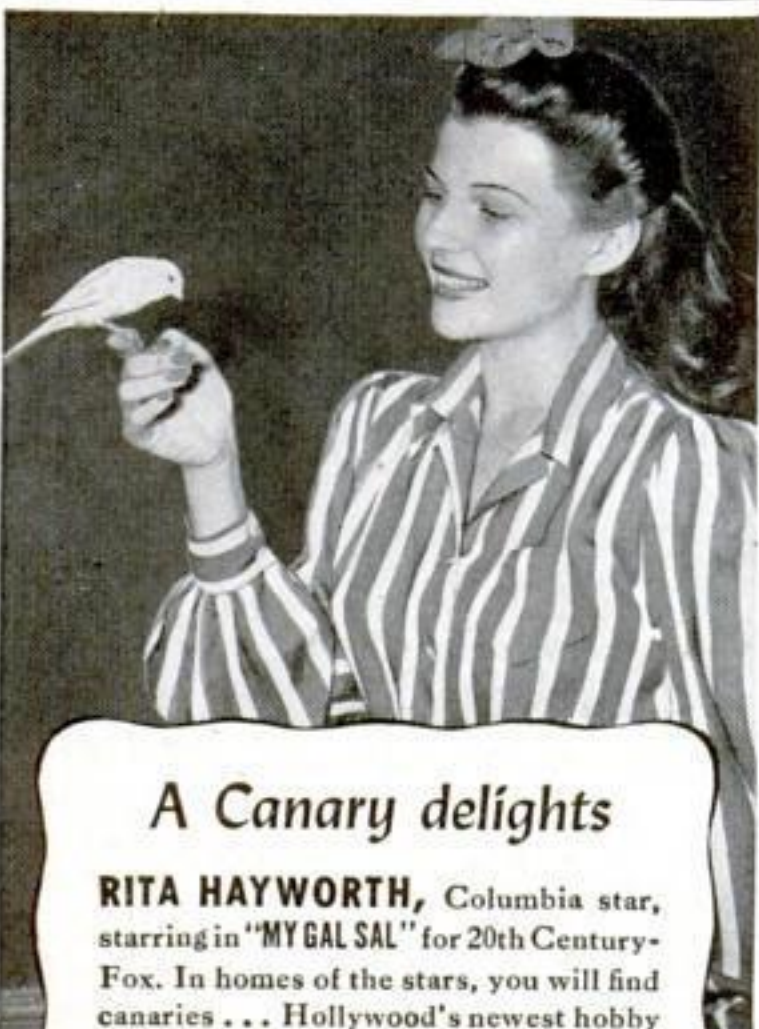
HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Tourist Service, 611 St. John Street
Portland, Maine

Please send me the new illustrated Maine Official Vacation Guide for 1942.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____

FREE BOOKLET



A Canary delights

RITA HAYWORTH, Columbia star, starring in "MY GAL SAL" for 20th Century-Fox. In homes of the stars, you will find canaries... Hollywood's newest hobby sensation. A canary takes but little care and gives hours of keen delight. To keep a canary healthy and happy, feed him **FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuit**... the 4 to 1 favorite in Hollywood.

CANARIES ARE ★★★★★ FOR HAPPINESS



Mary Marshall's black mammy, Allie, puts finishing touches to Confirmation toilette. Later Allie sat in the church gallery and watched her "baby" go through the ceremony.



Before entering church, the girls are veiled in adjoining parish house by lady of Altar Guild. Though choice of dresses is individual, they all wear identical white net veils.



Cocktails without bother!

Actually easier than serving highballs! You don't have to mix 'em... just pour 'em! There's nothing like Heublein's Club Cocktails for quality and quickness, when you give a party or celebrate an occasion. Take home a bottle tonight!



6 REASONS WHY

1. No messing—no guessing.
2. You just add ice and serve.
3. Absolutely highest quality.
4. Absolutely authentic recipes.
5. Six kinds, to please all tastes.
6. No waste. (Unused cocktails in bottle keep like any other liquor.)

FREE: Write for Club Party Book of snack recipes, G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. G4, Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS
ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS RIGHT!

25¢
SHAVES ME FOR
3 MONTHS



You too can save money on smooth shaving with Marlin Blades. Made of the finest steel, scientifically sharpened and honed and

18 DOUBLE
EDGE
BLADES **25¢**
Single Edge 14 for 25¢

Guaranteed by the Marlin Firearms Co.

WHEN YOU BUY INNERSPRING
MATTRESSES OR UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE
BE SURE THEY ARE BUILT WITH

NACHMAN
Tested SPRING CONSTRUCTIONS



All NACHMAN Spring Products are tested, inspected and approved by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory.

LOOK FOR THE NACHMAN-P.T.L. LABEL



Proud and pleased, Mary Marshall shows Confirmation certificate to her father. From it he reads: "... wherein were conveyed the Sevenfold Gifts of the Holy Spirit. ..."




Mary Marshall receives Confirmation gift of emblem bookmarks from her godmother's son. Other presents: a white-leather prayer book, a book of devotions, silver bracelets.

MOST FLATTERING LIP-RED






Ever Discovered

... BY THE HOUSE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE

ANGELUS
"Patriot Red"
 Sensational
 new size only
49¢
 plus Federal Tax



Almost Unbelievable
The Exciting New Beauty
It Brings To Your Lips!

-  1. Angelus is one lipstick you can buy today that has a special *creme* base. Notice how heavenly smooth it goes on.
-  2. Angelus "stays put" for hours *without drying* on your lips. It keeps lips caressingly soft and velvety.
-  3. Never appears "greasy."
-  4. This generous new 49¢ size assures you the same gorgeous flattering lip-allure as the costly de luxe size used for years by so many of New York's leading actresses and chic young women.
-  5. The House of Louis Philippe is famous for its up-to-the-minute fashion shades. And Angelus "Patriot Red" is no exception! If you want devastatingly lovely lips—don't fail to try this fascinating new clear "Patriot Red" which is creating such excitement.

For *complete* matched makeup use Louis Philippe Rouge and Face Powder. Demi-deb size Rouge compact only 49¢. At all better cosmetic counters.

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POWDER

FIRST TIME IN HISTORY! The famous textured Louis Philippe Face Powder (triple-refined) *now* in a new 49¢ size. Shades: 400—NATURELLE #2; 402—L'EXOTIQUE; 404—FORMAL RACHELLE; 406—PATRIOT RED; 409—RACHELLE #2; 411—NATURELLE #1; and 414—RACHELLE #1.



STEP 1. The composition is first blocked in with burnt umber and terre verte.



STEP 2. Highlights are painted in with tempera colors and middle tones developed.



STEP 3. Then, glazes are applied and the details of the figure begin to take shape.



STEP 4. Details are refined, character notes defined and additional glazes applied.

FOUND IN A HALS PORTRAIT —the secret of this whiskey's flavor!

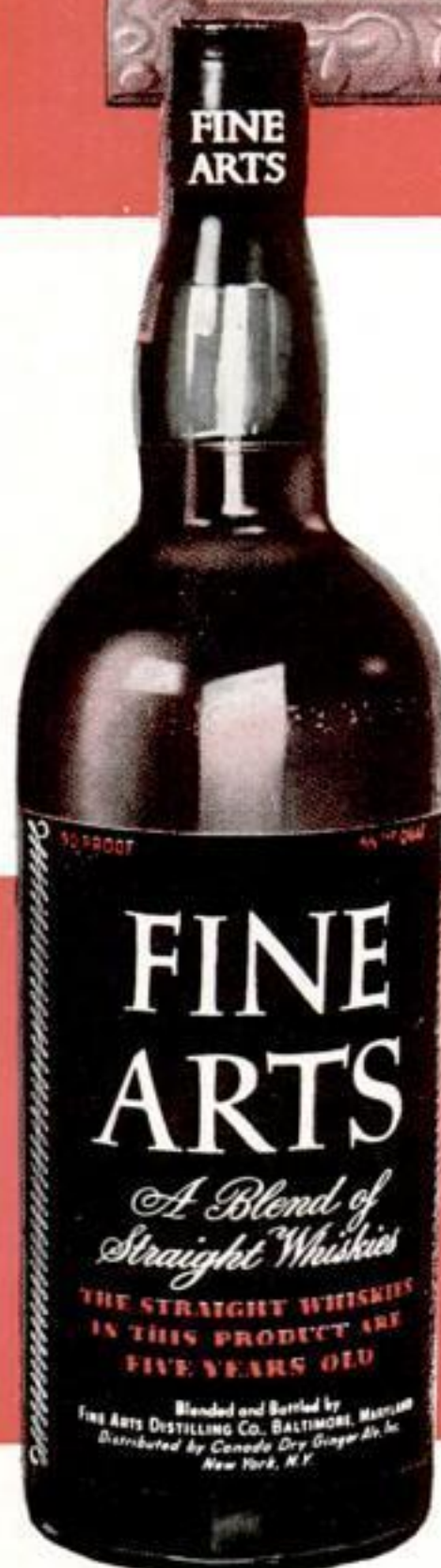


COURTESY OF THE BACHE COLLECTION, NEW YORK.

PAINTED about 300 years ago the "Portrait of Claes Duyst Van Voorhout" is one of the finest examples of how Franz Hals captured an almost "speaking likeness" of his subject. The old master's deft blending of tones is analyzed above by Raphael Soyer, noted contemporary artist.

Hals' amazing skill in *blending* reveals the secret of another masterpiece—Fine Arts Whiskey. For Fine Arts is the result of *blending* rare, straight 5-year old whiskies so skilfully that each improves and enriches the flavor of all the others!

COPR. 1941, CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.



FINE ARTS

A Blend of 5 year old
Straight Whiskies

90 PROOF

Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., N.Y.
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS
PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF.

ARMY'S IRON RATIONS

They keep fighting men alive away from bases

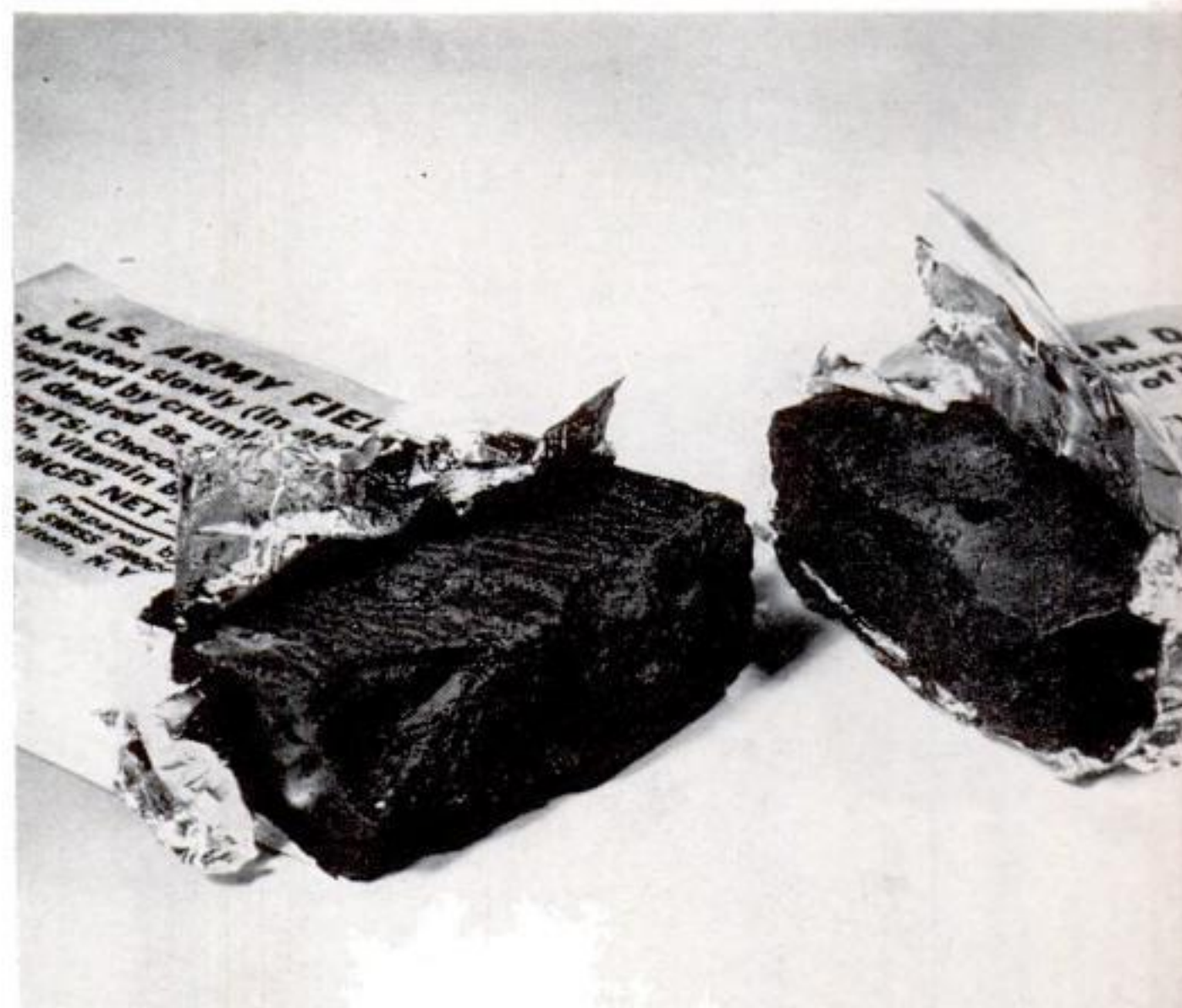
The food problems of this war are a Quartermaster's headache. In former wars, fought from trenches and semipermanent positions, there was ample time to move bulky stocks of food to the men at the front. There was time to bake bread and cook meat, to bring up cases of canned "goldfish" and beans. Today a mechanized, mobile war presents new complications. In tanks and planes which operate at high speed hundreds of miles from bases of supply, there is no room to carry anything but essentials. Fuel and ammunition are the first requisites, food the last.

This new war of movement is also a war of individuals. Small bodies of parachutists operating behind enemy lines, and fast tank units are spearheads of destruction making their own way in unknown territory. They do not have the advantage of oldtime raiders who could live off the land, for scorched-earth lessons have been well learned by all the warring nations. Yet each of these individual bodies must be well nourished to keep fit for the heartbreaking strain they face every day. The U. S. Army has solved the problem of nourishment without bulk by the widespread adoption of scientifically concentrated foods.

The iron rations shown on these pages are as appetizing as they are nourishing. They are light, easily carried and offer plenty of variety. One day's ration of Type C, the basic emergency ration, consists of meat and beans, meat and vegetable hash, meat and vegetable stew, biscuits, sugar, soluble coffee and five kinds of candy for dessert. The Army has recently ordered 30,000,000 cans of this ration which most soldiers carry. Other specialized types of rations, used by parachute and armored troops, contain as many calories in an even smaller space. The Army is making certain that our soldiers will be well fed, no matter where or under what conditions they may fight.



Field Ration D is an extra-emergency ration, containing 1,800 calories in three cakes as contrasted to the Army's basic Ration C's 3,250 calories, contained in six cans.



Close-up of Ration D shows its composition made of chocolate, sugar, oat flour, milk, vanillin, vitamin B-1 concentrate. It should be eaten slowly or drunk as a beverage.



Breakfast unit of Ration K offers veal and pork loaf, hard biscuits, graham crackers, soluble coffee, sugar, chewing gum, malted milk and dextrose tablets for energy.



Dinner unit contains pork luncheon meat, tube of concentrated bouillon, hard biscuits, graham crackers, chewing gum and dextrose tablets—none need preparation.



Supper unit gives the hungry soldier sausage, biscuits, powder for lemonade, sugar, gum, concentrated chocolate. The Army gives hot meals to all its men when it is able.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Pearl Harbor changed his buying habits!

Before that Sunday in December he was just the average American citizen—patriotic but easy-going. Farthest from his mind was the notion that his buying habits could help to win—or lose—a war.

But the fact cannot be dodged: One way in which a civilian can help is by buying *longer-lasting* things. For the longer a thing lasts, the less often he needs to replace it. Inevitably he uses up less of the country's materials, factory facilities and labor, releases more of these vital things to the prosecution of the war. To give just one example, buying a powerful, dependable battery is the best way not to need another one for a good long time.

These are days in which—with batteries or anything else—the wiser you buy, the better service you get; *and*, the more you help to conserve labor, materials and machines for the winning of the war.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

CONSERVE YOUR PRESENT BATTERY!

One way to help your country and yourself is to take care of your present battery. Your Exide dealer wants to help you get from it all the service it is capable of. Why not see him soon?



"AN OUNCE OF SACCHARIN..."



"AND A TUBE of Barbasol," said the irate little lady. "If I'm going to diet to please my husband, he's got to get a Barbasol Face. I'm sick and tired of a porcupine beard that tortures my skin. On second thought," she added, "make it a family size jar. My cousin Franny says Barbasol's awfully good for shaving legs and so on."



3 CHINS... 3 cheers for Barbasol! The tougher the job, the better you'll like it. Your whiskers seemed never so tame... your face never so smooth and soft... as when you shave with Barbasol, thanks to its beneficial oils.

QUIET, PLEASE! Let Harry sleep a little longer. When the other boys finish their fussing and mussing with old-fashioned shaves, Harry'll turn out a Barbasol beauty in practically nothing flat. Big tube 25¢. Giant tube 50¢. Family jar 75¢.



Army's Iron Rations (continued)



Tiny heating unit has collapsible legs, is used to make coffee or to prepare a beverage from Ration D. Seven minutes of heat are given off by secret three-ounce pellet.



Non-melting butter keeps firm under tropical or soldier's body heat. The Army has developed its own butter of this type which has a melting point of 103° Fahrenheit.

MEMBERS OF ARMY'S CHICAGO FOOD RESEARCH STAFF SAMPLE THEIR WARES.



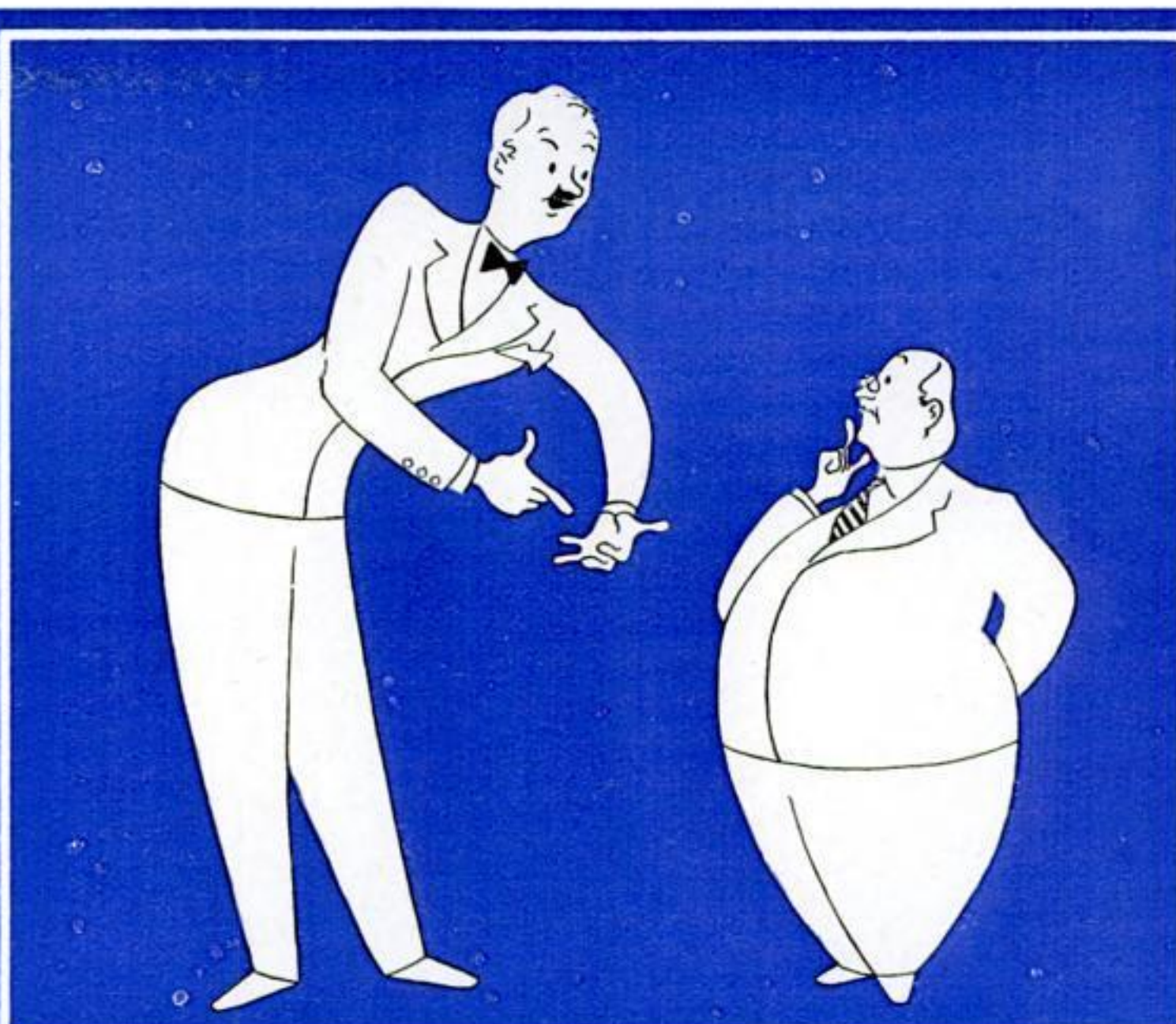


Meat and traditional beans make up one main dish of Army's basic Ration C. Other items are concentrated biscuits, coffee, sugar, four pieces of hard candy, one caramel.



Meat and vegetable hash makes up another of Ration C's three main dishes. Total ration gives 3,250 calories, a sufficient amount for a hard-fighting soldier in the field.

ANGEL CAKE IN CENTER WAS BAKED FOR MEAL, IS NOT PART OF ARMY RATIONS.



Why long, tall drinks need short, squat bubbles



What happens when ice melts? Your highball's bubbles get taken for a ride—right out of the drink—by air bubbles escaping from the ice ... then ice water dilutes what's left.



Prevent this sabotage. Use Sparkling Canada Dry Water, as thousands of smart hosts do.



Its pin-point carbonation (millions of tinier bubbles) carbonates melting ice ... keeps lively drinks lively. Enjoy its superior flavor tonight.

P. S. Drink a glassful any time.
It's good for you.

THE ANSWER TO YOUR
TALL DRINKS'

S O S
(SAVE) (OUR) (SPARKLE!)



Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For better ginger ale highballs use
Canada Dry, "The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer, Lime Rickey, Quinine Water, Spur



The Right Change

*Be Sure to Change to Stabilized Quaker State
Motor Oil for Warm-Weather Driving*

When you change your oil, make sure it's the *right* change. Today, drive to your Quaker State dealer's. Let him drain and cleanse your crankcase . . . refill with Stabilized Quaker State Summer Oil. You'll have the super protection of an oil scientifically designed to resist oxidation. You'll get the economy of an oil made to fight trouble-making varnish, sludge and acid corrosion. You'll drive a car keyed up for peak performance at all times.

STABILIZED
QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



CHUMS

Sirs:

Here is the latest picture of our pet snake, Johnny Clarence, who created considerable interest when he appeared in this column last July. His friend is a new kitten who strayed to our place re-

cently and made up to Johnny with no urging at all. Johnny seemed to enjoy immensely curling himself into an easy chair for pussy, who settled down comfortably as you see.

H. CARL SCHMIDT

New Ulm, Minn.



TWO-WAY PHOTO

Sirs:

Readers may think the picture (*above*) is of No Man's Land taken during World War I or along today's bloody Eastern front. Note the trees lopped off by shell-fire, the barbed-wire entanglement in the

foreground and the puffs of smoke on the horizon.

But turn it right side up (*below*) and guess again! It is an everyday snow scene taken this winter in the woods near Lake Placid, N. Y.

C. HINCKLE BROWN

Bronxville, N. Y.



Who'll Tell the Bride?



Every one should be told about Sani-Flush. This chemical compound takes the place of one of the meanest household chores. You never have to scrub and scour a toilet bowl—if you use Sani-Flush.

Remove the untidy film which collects on toilet bowls all the time. Just shake a little Sani-Flush in the bowl at least once a week. It removes film, stains, smears and incrustations. Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. Scientific tests prove it can't injure plumbing connections or septic tanks. (Also effective for cleaning out auto radiators.) *Directions on can.* Sold everywhere in two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

FOR
GOOD PICTURES
FREE
"CHOOSING YOUR CAMERA"
Write for this 32 page booklet

argus
ann arbor michigan

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. A printed guarantee wrapped around each package of Cystex insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35c.

FREE! Package of TOBACCO

America's Most Distinctive Pipe Mixture. Postcard brings you FREE sample-package Original Rum & Maple Tobacco, Blend 53. Address Rum & Maple, 191D Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

EVEN UNTO DEATH

Sirs:

First thing I did when I entered the living room of Robert Preston in Washington was to call to Rover the collie dog. Imagine my surprise to learn that Rover has been dead seven years and that what I

saw was the skill of a taxidermist. Rover's masters loved him so well that they could not bear to part with him. I think you will agree that he makes a most unusual living-room ornament.

MARGUERITE SNEED
Washington, D. C.



OLD-FASHIONED MAN

Sirs:

Not so long ago this strange funeral procession occurred in Paducah, Ky. It was that of a deceased express driver who asked to be taken to his last resting place

in his old express wagon, drawn by his beloved team of horses. While alive he steadfastly refused to give up his horses for a "newfangled" automobile.

PAUL TWITCHELL
Paducah, Ky.



FIRST JAP IN U. S. A.

Sirs:

This is the tombstone of William Takahashi, believed to be the first Japanese immigrant to come to the U. S. Kneeling beside it is Roland Bowers, University of Nevada freshman who discovered the

grave in a Reno cemetery. William arrived in this country in 1867 and worked as a cook. He died in 1907, at the age of 61. Japs who land here in 1942 may not fare so well.

J. MILTON MAPES
Reno, Nev.



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush
Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like your wife's "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE

We're so positive that *Glider* will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've ever used that we'll send you a generous tube **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. No stamps—no cartons—no dimes. Just send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-06, Glastonbury, Conn., and we'll send you a tube of *Glider*. On this **FREE** trial test, we rest our case entirely. Don't delay—send in a penny post card today for your free tube of *Glider*. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Ernest B. Hullbust
PRESIDENT

PERSPIRATION IS ACID

...it *STEALS* stocking life!



ONLY IVORY SNOW

combines 2 advantages you'll want in fighting this danger! Read how to get up to 20% more wear:

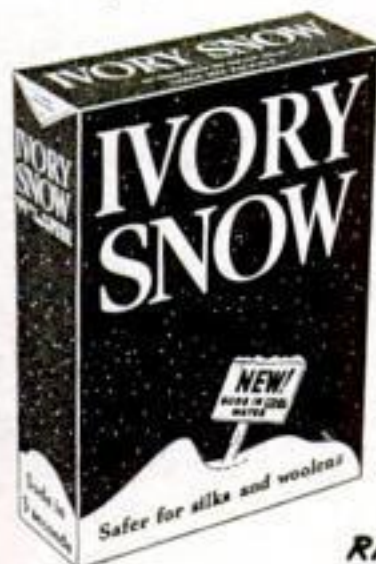


YOU GET BOTH THESE ADVANTAGES IN IVORY SNOW!

1. It is pure, white soap made under a patented process in tiny "snow-drop" form...
 2. It dissolves like a flash in cool water—about 4 times faster than any popular soap in this form.
- No wonder Ivory Snow acts so surely against acid perspiration, to help stockings last longer!

"Winter and summer, experts say, You perspire a pint each day! To guard your stockings from this foe, Rinse them daily with Ivory Snow!"

says Miss Ivory Snow



WANT LOVELIER HANDS IN 12 DAYS?

If your hands are red and rough from washing dishes with one of those strong laundry soaps—change to pure Ivory Snow for your dishwashing. Ivory Snow cuts grease as fast as the strongest washday soap—and in just 12 days you'll get softer, smoother hands!



RICH SUDS IN JUST 3 SECONDS—EVEN IN COOL WATER! 99% PURE

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)



WILLIAM LOOMIS AT HIS WORK BENCH

HOBBY KEEPS HIM FIT

Sirs:

Carpenter William T. Loomis of Griswold, Iowa, never misses a meal or a good night's sleep. For since boyhood he has been doing regularly the daily dozen which you see here. At 66 he is hale, hearty, rosy-cheeked and, incidentally, right in line with Uncle Sam's new emphasis on physical fitness.

Carpenter Loomis likes to stand on his head with his boots on after he finishes shingling a roof. But for the exercises shown at the bottom of the page he prefers his stocking feet.

He claims his stunts are nothing more than what you could do with practice. But don't try them all at once.

CHARLES BLOCH

Griswold, Iowa



LOOMIS HAS TO REMOVE NAILS FROM HIS POCKET BEFORE DOING THIS EXERCISE



AT 66 LOOMIS CAN TOUCH HEEL TO HEAD



LOOMIS' FAVORITE DISAPPEARING ACT

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What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man



...that his good taste knows the difference between quality and quantity. (So he selects Old Schenley)



...that his good manners make him considerate of others. (So of course he always serves Old Schenley)



...that his good judgment gets the best value money can buy. (Like America's Mildest Bottled in Bond)

THE ADVANTAGE OF EXTRA AGE **6** YEARS OLD

First (1st) in Quality

Drink
OLD SCHENLEY
America's Mildest
BOTTLED IN BOND



Straight Bourbon Whiskey — 100 Proof — This Whiskey is 6 Years Old. Copyright 1942. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City

You taste its quality



I'm "Coca-Cola" known, too, as "Coke". Everybody likes to shorten words. Abbreviation is a natural law of language. You hear "Coke"... the friendly abbreviation for the trade-mark "Coca-Cola"... on every hand.

5¢

Once you taste ice-cold "Coca-Cola", you recognize its goodness and its quality. It never fails to please . . . and to refresh. Ice-cold "Coca-Cola" brings you something original in the way of a "delicious and refreshing" drink. You'll like "Coca-Cola". . . it's the real thing.